AFRICA

AND ITS

EXPLORATION

AS TOLD BY ITS

EXPLORERS

MUNGO PARK—CLAPPERTON—THE LANDERS—LIVINGSTONE
BARTH—BARKIE—BURTON—SPEKE—SCHWEINFURTH
GRANT—NACHTIGAL—MOHR—STANLEY—IVEN
CAPELLO—SERPA PINTO—BAKER
THOMSON—KERR—EMIN, &c.

WITH ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON AND COMPANY,
LIMITED,
St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane, E.C.

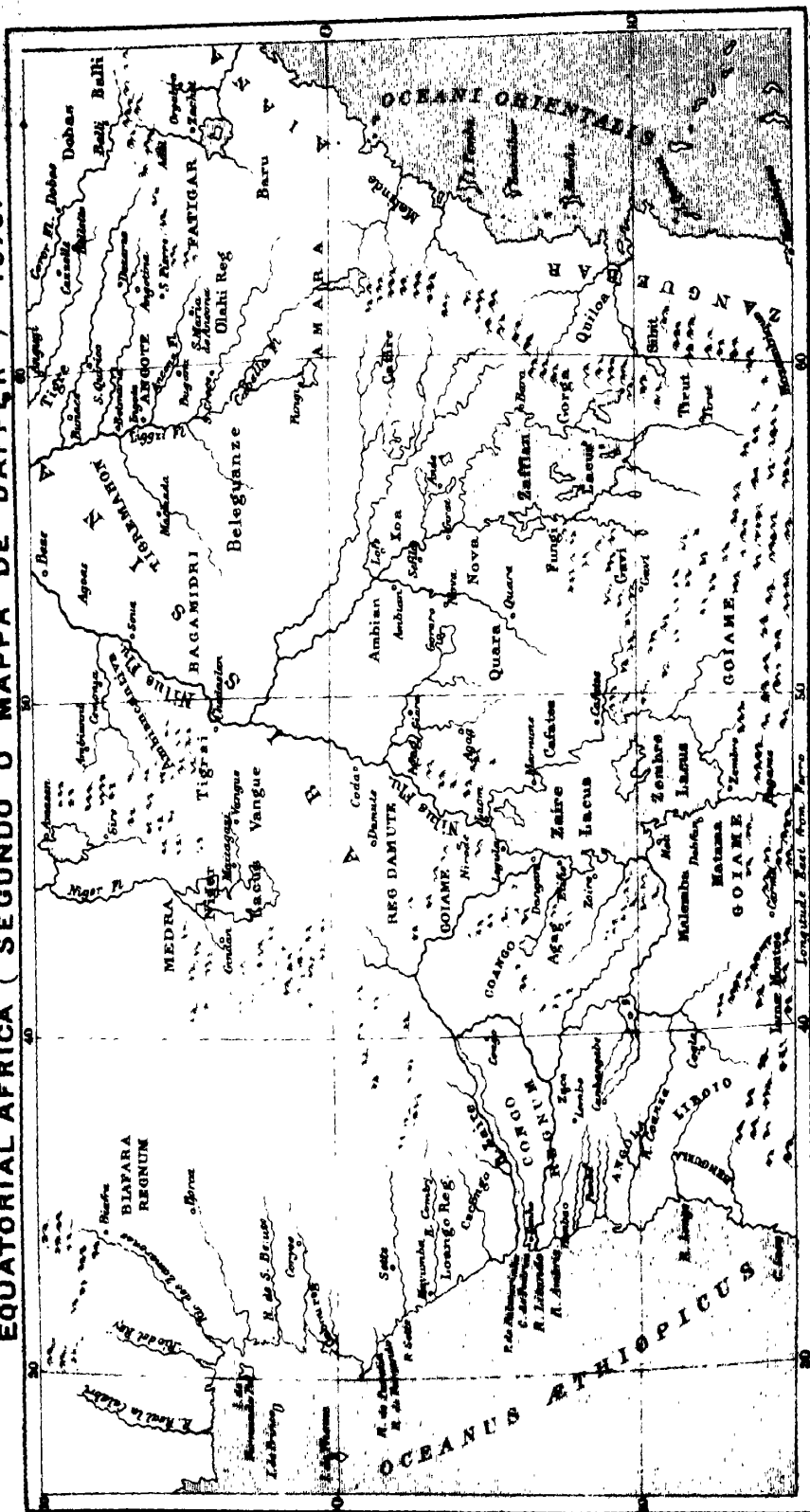
CONTENTS.

LIST OF FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS—VOL. I.

LIST OF TEXT ILLUSTRATIONS.

MAPS.

COURT DRESS.

EQUATORIAL AFRICA (SEGUNDO O MAPPA DE DAPPER) 1876.
BIAFARA REGNUM
MEDRA
Niger
Tigrai
Vangue
BAGAMIDRI
TIGREMAHON
ANGOTE
FATIGAR
Olahi Reg
Beleguanze
Baru
Dobas
Balli
Tigre
AMARA
REG DAMUTE
GOIAME
Ambian
Koa
Nova
Quara
Zaire Lacus
Cafates
Zafflan
Fungi
Gorga
Quiloa
Loango Reg.
CONGO REGNUM
COANGO
Agag
Nilus Flu.
Zembre Lacus
Malemba
Matama
Silbit
Tirut
OCEANUS ÆTHIOPICUS
Longitude East from Ferro
London: Sampson Low & Co. Limited.

AFRICA AND ITS EXPLORATION.

AS TOLD BY ITS EXPLORERS.

CHAPTER I.

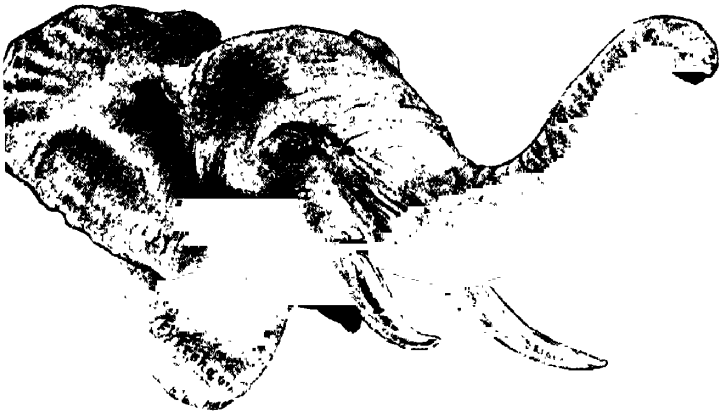
Earliest Explorers.

It seems at first thought strange that Africa, which is really a part of the Old World Continent, joined on to Asia, and known to Europe from the remotest period, should have been left unexplored, except along its coasts, until about a century ago; and that most of its interior should have remained a great blank until fifty years since. But the surprise vanishes when we read the narratives of its most recent explorers; when we read of the scores of daring men who have entered it only to die; when we read of the terrible hardships endured by such heroes as Park, Livingstone, Cameron, Stanley, Thomson. Africa is unique among all the continents, the only one to be compared to it being Australia. The exploration of the great southern continent, with its immense deserts and its dearth of water, has cost many lives and much suffering; but in this respect it is not to be compared to Africa. The Dark Continent has desert areas as large as the whole of Australia; in many places there is as great a dearth of water; but, above all, the great bulk of the continent lies within the tropics, where the heat is such as to paralyse the energies of the white man; while most of its coast and many of its river-valleys are the home of deadly malaria. All this has combined to prevent the white man from penetrating into the continent. It has only been when all the other continents were explored, and to a large extent occupied by Europeans

and their descendants, that Africa has been taken seriously in hand. Indeed the persistent exploration of central Africa may be said only to have begun seriously half-a-century ago with Livingstone. During the last half-century more has been done to fill up the great white space that occupied the centre of this continent than had been done for 5000 years before. Although the present work will be mainly concerned with the journeys of some of the leading explorers of the past half-century, it may not be without interest in this introductory chapter to briefly run over some of the principal episodes of the many centuries that went before.

Every reader of the Bible will remember that Africa was known to the Hebrews at a remote period. We have all read the story of the division of the earth among the sons of Noah—Shem, Ham, and Japheth. Unfortunate Ham had the worst of the continents for his share, and almost since the days of Noah he has been the butt and the slave of his overbearing brothers. But, as a matter of fact, the true Hamites form but a small section of the population of Africa ; and instead of being enslaved they themselves are among the greatest of slave-hunters and slave-holders. Much of the population of the North of Africa, and of the east coast nearly as far as Zanzibar, is Hamitic. Probably the Hamites number about 18,000,000 altogether, out of a total population of 130,000,000, for in all probability Africa does not contain more people than that; of that number about 100,000,000 are negroes and 18,000,000 Bantus, the stock to which the Zulus belong.

But civilisation in Africa is probably older than Noah and the Hebrews. When Joseph was taken there as a slave he found a civilisation that may have begun 2000 years before his time, and probably the ruling race of the period were Hamites. It is remarkable that in this, the most backward of continents, one of the oldest if not indeed the oldest of civilisations begun its career some 3000 or 4000 years before the Christian Era. But it is equally remarkable that a great and enterprising people

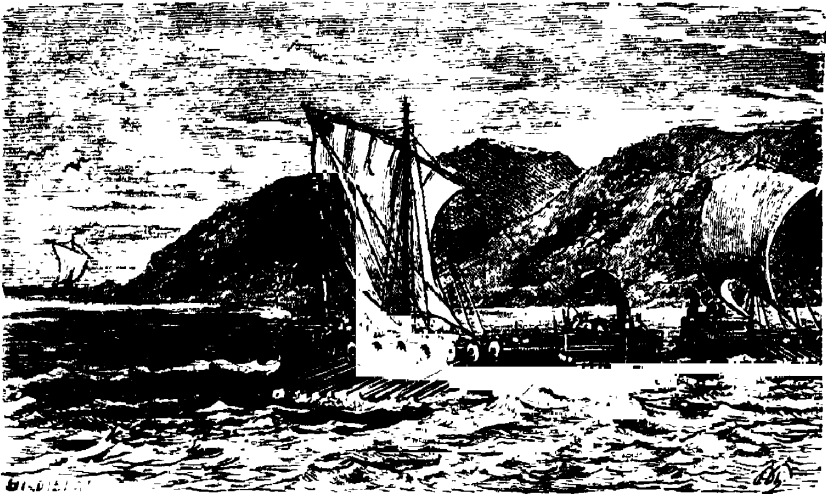
AFRICA AND ITS EXPLORATION

A SOUTH AFRICAN TROPHY.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

VOL. I.

NECHO EMPLOYS PHŒNICIAN NAVIGATORS.

To face p. 2.

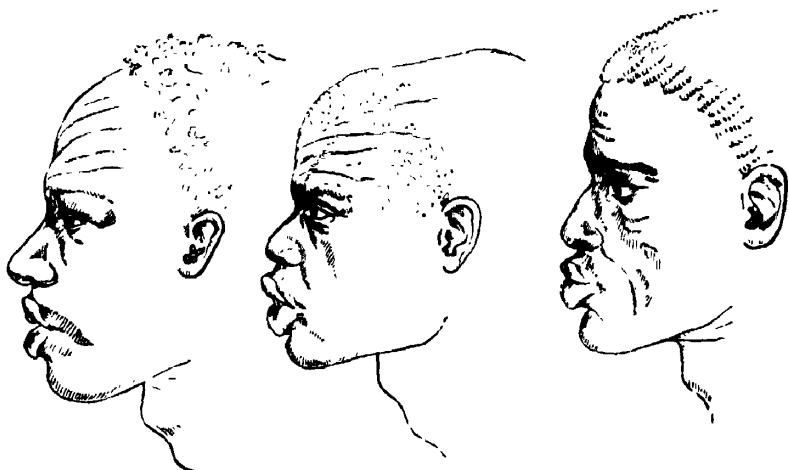
like the Egyptians should have been settled in the valley of the Nile for such an immense period and not have sought to explore the mystery of their great river. That was left for Englishmen, and for the present century; almost, we might say, the present generation. Yet surely some news came out from the interior; some travellers or traders must have gone up and down the valley; some scraps of information about the great lakes and the snowy mountains must have filtered down to Meroë and Thebes. Herodotus, the most extensive of pre-christian travellers, indeed, did hear at

PHŒNICIAN GALLEYS.

Meroë of the fountains of the Nile, but it is difficult to make out now what it meant. But Herodotus heard other stories of central African exploration which are worth briefly recalling. There is no inherent improbability in these stories, and many critical geographers now accept them as essentially true. One of them actually tells of the first circumnavigation of the Dark Continent, about the year 600 B.C.

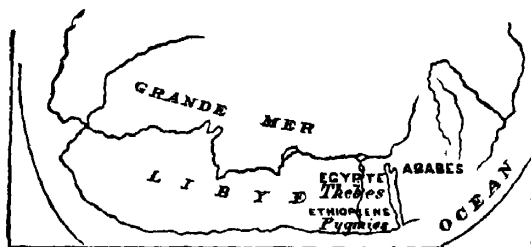
One of the most illustrious of the native Kings of Egypt was Necho, whose name ranks second only to that of Sesostris, and who lived about 200 years before the historian. Necho, we are told, eagerly sought the solu-

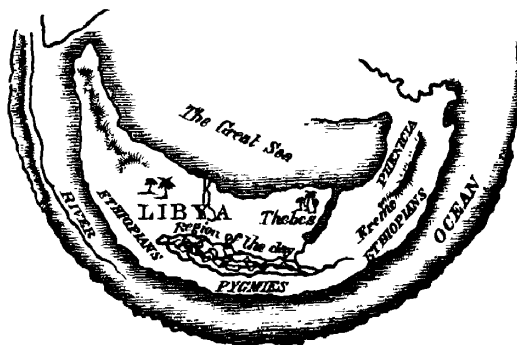
tion of the grand mystery regarding the form and termination of the African continent, for there was not then, nor indeed for long after, any certain knowledge beyond the Sahara. He was obliged to employ, not native, but Phœnician navigators, of whose voyage Herodotus received an account from the Egyptian priests. Proceeding over the Red Sea, they entered the Indian Ocean, and in three years made the circuit of the continent, passing through the Pillars of Hercules, and up the Mediterranean to Egypt. They related that in the course of that very long voyage they had repeatedly to draw their boats on land—and such comparatively tiny boats they must have been—sowed grain in a favourable place and season, waited till the crop grew and ripened under the influence of a tropical heat, then reaped it, and continued their progress. They added that in passing the most southern coast of Africa, they were surprised by observing the sun on their right hand—a statement which the historian himself rejects as incredible. This simple story has given rise to volumes of controversy. The tendency runs, if not to believe in its absolute truth, at least in its probability. We are too apt to underrate the intelligence, the enterprise, and the performances of our predecessors, although we are sometimes struck with wonder at what they have left behind them, even some of those that we account to have been barbarians. The circumstance that seemed incredible to Herodotus, who knew nothing of a southern hemisphere—that the voyagers had the sun on their right hand—only helps to increase the probability of the story. At all events, it shows that even at that early period, the strange continent had drawn the curiosity of civilised humanity.

Herodotus tells another story of adventure which we may fairly accept as essentially true. Ten days' journey west of the shrine of Ammon, which lay to the west of Egypt, was the country of Ægila, occupied by the Nassamones, a numerous people, who in winter fed their flocks on the sea coast, and in summer repaired to collect their oats, which grew in extensive forests of

palm trees. This district lay to the south of what is now Barca. According to Herodotus, then, five young Nassamonians of distinction formed themselves into an African association, personally to explore what was still unknown in the vast interior of this continent. They passed, first, the region inhabited by man; then that which was tenanted by wild beasts; lastly, they reached the immeasurable sandy waste. Having laid in a good stock of water and provisions, they travelled many days partly in a western direction, and attained at length one of the oases or verdant islands which bespangle the

AFRICAN PROFILES.

desert. Here they saw trees laden with agreeable fruit, and had begun to pluck, when there suddenly appeared a band of little black men, who seized and carried them off as captives. They were led along vast lakes and marshes to a town situated on a large river flowing from west to east, and inhabited by a nation all of the same size and colour with the strangers, and strongly addicted to the arts of necromancy. It is not said how or by what route they returned; but, since they supplied this relation, they must by some means have reached home. Herodotus concludes this great river to be the Nile flowing from the westward; while Major Rennel conceives it to be the Niger of Park, and the city to be Timbuctoo;

but since the discoveries of Denham and Clapperton, Barth, and others, it has appeared more probable that the stream was the Yeou or river of Bornou. The distance from Cyrene thither is not so great; and nowhere but in the Tchad can we find those mighty lakes which make so prominent a figure in the narration. On

HEKATÆUS'S AFRICA. 500 B.C.

the whole, it must appear truly wonderful that these efforts, made at so early an era, should have led to discoveries, respecting both the maritime outline and the interior of the continent, which Europeans could not

AFRICA IN HOMER'S TIME.

regain for thousands of years, and one of which, at the present day, is still comparatively new to us.

There is, however, still another story of early exploration which may be taken as authentic, although it was unknown to Herodotus. The Egyptians were not the only people who in those remote times founded civilised states in North Africa. The Phœnicians, the great navigators and traders of early times, sent out

colonies from their little country on the Syrian coast, and one of them settled in North Africa, in the neighbourhood of what is now Tunis, and founded a state which rivalled even Rome. There were the Carthaginians, who were as enterprising as their kindred the Phœnicians. They carried on trade all along the Mediterranean, and even beyond the Pillars of

HANNO SAILS FOR THE WESTERN COAST.

Hercules. That they sent trading expeditions into the interior we cannot doubt, and some of them may even have crossed the Sahara. Carthage was founded about 850 B.C., and the Carthaginians could not have been hundreds of years in North Africa without trying to find out something about the interior. But scarcely any records have come down to us of their enterprises. There is one remarkable adventure, however, of which we have the most authentic information.

Hanno, a Carthaginian admiral, about the year

500 B.C., was despatched by the Senate of Carthage to establish some colonies on the western coast of Africa. The fleet which he commanded was composed of sixty large vessels, and had on board no less than 30,000 persons of both sexes. After sailing for two days beyond the Columns of Hercules, the fleet anchored opposite to a great plain, where a town called *Thymiaterion* was built, and a settlement effected. Still sailing westward, the expedition next arrived at the promontory of *Soloe* (perhaps Cape Cantin), covered with thick woods. Having doubled this cape, they built five other towns on the seaside, and at no great distance from one another. They continued their southerly course, and at length reached the great river *Lixus*, flowing from Libya; some wandering shepherd-tribes inhabited its banks. Beyond this, people in the interior, Æthiopian (negro) savages inhabited a hilly country, overrun with wild beasts. The Carthaginians, taking with them some of the friendly *Lixites* as interpreters, continued their voyage to the south, along a desert shore. Two days' sail brought them to an inlet, at the bottom of which was an island about five stadia in circumference, to which they gave the name *Crene*; here they calculated the reckonings of their voyage, and found that *Crene* was as far from the Pillars of Hercules as the latter place was from Carthage. The next remarkable object which occurred was the great river *Chretes*; this they entered, and found that it opened within into a wide haven, containing several large islands. The hills in the neighbourhood were inhabited by black savages clothed in the skins of wild beasts, who drove away our voyagers with stones and other missiles. Not far from this was another great river filled with crocodiles and hippopotami. After sailing twelve days to the south from *Crene*, the Carthaginians came to a hilly country, covered with a variety of odoriferous trees and shrubs. The *Æthiopians* or negroes of this coast were a timid race, who fled from the strangers, and whose language was quite unintelligible to the *Lixite* interpreters. Seven days' sail

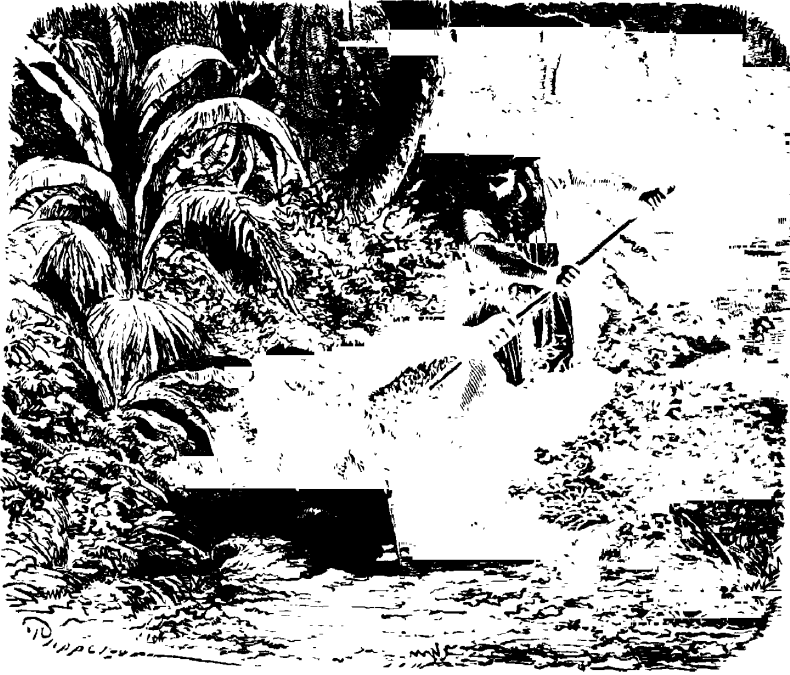
VOL. I. HIPPOPOTAMI. *To face p. 8.*

from this coast brought the expedition to a great bay, to which they gave the name of *Western Horn.* In this bay was an island, on which they landed to repose themselves for a little after the hardships of the sea. During the day all was calm; but at night strange appearances presented themselves; the mountains seemed to be all on fire, and the sound of flutes, drums, and cymbals was mingled with wild screams and

THE VOYAGERS ARE STONED.

piercing cries. Our voyagers, terrified at what they saw and heard, immediately took to flight. As they continued their course to the south, the odoriferous vegetation of the coast perfumed the air; but still columns of flame illuminated the midnight sky, and the ground was so hot that it was impossible to walk upon it for a moderate distance.

Sailing seven days along this coast, they came to a bay, which they called *South Horn*, and found within it an island with a lake, and in the middle of this lake

another island filled with savages of a peculiar description, probably some species of ourang-outang. The females were covered with hair, and were called by the interpreters *Gorillæ.* The males fled across the precipices, and defended themselves obstinately with stones; but the Carthaginians captured three females; these, however, broke their cords, and fought so furiously with tooth and nail, that it was found necessary to kill

ENCOUNTER WITH A GORILLA.

them: their skins were stuffed and brought to Carthage. The want of provisions prevented our voyagers from proceeding any farther to the south.

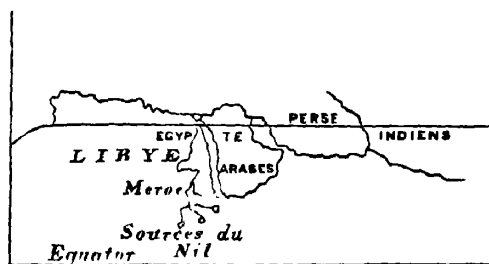
It is impossible to read the narrative of Hanno's expedition without being struck with the simplicity and genuineness of the relation, or without being astonished at the immutability of manners among savage nations; for the stillness by day, the nocturnal fires, the clang of musical instruments, and wild merriment in the cool of night, are the same now on the coast

of Africa as they were five-and-twenty centuries ago. The imperfect manner in which the details of this voyage, relating to time and distance, have been transmitted to us by the Greeks, render it impossible to ascertain with precision how far it extended. The wild negroes, the hairy Gorillæ, the great rivers filled with crocodiles, and the fragrance of the woods, all seem to point out the Senegambia as the country where the progress of the expedition terminated. Some great authorities, indeed, have extended it to Guinea, while

A ROMAN EXPEDITION.

others confine it within the limits of Cape Nun, on the southern confines of Morocco. Many of these geographers have erred continually in their calculations, by mistaking the meaning of the expression *Keras* (*a horn*), which the Greeks generally applied to inlets of the sea, rather than to promontories. Those who restrict the voyage of Hanno to the coast north of the Senegal, insist on the unlikelihood of his passing such remarkable headlands as Cape Blanco and Cape Verd, without making particular mention of them; but to this it may be answered, that we do not possess the original journal of the Carthaginian admiral, and that the deficiencies

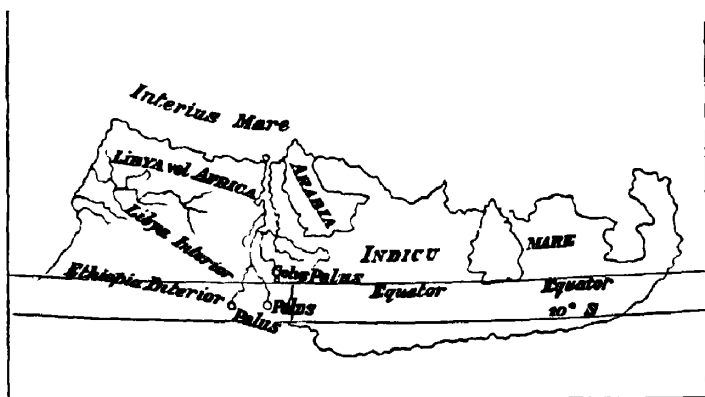
of an extract made from it by a Greek, apparently of a much later age, ought not to be weighed against the positive indications it contains.

But Carthage fell at last, after its long struggle with Rome, and North Africa became a Roman province. The Romans, like the Carthaginians, must have sent military and trading expeditions into the interior, but of only one of them have we a detailed account. Nero, the emperor, though cruel, was enterprising, and seems to have had real curiosity about the interior of Africa. He actually despatched two centurions with men to ascend the Nile from Syene, and solve, if possible, the long-disputed question as to its origin. It is needless to say, as Mr. Bunbury points out, that they did not

HIPPARCHUS. 100 B.C.

really accomplish this object; but they brought back information of much interest and value, and undoubtedly ascended the river to a higher point than had previously been known to either Greek or Roman geographers. Seneca heard the story, he tells us, from the centurions themselves, and after him we quote the account as given by Mr. Bunbury in his 'History of Ancient Geography:'—

"After a long journey" (he tells us), "which they had accomplished by the assistance of the King of Ethiopia, and the recommendations with which he had furnished them to the neighbouring kings, they arrived at length at immense marshes, the exit from which was unknown to the inhabitants, nor could anyone hope to discover it. So entangled were the waters and the herbage, and the waters themselves so full of mud and beset with plants,

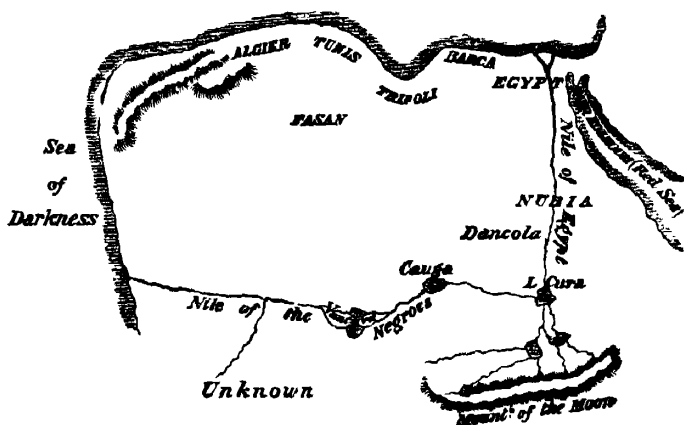
that it was not possible to struggle through them, either on foot or in a boat, unless it were a very small one containing only one person. There, they added, we saw two rocks, from which there fell a river with a great mass of water."

The last statement is unintelligible, and must in all probability have really referred to some other locality; but it is impossible not to recognise in the rest of the description a correct picture of the great marshes on the course of the White Nile, above its junction with the Sobat, which were first rediscovered in modern times by the Egyptian exploring expeditions in 1839 and 1840,

PTOLEMY'S MAP. A.D. 150.

and have recently been rendered familiar to all by the graphic accounts of Sir S. Baker. No such marshes are found lower down the course of the Nile, and hence we may assume with confidence that the explorers of Nero had actually penetrated as far as the ninth parallel of north latitude, where the great marshes referred to commence. The friendly reception accorded them by the King of Ethiopia, and the facilities furnished by him towards their further progress, will explain their having advanced so far, and reached a point which was not again visited by any European for nearly eighteen centuries.

We need only mention the great work of Ptolemy; he himself was probably not a traveller, but a resident,

perhaps a bookseller in Alexandria, who collected and put together the information he obtained from travellers. His text and maps are invaluable for a knowledge of the geography of the period.

After this, so far as exploration goes, darkness seemed to shroud the continent until the Middle Ages, by which time vast changes had taken place in North Africa. Mohammed had risen up and founded a new religion. His Arab followers had penetrated into North Africa, carrying their religion with them, obliterating Egyptian and Roman constitutions, and founding

EDRISI'S CENTRAL AFRICA. 1154 A.D.

states of their own. Deserts were no hindrance to them, and they rapidly pushed their religion into the heart of the continent. These Arabs were famed for their learning, and, among other things, were great geographers. Writers like Edrisi, Abulfeda, Ibn-al-Vardi, and others, have left us descriptions of Africa in their time; and it is evident that, even in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, some knowledge of Central Africa and its lakes existed. The most celebrated of them was one to whom we are indebted for a narrative of actual exploration undertaken by himself; this was Ibn Batuta, a learned theologian, a native of Tangiers, who set out on his travels about 1324 A.D. Two centuries after Ibn, Leo Africanus wrote his celebrated work, giving

an account of his own travels and also of the knowledge of Africa generally at the time. But by that period we had entered on a new era of African exploration. Ibn, before he set out for Central Africa, had traversed a great part of Asia, visited Zanzibar, Magdisho, Egypt, and other places, and met with many adventures.

It was from Fez that Ibn Batuta commenced his peregrination through interior Africa. He went first to Segilmissa, which he describes as a handsome town, situated in a territory abounding with date-trees. Having joined a caravan, he came, after a journey of twenty-five days, to Thargari, which some manuscripts make Tagaza, and is, therefore, evidently the Tegazza of Leo Africanus, supposed by Major Rennel to be the modern Tisheet, containing the mine whence Timbuctoo is chiefly supplied with salt. To our traveller the place appeared to contain no object desirable or agreeable: there was nothing but salt; the houses were built with slabs of that mineral, and roofed with the hides of camels. It even appeared to him that nature had lodged this commodity in regular tables in the mine, fitted for being conveyed to a distance; but he probably overlooked an artificial process by which it is usually brought into this form. From Thargari he went in twenty days to Tashila, three days' beyond which commenced a desert of the most dreary aspect, where there was neither water, beast, nor bird, "nothing but sand and hills of sand." In ten days he came to Abu Latin, a large commercial town, crowded with merchants from various quarters of the continent. The manners of the people, as is indeed too common in the scenes of inland traffic throughout Africa, appeared to him very licentious, and wholly destitute of that decorum which usually marks a Mussulman residence. The women maintained a greater share of respectability than the other sex; yet this did not prevent them from hiring themselves as temporary wives to those whom the pursuits of trade induced to visit Abu Latin. The editor has not hazarded a conjecture what place this is; but on finding it in one manuscript called Ayulatin, and

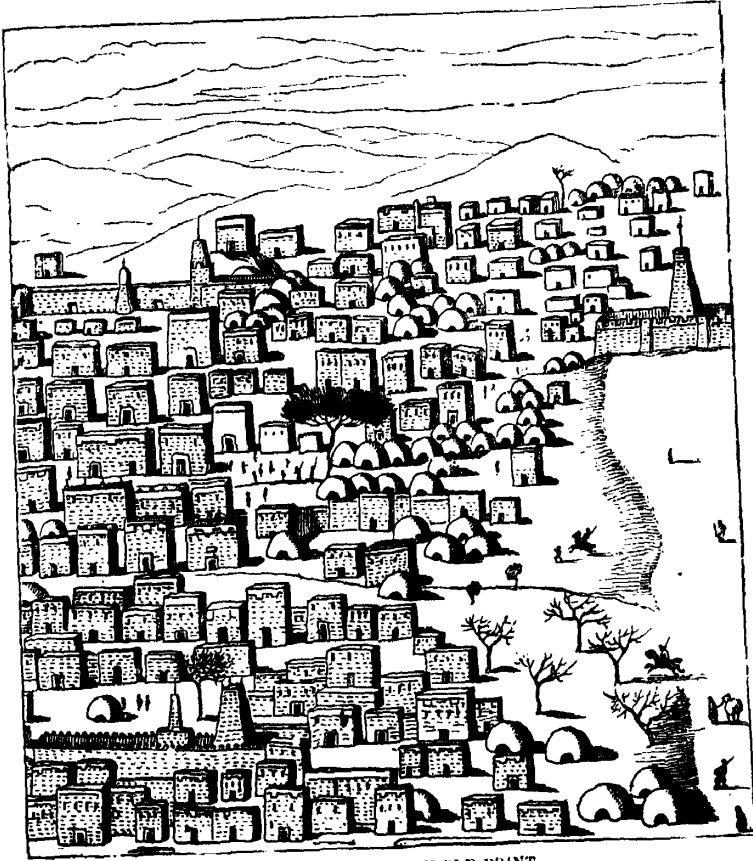
in another Ewelatin, I think there is no doubt of its being Walet, which lay completely in the route of our traveller, and is the only great city in that quarter of Africa.

From Abu Latin the adventurer proceeded in twenty-four days to Mali, then the most flourishing country and city in that part of the continent. This Mali is evidently the Melli of Leo, who described it as situated on a river to the south of Timbuctoo; but it is not so easy to identify it with any modern position. Our traveller makes heavy complaints of the cold reception and narrow bounty of an African potentate in this district. After waiting upon his majesty, he was informed that a present was on its way to him, and he feasted his imagination on the idea of some rich dress or golden ornament; instead of which, the whole consisted of a crust of bread, a dried fish, and sour milk. He had the boldness to remonstrate with the king on this donation, declaring that in course of travelling over the whole world he had never received the like; and his majesty, instead of being incensed, began to extend to him some measure of bounty. Ibn Batuta, however, was disgusted by the abject homage paid to this monarch, as it still is to the native princes of Africa; the courtiers, as they approached, casting dust on their heads, throwing themselves prostrate and grovelling on the earth, a degradation which he had never witnessed in the most despotic courts of the East. Yet justice is admitted to have been most strictly administered, and property to be perfectly secure; as a proof of which, merchants from the most distant country who died at Mali, were as assured of leaving their inheritance to their posterity as if it had been deposited at home. The traveller was astonished by the immense bulk of the trees of this region, in the hollow trunk of one of which he observed a weaver plying his trade.

Ibn Batuta on this part of his journey saw the Niger; and the view necessarily led to a conclusion opposite to that hitherto entertained by his countrymen, who considered it as flowing westward to the ocean. Destitute

ON THE WAR PATH.

To face p. 16.

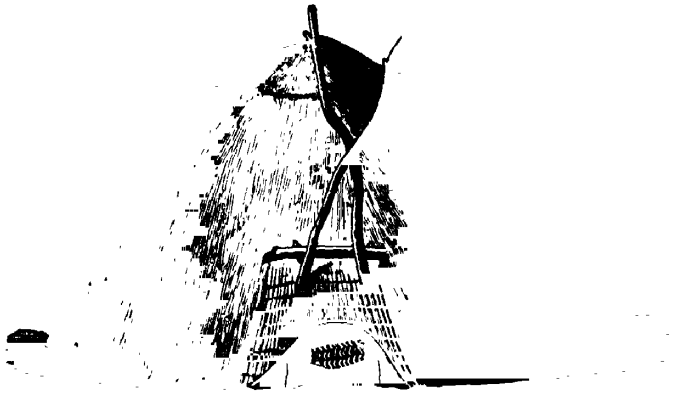
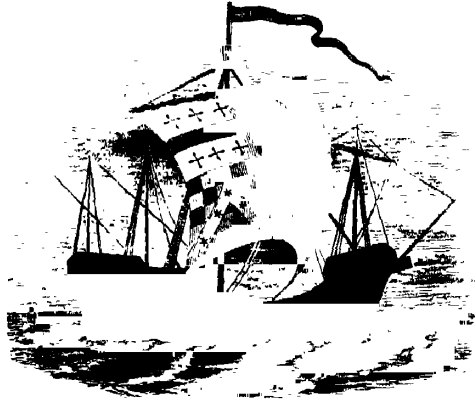
of all opportunity of complete observation, he fell into the opposite error, since prevalent in Northern Africa, and identified it with the Nile. He supposed it to flow by Timbuctoo, Kakaw (Kuku ?), Yuwi (seemingly the

TIMBUCTOO, FROM AN OLD PRINT.

Yeon or river of Bornon), and then by Nubia to Egypt.

From Mali our traveller turned northward to Timbuctoo. This city was then subject to the former, governed by a negro viceroy, and far from possessing the celebrity and importance which it has since attained. The town is described as being chiefly peopled by merchants from Latham; but what particular country that was, it

appears now impossible to conjecture. He next proceeded eastward by Kakaw, Bardama, and Nakda, where he seems to have been near Nubia, but gives no further details till he again arrived at Fez.

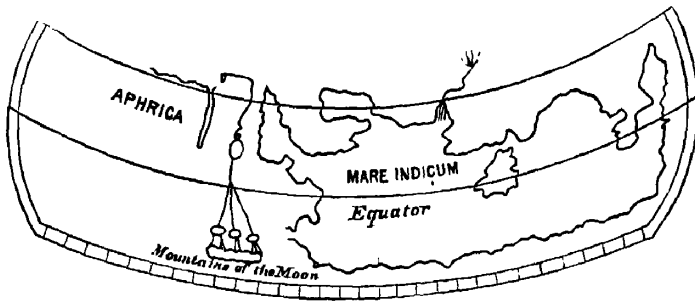
As we have said, about two centuries after Ibn Batuta, a very full description of Africa was furnished by a geographer named Leo who was even honoured with the surname of Africanus. He was a native of Granada; but, after the capture of that city by Ferdinand, repaired to Fez, and in that once-eminent school applied himself to acquire a knowledge of Arabic learning and of the African continent. He afterwards travelled through a great part of the interior, and, having repaired to Rome, wrote his description of Africa under the auspices of Leo X. It appears that, since the time of Edrisi, one of those revolutions to which barbarous states are liable had greatly changed the aspect of these countries. Timbuctoo, which at the former period either did not exist, or was not thought worthy of mention, had now risen to be the most powerful of the interior kingdoms, and the great centre of commerce and wealth. Ghana, once possessed of imperial greatness, had already changed its name to Kano, and was ranked as tributary to Timbuctoo. Bornou appears under its old appellation; and several kingdoms which have since held a conspicuous place are mentioned for the first time—Casena or Cassina (Kashna), Zegzeg, Zanfara, and Guber. Gago, represented as being four hundred miles south-east of Timbuctoo, is evidently Eyes, visited by Clapperton. Ghinea or Gheneoa, described as a city of great commerce and splendour, has been supposed to be Ghana; but more probably it is Jenne, which Park found to be the largest and most flourishing city of Bambarra. At Timbuctoo many of the merchants were extremely opulent, and two of them had obtained princesses in marriage. Literature was cultivated with ardour, and manuscripts bore a higher price than any other commodity. Izchia, the king, who had been successful in subduing all the neighbouring countries,

maintained an army of 3000 horse and a numerous infantry, partly armed with poisoned arrows. Gold, for which Timbuctoo had now become the chief mart, was lavishly employed in the ornament of his court and person. He displayed solid masses, larger even than the one at Ghana, and some of his ornaments weighed 1300 ounces. The royal palace and several mosques were handsomely built of stone; but the ordinary habitations here, as in all Central Africa, were merely bell-shaped huts, the materials of which were stakes, clay, and reeds.

A NATIVE HUT.

SHIP OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER II.

THE PORTUGUESE AND THEIR FOLLOWERS.

AFTER all, the knowledge which existed concerning Africa, and especially of its interior, was insignificant until well on in the fifteenth century. In that century a spirit of intense activity took possession of Europe, and made itself felt in exploration, as in other directions. From the Arab geographers a knowledge of the east coast existed, and it was felt among those who were interested in Africa that it must be possible to sail round it, and in that way to reach India. It was thus not so much to add to their knowledge of Africa that the Portuguese began early in that century to make their way down the west coast, but to discover a new route to India and the East, where it was thought all the treasures of the world were collected. Some writers believe that even in the fourteenth century the sailors of

Dieppe had succeeded in reaching the Gold Coast and founding colonies therein; but of this we have no satisfactory proof. It was really Prince Henry, "the Navigator," as he is called, son of John I. of Portugal, who initiated the modern period of African exploration. When at the siege of Ceuta he heard from the Arabs of the countries on the west coast and of the people of Guinea. From 1415 onwards he sent out almost every year an expedition to push down the west coast; but at first the progress was slow. The islands of Porto Santo and Madeira were discovered in 1418–20; but it was not till 1433 that Gileanez passed Cape Bojador,

MAP OF THE MARGARITA PHILOSOPHICA
A.D. 1503

which at the time was a feat that called forth the greatest surprise and admiration. The expeditions were kept up after Prince Henry's death, and gradually one headland after another was passed, till, in 1471, the Portuguese navigators reached the Gold Coast, and built Elmina, which stands even at the present day. One great quest of these early navigators was the residence of Prester John, a mysterious Christian potentate, supposed to reside somewhere in central Africa, and who was regarded as almost divine. Needless to say, no such potentate existed, but the belief in him served to promote exploration, and so was beneficial. It is said that expeditions even went so far into the interior as Timbuctoo in search of the monarch, without finding him.

In 1484 Diego Cam sailed from Elmina in quest of new shores on which the emblem of Portuguese dominion might be planted. After passing Cape St. Catherine, he found himself involved in a very strong current setting out from the land, which was still distant; though the water, when tasted, was found to be fresh. It was conjectured, therefore, that he was near the

A TYPE OF NATIVE VILLAGE.

mouth of a great river, which proved to be the fact. It has since been celebrated under the name of the Zaire or Congo. Diego, on reaching its southern bank, erected his first pillar—an event considered so memorable that the stream itself has often, by Portuguese writers, been termed the "River of the Pillar." He ascended its borders, opened an intercourse with the natives, and inquired after the residence of their sove-

reign. They pointed to a place at a considerable distance in the interior, and undertook to guide thither a mission, which they pledged themselves, within a stipulated period, to lead back in safety. As the natives meantime passed and repassed on the most intimate footing, Diego took advantage of a moment when several of the principal persons were on board his ship, weighed anchor, and stood out to sea. He soothed the alarm visible on the countenances of their countrymen on shore by signs, intimating that this step was taken solely to gratify the anxious desire of his sovereign to see and converse with these African chiefs; that in fifteen moons they should certainly be brought back again, and that meanwhile a number of his people should be left as hostages. Diego then sailed to Lisbon, where he introduced with triumph these living trophies of his discovery. The king was highly gratified, and held many conversations with the Congo princes, whom he loaded with honours, and caused to be conveyed back at the appointed period to the shores of the Zaire. On Diego's arrival at that river, it was highly gratifying to see, waiting on the bank, the part of his crew whom he had left as pledges, and respecting whom he had felt some anxiety. He was invited to court, where the king not only received him with kindness, but agreed to embrace Christianity, and to send several of his principal lords to Europe, to be instructed in its principles. They sailed accordingly, and this new arrival of Congo leaders of the first rank gave fresh satisfaction at Lisbon. They remained two years, experiencing the very best treatment; and on their being considered ripe for baptism, the king stood godfather to the principal envoy, and his chief nobles to others, on which occasion the Africans received the names of the persons by whom they had been thus honoured.

In 1490, a new armament, guided by Ruy de Sousa, conveyed back the Congo nobles to their native country. The Portuguese, on their arrival, were received by the king in full pomp. The native troops approached in three lines, making so prodigious a noise with horns,

kettledrums, and other instruments, and raising shouts so tremendous, as to surpass all that the Europeans had ever witnessed in Catholic processions and invocations to the saints. The king himself was seated in the midst of a large park, upon an ivory chair raised on a platform. He was dressed in rich and glossy skins of wild beasts, a bracelet of brass hanging from his left arm, a horse's tail from his shoulder, and on his head a bonnet of fine cloth woven from the palm-tree. He gave full permission to erect a church; and, when murmurs were heard from a few of his attendants, he instantly offered to put them to death on the spot; but the Portuguese laudably dissuaded him from so violent a step. He himself and all his nobles were baptised, and free scope was allowed to the exertions of the Catholic missionaries. These churchmen seem to have been really animated with a very devoted and persevering zeal; but they had, unfortunately, conceived an incorrect idea of what they came to teach, and, instead of inculcating the pure doctrines and precepts of Christianity, merely amused the people with empty and childish pageantry. The presentation of beads, Agni Dei, images of the Madonna and saints; the splendid processions; the rich furniture and solemn ceremonies of the church, dazzled the eyes of the savage natives, and made them view Christianity only as a gay and pompous pageant, in which it would be an amusement to join. The sacrament of baptism, to which the Catholics attach such pre-eminent importance, was chiefly recommended by a part of the ritual that consisted in putting into the mouth a certain quantity of salt, which, in Congo, is an extremely rare and valued commodity; and the missionaries were not a little disconcerted to find that the very form by which the natives expressed baptism was "to eat salt." Thus an immense body of the people were very speedily baptised and called Christians, but without any idea of the duties and obligations which that sacred name imposes. There was, however, one point which the missionaries soon began very conscientiously, and perhaps in rather

too hasty and peremptory a manner, to enforce. Appalled by the host of wives that surrounded every African prince or chief, who fulfilled for him every purpose of state and domestic service, and whom it had been his constant study and pride to multiply, the missionaries made a call on their converts to select one, and to make a sweeping dismissal of all the others. This was considered an unwarrantable inroad on one of the most venerated institutions of the realm of Congo. To the aged monarch the privation appeared so intolerable that he thereupon renounced his Christian profession, and plunged again into the abyss of pagan superstition. Happily, Alphonso, the youthful heir-apparent, saw nothing so dreadful in the sacrifice; he cheerfully submitted to it, and, braving his father's displeasure, remained attached to the Portuguese. The old king dying soon after, the zealous convert became entitled to reign; but his brother, Panso Aquitimo, supported by the nobles and almost the whole nation, raised the standard of rebellion in support of polygamy and paganism. A civil war ensued, in which the prince had little more than a handful of Portuguese to oppose to the innumerable host of his rebel countrymen; however, in consequence, as his adherents believed, of the appearance in the clouds, at one time of St. James, and at another of the Virgin Mary, he always came off victorious. Doubtless the better arms and discipline of the Portuguese rendered them superior in the field to the tumultuary host of their rude assailants.

Alphonso being thus firmly seated on his throne, the missionaries for a time secured a safe and comfortable establishment in Congo. Being reinforced by successive bodies of their brethren, they spread over the neighbouring countries, Sundi, Pango, Concobella, Maopongo, many tracts of which were rich and populous, though the state of society was often extremely rude. Everywhere their career was nearly similar. The people gave them the most cordial reception, flocked in crowds to witness and to share in the pomp of their ceremonies, accepted with thankfulness their sacred gifts, and re-

ceived by thousands the rite of baptism. They were not, however, on this account, prepared to renounce their ancient habits and superstitions. The Inquisition, which was speedily instituted among their ecclesiastical arrangements, caused a sudden revulsion ; and the missionaries thenceforth maintained only a precarious and even a perilous position. They were much reproached, it appears, for the rough and violent methods employed to effect their pious purposes ; and though they treat the accusation as most unjust, some of the proceedings of which they boast with the greatest satisfaction tend

RIVER SCENE.

not a little to countenance the charge. When, for example, they could not persuade the people to renounce their idols, they used a large staff, with which they threw them down and beat them in pieces ; they even sometimes stole secretly into the temples, and set them on fire. A missionary at Maopongo having met one of the queens, and finding her mind inaccessible to all his instructions, determined to use sharper remedies, and seizing a whip, began to apply it to her majesty's person. The effect he describes as most auspicious ; every successive blow opened her eyes more and more to the truth, and she at length declared herself wholly

unable to resist such affecting arguments in favour of the Catholic doctrine. It was found, however, that she had hastened to the king with loud complaints respecting this mode of spiritual illumination, and the missionaries thenceforth lost all favour both with that prince and the ladies of his court, being allowed to remain solely through dread of the Portuguese. In only one other instance were they permitted to employ this mode of conversion. The smith, in consequence of the skill, strange in the eyes of a rude people, with which he manufactured various arms and implements, was viewed by them as possessing a measure of superhuman power; and he had thus been encouraged to advance pretensions to the character of a divinity, which were very generally admitted. The missionaries appealed to the king respecting this impious assumption; and that prince, conceiving it to interfere with the respect due to himself, agreed to deliver into their hands the unfortunate smith, to be converted into a mortal in any manner they might judge efficacious. After a short and unsuccessful argument, they had recourse to the above potent instrument of conversion; yet Vulcan, deserted in this extremity by all his votaries, made still a firm stand for his celestial dignity, till the blood began to stream from his back and shoulders, when he finally yielded, and renounced all pretensions to a divine origin.

But the fact is the Portuguese missionaries long maintained their position at San Salvador, in the kingdom of Congo. Churches were built and education fostered; the chiefs took ambitious Portuguese titles like duke, marquis, count; and a certain amount of cultivation was introduced. As late as the end of the eighteenth century a mission was sent from Loanda to San Salvador, and found still some remains of the old Christianity, and of the old Portuguese titles. But in 1817, when Captain Tuckey explored the Congo, and, still more recently, when English missionaries and travellers have been to San Salvador, almost all traces, except a few ruins, had vanished, and the people were as confirmed heathens as their neighbours.

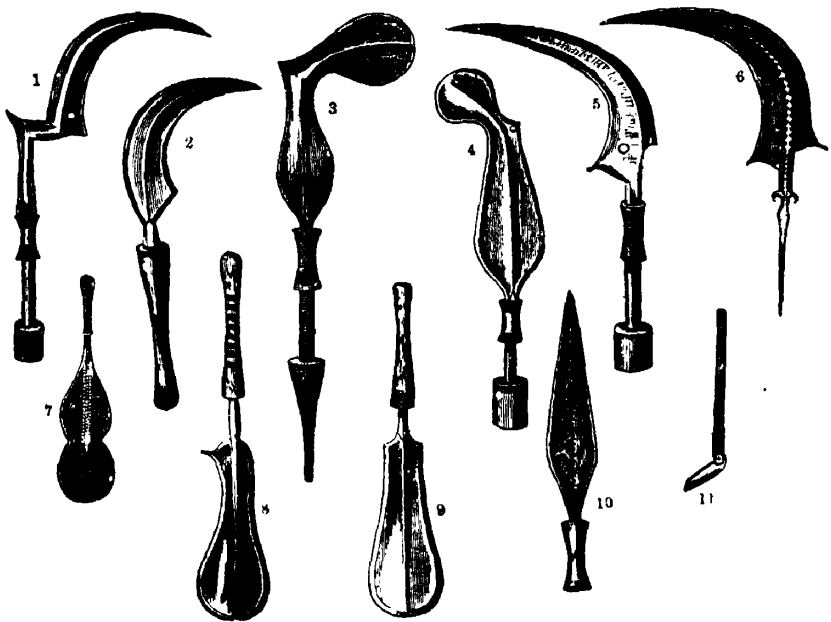
It was in 1486 that Bartholemew Dias was sent out on an expedition, which should always be memorable; for the first time the south part of Africa was discovered, though it was only on his return, after reaching the Great Fish River, that Dias actually saw the Cape, which he named the Cape of Storms, owing to the hardships encountered while passing it; ultimately the name was changed to the Cape of Good Hope.

FOREST SCENE.

It was now clear that Africa could be rounded, and that the sea-route to India had at last been discovered. But long before Dias reached Lisbon, Vasco da Gama had started on one of the most memorable of voyages; for not only did he round the Cape, but he sailed all along the east coast of Africa, and across the ocean to India. The story deserves to be told in some fullness, and this we shall best do in the words of M. Jules Verne :—

At the same time that the King of Portugal, John II., despatched Diaz to seek in the south of Africa

the route to the Indies, he ordered two gentlemen of his court to find out if it would not be possible to attain the same end by an easier, safer, and more rapid means; by way of the Isthmus of Suez, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean.

For carrying out such a mission there was needed a clever, enterprising man, well acquainted with the difficulties of a journey in those regions, and possessing a knowledge of the Oriental languages, or at the very

NATIVE WEAPONS.

least, of Arabic. This agent must be of a versatile disposition, and able to dissemble; capable, in a word, of concealing the real meaning of projects which aimed at nothing less than withdrawing all the commerce of Asia from the hands of the Mussulmans and Arabs, and through them from the Venetians, in order to enrich Portugal with it.

There was living at this time an experienced navigator, Pedro de Covilham, who had served with distinction under Alonzo V. in the war with Castille,

and who had made a long stay in Africa. It was upoi him that John II. cast his eye, and Alonzo de Païva wa given him as a colleague. They left Lisbon in th month of May, 1487, furnished with detailed instruc tions, and with a chart drawn according to Bisho] Calsadilla's map of the World, by the help of which th tour of Africa might be made.

The two travellers reached Alexandria and Cairo where they were much gratified at meeting with som Moorish traders from Fez and Tlemcen, who conducte them to Tor—the ancient Eziongeber—at the foot o Sinai, where they were able to procure some valuabl information upon the trade of Calicut. Covilham re solved to take advantage of this fortunate circumstanc to visit a country which, for more than a century, ha been regarded by Portugal with covetous longing, whil Païva set out to penetrate into those regions then s vaguely designated as Ethiopia, in quest of the famou Prester John, who, according to old travellers, reigne over a marvellously rich and fertile country in Africa Païva doubtless perished in his adventurous enterprise being never again heard of.

As for Covilham, he travelled to Aden, whence h embarked for the Malabar coast. He visited in succes sion Cananore, Calicut, and Goa, and collected accurat information upon the commerce and productions of th countries bordering on the Indian Ocean, withou arousing the fears of the Hindoos, who could not suspec that the kind and friendly welcome they accorded t the traveller would bring about in the future the en thralment and ruin of their country. Covilham, not considering that he had yet done enough for his country, quitted India, and went to the eastern coast of Africa, where he visited Mozambique, Sofala—long famous fo its gold-mines, of which the reputation, by means of the Arabs, had even reached Europe—and Zeila, the *Avalites portus* of the ancients, and the principal town of the Adel coast, upon the Gulf of Oman, at the entrance of the Arabian Sea. After a somewhat long stay in that country, he returned by Aden, then the principal en-

trepot of the commerce of the East, went as far as Ormuz, at the entrance of the Persian Gulf, and then, again passing up the Red Sea, he arrived at Cairo.

John II. had sent to Cairo two learned Jews to await the arrival of Covilham, and to one of these, the Rabbi Abraham Beja, the traveller gave his notes, the itinerary of his journey, and a map of Africa given to him by a Mussulman, charging Beja to carry them all to Lisbon with the least possible delay. For himself, not content with all that he had done hitherto, and wishing

VILLAGE SCENE.

to execute the mission which death had prevented Païva from accomplishing, he went into Abyssinia, where the "negus" or king, known by the name of Prester John, flattered by seeing his alliance sought by one of the most powerful sovereigns of Europe, received him with the greatest kindness, and gave him a high position at his court, but to make sure of retaining his services, he constantly refused him permission to leave the country. Although he had married there and had some children, Covilham still longed for his native country, and when,

in 1525, a Portuguese embassy, of which Alvarès was a member, came into Abyssinia, he witnessed the departure of his countrymen with the deepest regret, and the chaplain of the expedition has naively re-echoed his complaints and his grief.

M. Ferdinand Denis says: "By furnishing precise information upon the possibility of circumnavigating Africa, by indicating the route to the Indies, by giving more positive and extended ideas upon the commerce of these countries, and, above all, by describing the gold-mines of Sofala, and so exciting the cupidity of the Portuguese, Covilham contributed greatly to accelerate the expedition of Gama."

If one may believe an old tradition, but one which is unsupported by any authentic document, Gama was descended by an illegitimate line from Alphonso III., King of Portugal. His father, Estevam Eanez da Gama, grand alcade of Sinès and of Silvès, in the kingdom of Algarve, and commander of Seizal, occupied a high position at the court of John II. He enjoyed great reputation as a sailor, so much so, that just at the moment when his own unexpected death occurred, King John was thinking of giving Gama the command of the fleet which he was desirous of sending to the Indies. By his marriage with Dona Isabella Sodré, daughter of Juan de Resende, proveditore of the fortifications of Santarem, he had several children, and amongst them Vasco, who first reached India by doubling the Cape of Good Hope, and Paul, who accompanied him in that memorable expedition. It is known that Vasco was born at Sinès, but the date of his birth is uncertain; the year 1469 is that generally given, but besides the fact that if this be the correct date, Gama would have been very young—not more than eight and twenty—when the important command of the expedition to the Indies was confided to him, there was discovered twenty years ago, amongst the Spanish archives, a safe-conduct to Tangier granted in 1478 to two persons, Vasco da Gama and Lemos. It is scarcely probable that such a passport would have been given to a child of nine years

Vol. I.

PORTRAIT OF DA GAMA.
From an old print.

To face p. 32.

of age, so that this discovery would appear to carry back the birth of the celebrated voyager to an earlier date.

It seems that from an early period of his life, Vasco da Gama was destined to follow the career of a sailor, in which his father had distinguished himself. The first historian of the Indies, Lopez de Castaneda, delights in recalling the fact that he had signalised himself upon the African seas. At one time he was ordered to seize all the French ships lying in the Portuguese ports, in revenge for the capture by French pirates during a time of peace of a rich Portuguese galleon returning from Mina. Such a mission would only have been confided to an active, energetic, and well-tried captain, a clear proof that Gama's valour and cleverness were highly appreciated by the king.

About this time he married Dona Caterina de Ataïde, one of the highest ladies about the court, and by her he had several children, amongst others Estevam da Gama, who became governor of the Indies, and Dom Chistovam, who, says Gaucher, by his struggle with Ahmed Guerad in Abyssinia, and by his romantic death, deserves to be reckoned amongst the famous adventurers of the sixteenth century.

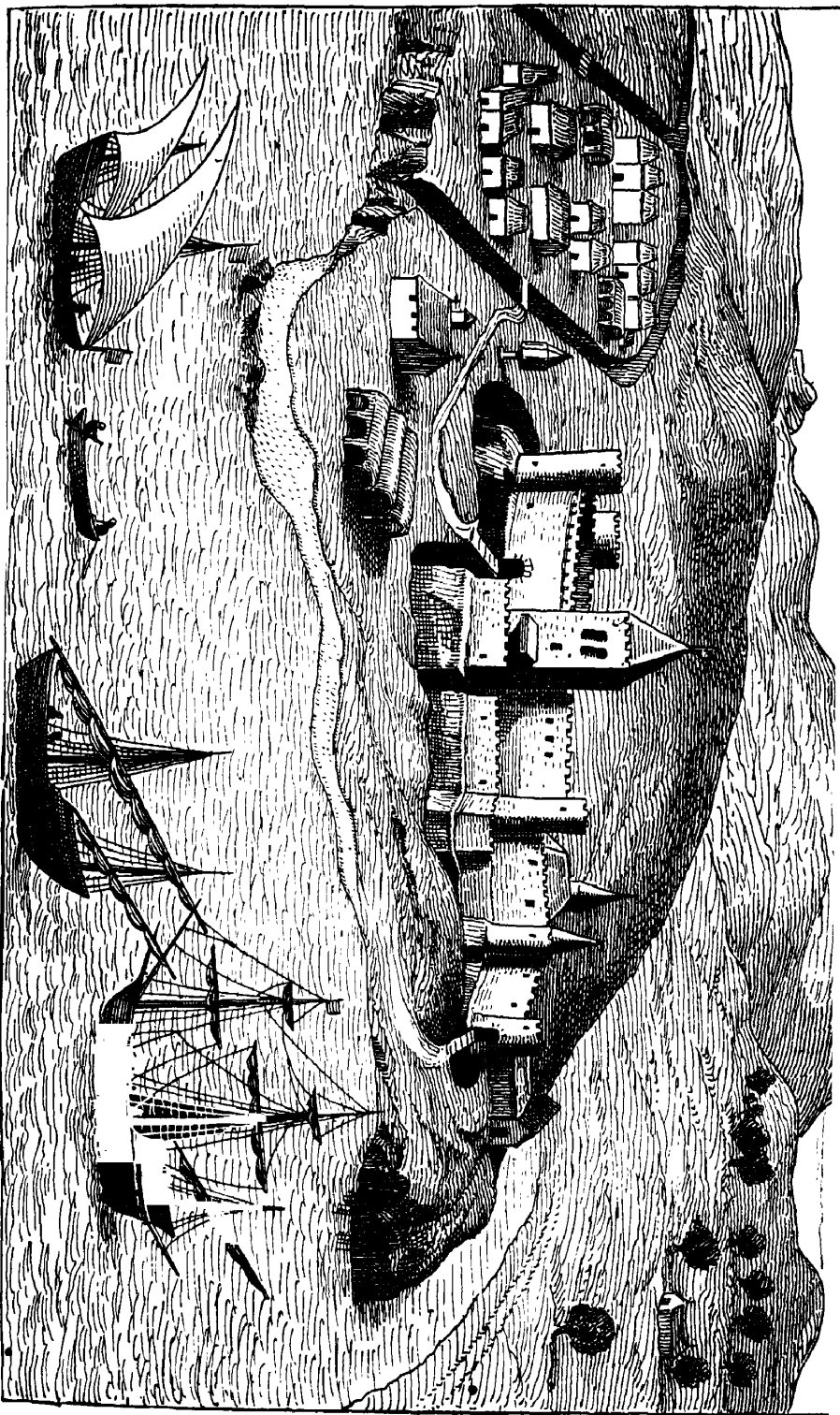
All doubt as to the precise date of Gama's first voyage is now at an end, thanks to the document in the public library at Oporto, a paper with which Castañeda must have been acquainted, and of which M. Ferdinand Denis has published a translation in the 'Ancient and Modern Travellers' of M. E. Charton. The date may be fixed with certainty for Saturday, the 8th of July, 1497.

This expedition had been long ago determined upon, and all its details were minutely arranged. It was to be composed of four vessels of medium size, "in order," says Pacheco, "that they may enter everywhere and again issue forth rapidly." They were solidly constructed, and provided with a triple supply of sails and hawsers; all the barrels destined to contain water, oil, or wine had been strengthened with iron hoops: large

provisions of all kinds had been made, such as flour, wine, vegetables, drugs, and artillery; the personnel of the expedition consisted of the best sailors, the cleverest pilots, and the most experienced captains.

Gama, who had received the title of *Capitam mõr*, hoisted his flag upon the *Sam-Gabriel* of 120 tons. His brother Paulo da Gama was on board the *Sam-Raphael* of 100 tons. A caravel of 50 tons, the *Berrio*, so named in memory of the pilot Berrio, who had sold her to Emmanuel I., was commanded by an experienced sailor, Nicolo Coelho, while Pedro Nuñes was the captain of a large barque, laden with provisions and merchandise, destined for exchange with the natives of the countries which should be visited. Pero de Alemquer, who had been pilot to Bartholomew Diaz, was to regulate the course of the vessels. The crews, including ten criminals who were put on board to be employed on any dangerous service, amounted to 160 persons. What feeble means these, what almost absurd resources, compared with the grandeur of the mission which these men were to accomplish!

On the 8th of July, at sunrise, Gama advanced towards the vessels, followed by his officers through an immense crowd of people. Around him were a number of monks and religious persons, who chanted sacred hymns, and besought Heaven's protection for the voyagers. This departure from Rastello must have been a singularly moving scene; all, whether actors or spectators, mingling their chants, their cries, their adieux, and their tears, while the sails, filled by a favourable breeze, bore away Gama and the fortune of Portugal towards the open sea. A large caraval and a smaller barque, which were bound for Mina under the command of Bartholomew Diaz, sailed in company with Gama's fleet. On the following Saturday, the ships were in sight of the Canaries, and passed the night windward of Lancerota. When they arrived parallel with the Rio de Ouro, a thick fog separated Paul da Gama, Coelho, and Diaz from the rest of the fleet, but they joined again near the Cape de Verd Islands, which were soon reached.

Vol. I. LA MINA. To face p. 34.

At Santiago fresh stores of meat, water, and wood were taken on board, and the ships were again put into good sailing order.

They quitted the shore of Santa Maria on the 3rd of August. The voyage was accomplished without any remarkable incidents, and on the 4th of November anchors were dropped upon the African Coast in a bay which received the name of *Santa-Ellena.* Eight days were spent there in shipping wood, and in putting everything in order on board the vessels. It was there that they saw for the first time the Bushmen, a miserable and degraded race of people who fed upon the flesh of sea-wolves and whales, as well as upon roots. The Portuguese carried off some of these natives, and treated them with kindness. The savages knew nothing of the value of the merchandise which was offered to them, they saw the objects for the first time and were ignorant of their use. Copper was the only thing which they appeared to prize, wearing in their ears small chains of that metal. They understood well the use of the zagayes —a kind of javelin, of which the point is hardened in the fire—of which three or four of the sailors and even Gama himself had unpleasant experience, while endeavouring to rescue from their hands a certain Velloso, a man who had imprudently ventured into the interior of the country. This incident has furnished Camoens with one of the most charming episodes of the 'Lusiad.'

On leaving Santa-Ellena, Pero de Alemquer, formerly pilot to Diaz, declared his belief that they were then ninety miles from the Cape, but in the uncertainty the fleet stood off to sea ; on the 18th of November the Cape of Good Hope was seen, and the next day it was doubled by the fleet sailing before the wind. On the 25th the vessels were moored in the Bay of Sam-Braz, where they remained thirteen days, during which time the boat which carried the stores was demolished, and her cargo divided amongst the three other vessels. During their stay the Portuguese gave the Bushmen some hawks' bells and other objects, which, to their surprise, were accepted, for in the time of Diaz the

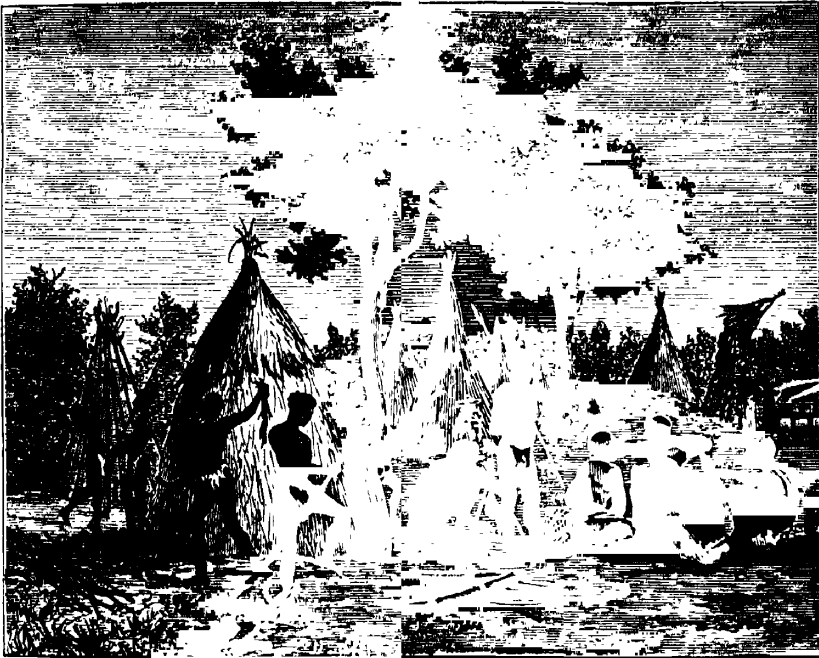
negroes had shown themselves timid and even hostile, and had thrown stones to prevent the crews from procuring water. Now they brought oxen and sheep, and, to show their pleasure at the visit of the Portuguese, "they began," says Nicolas Velho, "to play upon four or five flutes, some set high, some low, a wonderful harmony for negroes, from whom one scarcely looks for music. They danced also, as dance the blacks, and the Capitam mõr commanded the trumpets to sound, and we in our boats danced too, the Capitam mõr himself dancing, as soon as he had returned amongst us."

SLAVE GRINDING CORN.

What shall we say to this little fête and this mutual serenade between the Portuguese and the negroes? Would any one have expected to behold Gama, a grave man, as his portraits represent him, initiating the negroes into the charms of the pavane. Unhappily these favourable dispositions were transient, and it was found necessary to have recourse to some hostile demonstrations by means of repeated discharges of artillery.

In this Bay of Sam-Braz Gama erected a padraõ, which was thrown down as soon as he was gone. The fleet soon passed the Rio Infante, the furthest point reached by Diaz. Here the ships experienced the effects

of a strong current, but of which the violence was neutralised thanks to a favourable wind. On the 25th of December, Christmas Day, the country of Natal was discovered.

The ships had sustained some damage, and fresh water was needed; it was therefore urgent for them to find some harbour, which they succeeded in doing on the 10th of January, 1498. The blacks whom the

THE LAND OF GOOD PEOPLE.

Portuguese saw here upon landing were people of greater stature than those whom they had hitherto met with. Their arms were a large bow with long arrows, and a zagaye tipped with iron. They were Caffres, a race very superior to the Bushmen. Such happy relations were quickly established with them that Gama gave the country the name of the Land of Good People (*Terra da Bon Gente*).

A little further on, while still sailing up the coast, two Mussulman traders, one wearing a turban, the other

a hood of green satin, came to visit the Portuguese, with a young man who, "from what could be understood from their signs, belonged to a very distant country, and who said he had already seen ships as large as ours." Vasco da Gama took this as a proof that he was now approaching those Indian lands which had been so long and so eagerly sought. For this reason he named the river which flowed into the sea at this place *Rio dos Bonis Signaes* (River of Good Tokens). Unhappily the first symptoms of scurvy appeared at this time amongst the crews, and soon there were many sailors upon the sick list.

On the 10th of March the expedition cast anchor before the Island of Mozambique, where, as Gama learnt through his Arab interpreters, there were several merchants of Mahometan extraction, who carried on trade with India. Gold and silver, cloth and spices, pearls and rubies, formed the staple of their commerce. Gama at the same time was assured that in pursuing the line of the coast, he would find numerous cities; "Whereat we were so joyful," says Velho in his naïve and valuable narrative, "that we wept for pleasure, praying God to grant us health that we might see all that which we had so much desired."

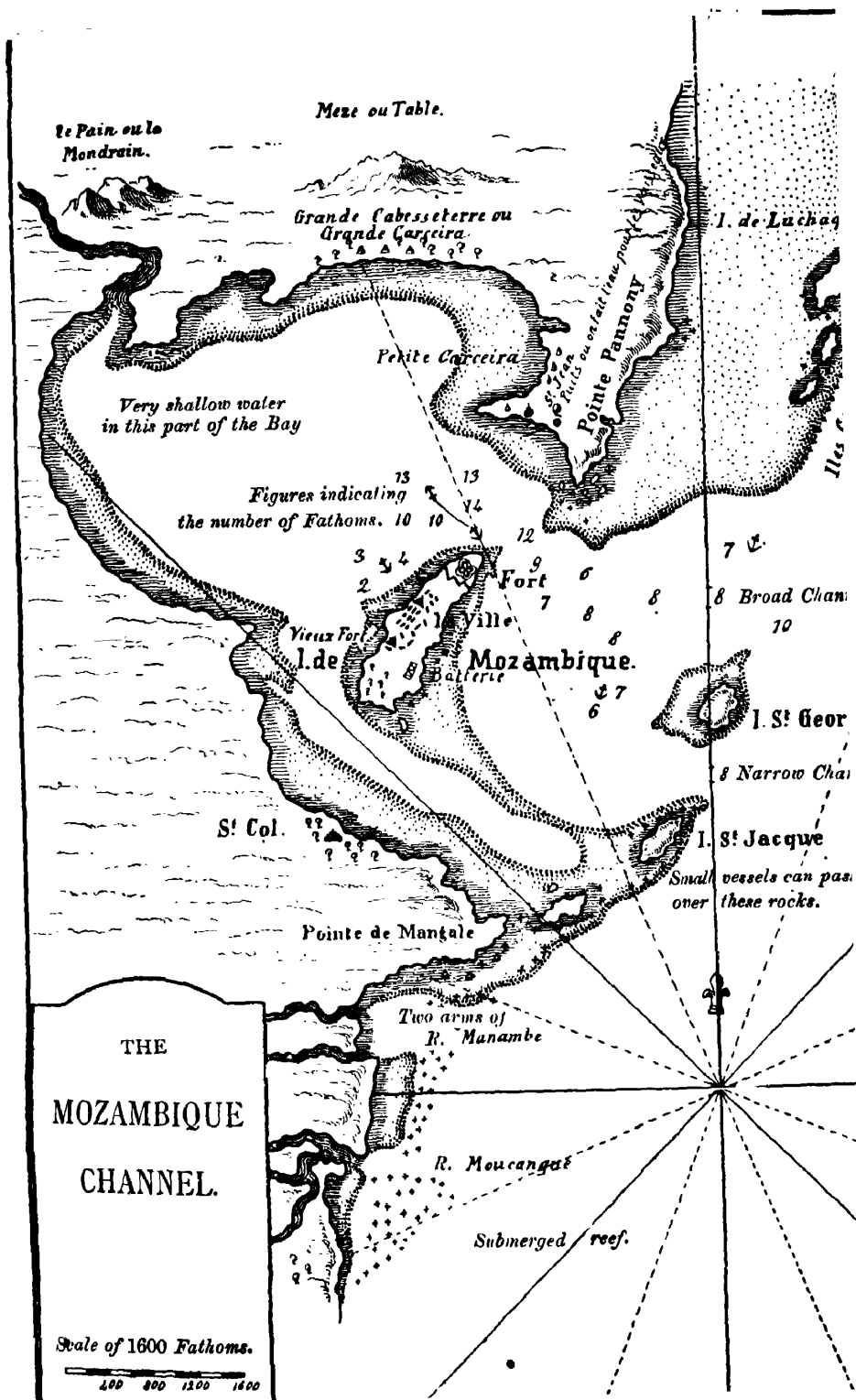
The Viceroy Colyytam, who imagined he was dealing with Mussulmen, came on board several times and was magnificently entertained; he returned the civility by sending presents, and even furnished Gama with two skilful pilots, but when some Moorish merchants who had traded in Europe told him that these foreigners, far from being Turks, were in reality the worst enemies of the Mahometans, the viceroy, disgusted at his mistake, made preparations for seizing the Portuguese by treachery, and killing them. Gama was obliged to point his artillery at the town and threaten to reduce it to ashes before he could obtain the water needed for the prosecution of his voyage. Blood flowed, and Paul da Gama captured two barques, whose rich cargo was divided amongst the sailors. The ships quitted this inhospitable town, on the 29th of March, and the voyage

THE

MOZAMBIQUE

CHANNEL.

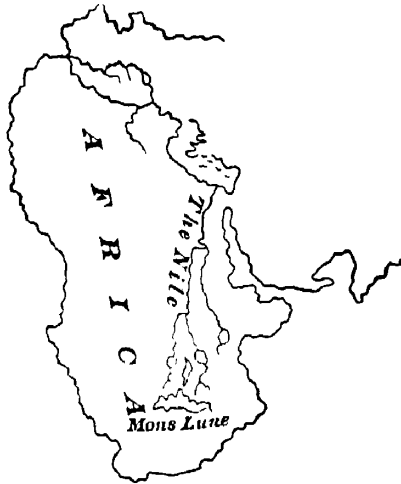
Scale of 1600 Fathoms.

400 800 1200 1600

continued, a close surveillance being kept over the Arab pilots, whom Gama was obliged to cause to be flogged.

On the 4th of April the coast was seen, and on the 8th Mombasa or Mombaz was reached, a town, according to the pilots, inhabited by Christians and Mussulmen. The fleet dropped anchor outside the harbour, and did not enter it, notwithstanding the enthusiastic reception given to them. Already the Portuguese were reckoning upon meeting at mass the next day with the Christians of the Island, when, during the night, the flag-ship was approached by a *zavra*, having on board a hundred armed men, who endeavoured to enter the ships in a body, which was refused them. The king of Mombaz was informed of all that had occurred at Mozambique, but, pretending ignorance, he sent presents to Gama, proposing to him to establish a factory in his capital, and assuring him that so soon as he should have entered the port, he might take on board a cargo of spices and aromatics. The Capitam mõr, suspecting nothing, immediately sent two men to announce his entry for the morrow; already they were weighing anchor when, the flag-ship refusing to tack, the anchor was let fall again. In graceful and poetic fiction, Camoens affirms that it was the Nereids led by Venus, the protectress of the Portuguese, who stayed their ships when on the point of entering the port. At this moment all the Moors on board the fleet quitted it simultaneously, whilst the Mozambique pilots threw themselves into the sea.

Two Moors who were put to the question with a drop of hot oil, confessed that the intention was to take all the Portuguese prisoners as soon as they should be inside the harbour. During the night the Moors endeavoured several times to climb on board and to cut the cables in order to run the ships aground, but each time they were discovered. Under these circumstances no prolonged stay was possible at Mombaz, but it had been long enough for all those ill of scurvy to recover their health.

At the distance of four-and-twenty miles from land, the fleet captured a barque richly laden with gold,

silver, and provisions. The next day Gama arrived at Melinda, a rich and flourishing city, whose gilded minarets, sparkling in the sunshine, and whose mosques of dazzling whiteness, stood out against a sky of the most intense blue. The reception of the Portuguese at Melinda was at first very cold, the capture of the barque the evening before being already known there, but as soon as explanations had been given, the people became cordial. The king's son came to visit the admiral, accompanied by a train of courtiers splendidly dressed,

SYLVANNUS' MAP

A.D.1511

and a choir of musicians, who played upon various instruments. The greatest astonishment was shown at the artillery practice, for the invention of gunpowder was not yet known on the east coast of Africa. A solemn treaty was made, ratified by oaths upon the Gospel and the Koran, and cemented by an interchange of presents. From this moment the ill-will, the treachery, the difficulties of all kinds which had hitherto beset the expedition, ceased as if by magic: this must be attributed to the generosity of the King of Melinda, and to the aid which he furnished to the Portuguese.

Thus far Jules Verne. But we cannot follow Vasco

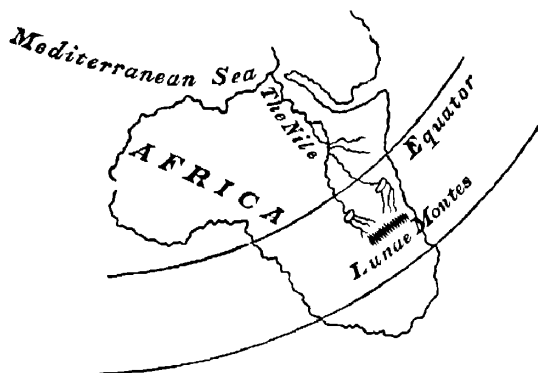
da Gama further; after nine days' stay at Melinda, his fleet weighed anchor to make its way across unknown seas to Calicut.

It is not our purpose to follow the Portuguese in their successive expeditions to Africa. They settled at many points along the coast, especially at Angola and at Sofala and Mozambique, on the east coast. There is no doubt that they sent expeditions into the interior from

VIEW ON THE ZAMBESI.

their stations on the Lower Zambesi in search of gold and silver mines. Some of the chiefs they may have conquered, and some, they say, they made treaties with. One of these we hear much of in ancient writings--the King or Emperor of Monomatapa—whose name frequently came up recently in connection with the dispute between England and Portugal. The most wonderful statements are made about this empire, which some writers tell us extended from Abyssina to the Cape. This, of course, is incredible. But that at that time there was a powerful potentate who ruled over a considerable part of Africa south of the Zambesi there

can be little doubt. We find such potentates at various times and various parts of Central Africa; but, as a rule, these so-called "empires" soon broke up into a number of small *chiefships*. This is what happened with the Monomatapa empire, all traces of which are long ago obliterated. As to the treaties which the Portuguese say they made with the emperor, they need not detain us. It may be of interest here to quote the earliest description of this empire, which we find in the narrative of Duarte Barbosa in the beginning of the sixteenth century:—

"On entering within this country of Sofala, there is

JOHN RUYSCH
A.D. 1508.

the kingdom of Benamatapa, which is very large and peopled by Gentiles, whom the Moors call Cafers. These are brown men, who go bare, but covered from the waist downwards with coloured stuffs or skins of wild animals; and the persons most in honour among them wear some of the tails of the skin behind them, which go trailing on the ground for state and show, and they make bounds and movements of their bodies, by which they make these tails wag on either side of them. They carry swords in scabbards of wood bound with gold or other metals, and they wear them on the left-hand side, as we do, in sashes of coloured stuffs, which they make

for this purpose with four or five knots, and their tassels hanging down, like gentlemen; and in their hands azagayes, and others carry bows and arrows; it must be mentioned that the bows are of middle size, and the iron points of the arrows are very large and well wrought. They are men of war, and some of them are merchants; their women go naked as long as they are girls, only covering their middles with cotton cloths, and when they are married and have children, they wear other cloths over their breasts.

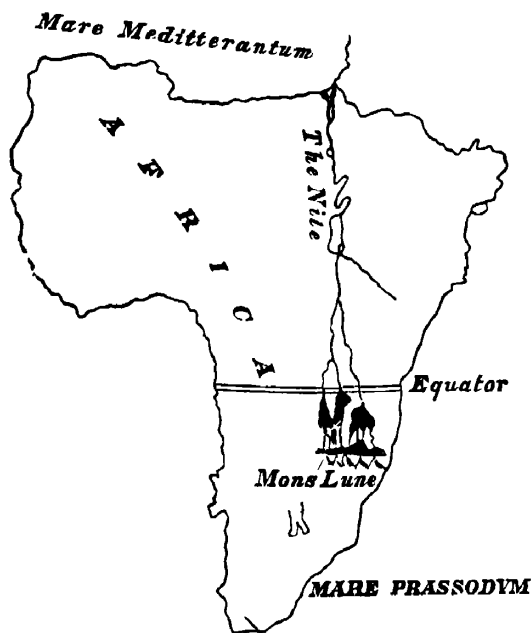
"Leaving Sofala for the interior of the country, at

HIERONIMUS DE VERRAZANO
1529

xv. days' journey from it, there is a large town of Gentiles, which is called Zinbaoch; and it has houses of wood and straw, in which town the King of Benamatapa frequently dwells, and from there to the city of Benamatapa there are six days' journey, and the road goes from Sofala, inland, towards the Cape of Good Hope. And in the said Benamatapa, which is a very large town, the king is used to make his longest residence; and it is thence that the merchants bring to Sofala the gold which they sell to the Moors without weighing it, for coloured stuffs and beads of Cambay, which are much used and valued amongst them; and the people of this city of Benamatapa say that this gold

comes from still further off towards the Cape of Good Hope, from another kingdom subject to this King of Benamatapa, who is a great lord, and holds many other kings as his subjects, and many other lands, which extend far inland, both towards the Cape of Good Hope and towards Mozambich. And in this town he is each day served with large presents, which the kings and lords, his subjects, send to him; and when they bring them, they carry them bareheaded through all the city, until they arrive at the palace, from whence the king sees them come from a window, and he orders them to be taken up from there, and the bearers do not see him, but only hear his words; and afterwards, he bids them call the persons who have brought these presents, and he dismisses them. This king constantly takes with him into the field a captain, whom they call Sono, with a great quantity of men-at-arms, and amongst them they bring six thousand women, who also bear arms and fight. With these forces he goes about subduing and pacifying whatever kings rise up or desire to revolt. The said King of Benamatapa sends, each year, many honourable persons throughout his kingdoms to all the towns and lordships, to give them new regulations, so that all may do them obeisance, which is in this manner: each one of the envoys comes to a town, and bids the people extinguish all the fires that there are in it; and after they have been put out, all the inhabitants go to this man who has been sent as commissary, to get fresh fire from him in sign of subjection and obedience; and, whoever should not do this is held as a rebel, and the king immediately sends the number of people that are necessary to destroy him, and these pass through all the towns at their expense; their rations are meat, rice, and oil of sesame."

Very wonderful are the descriptions given by later writers of the palace of the emperor, probably greatly exaggerated. The gigantic ruins which have been discovered at Zimbabye, in Mashonaland, may possibly have been the palace of a former king, but this was more likely to have been a fortress, built, possibly, by

Arabs or Phœnicians, for the protection of traders. Here is a description of the palace of the Emperor of Monomatapa, from a writer of the seventeenth century :—"The city of Monomotapa Moll placed near a branch of the river St. Esprit or Delagoa, S. lat. $25\frac{3}{4}$, long. 39. The Sansons agree in the lat., but make the long. $52\frac{1}{2}$. Some call it Banamatapa, and others Madrogan. Dapper says, 'tis a great town, six days' journey from a palace called

SEBASTIAN CABOT'S MAP OF THE WORLD
16th Century

Simboe, and twenty miles W. from Sofala. The imperial palace here is very large, with four great porticoes, where the emperor's guards keep centry in their turns. The out-parts are fortified with towers, and the inside is divided into several spacious rooms, garnish'd with cotton hangings of lively colours, and trimmed with gold. Some say, the ceiling, beams, and rafters, are gilt or cover'd with plates of gold; that the apartments are set out with chairs, gilt, painted, and enamell'd, and candlesticks of ivory hung on chains of silver. His

plates are of porcellane, adorned with branches of
like those of coral. The Sansons say he has (
palaces, called Symbase, in several parts of his d
nions, especially one towards Butua, remarkable fo:
vast size of the stones in its walls, and for se
ancient and unknown inscriptions over the gate."

But the glory of the Portuguese empire in Africa
short-lived. Very early English companies sent
expeditions and founded trading stations in Senegal
on the Gold Coast. The French, also, were soon in
field. But it was the Dutch who, in the middle of
seventeenth century, when they were very powe
drove the Portuguese out of a great part of the Af
coast, and themselves founded a colony at the Caj
Good Hope.

Up to the end of the eighteenth century not mucl
done for African exploration beyond the coasts. Va
travellers succeeded in penetrating a short distance
the interior in the north and west. By the midd
the century the map of Africa became quite cro
with great lakes and rivers, mountains and ci
but who had drawn these features no one knew.
lakes and rivers were so intricately mixed up,
the hydrography so impossible, that D'Anville, a g
French geographer in the later part of last cent
swept everything off the map, except what he l
rested on undoubted authority. The result was
nearly all the interior of Africa was a great blank,
the work of filling it up had to be begun anew.
is only within the last fifty years that the blank
disappeared, and it is to that fifty years that our s
must be mainly confined. Let us, however, briefly
to some of the explorations of the end of the eighte
and early part of the nineteenth century, which we
do again in the words of Jules Verne.

CHAPTER III.

African Explorers of the Eighteenth Century.

An Englishman named Thomas Shaw, a chaplain in Algeria, had profited by his twelve years' stay in Barbary to gather together a rich collection of natural curiosities, medals, inscriptions, and various objects of interest. Although he himself never visited the southern portion of Algeria, he availed himself of the facts he was able to obtain from well-informed travellers, who imparted to him a mass of information concerning the little-known and scarcely-visited country. He published a book in two large quarto volumes, which embraced the whole of ancient Numidia.

It was rather the work of a learned man than the account of a traveller, and it must be admitted that the learning is occasionally ill-directed. But in spite of its shortcomings as a geographical history, it had a large value at the time of its publication, and no one could have been better situated than Shaw for collecting such an enormous mass of material.

The following extract may give an idea of the style of the work :—

"The chief manufacture of the Kabyles and Arabs is the making 'hykes,' as they call their blankets. The women alone are employed in this work ; like Andromache and Penelope of old, they do not use the shuttle, but weave every thread of the woof with their fingers. The usual size of a hyke is six yards long and five or six feet broad, serving the Kabyle and Arab as a complete dress during the day, and as a covering for the bed at night. It is a loose but troublesome garment, as it is often disarranged and slips down, so that the person

who wears it is every moment obliged to tuck it up and rearrange it. This shows the great use there is of a girdle whenever men are in active employment, and explains the force of the Scripture injunction *of having our loins girded.* The method of wearing this garment, with the use it is at other times put to as bed-covering, makes it probable that it is similar to if not identical with the *peplus* of the ancients. It is likewise probable that the loose garment flung over the shoulder, the *toga* of the Romans, was of this kind, as the drapery of statues is arranged very much in the same manner as the Arab hyke."

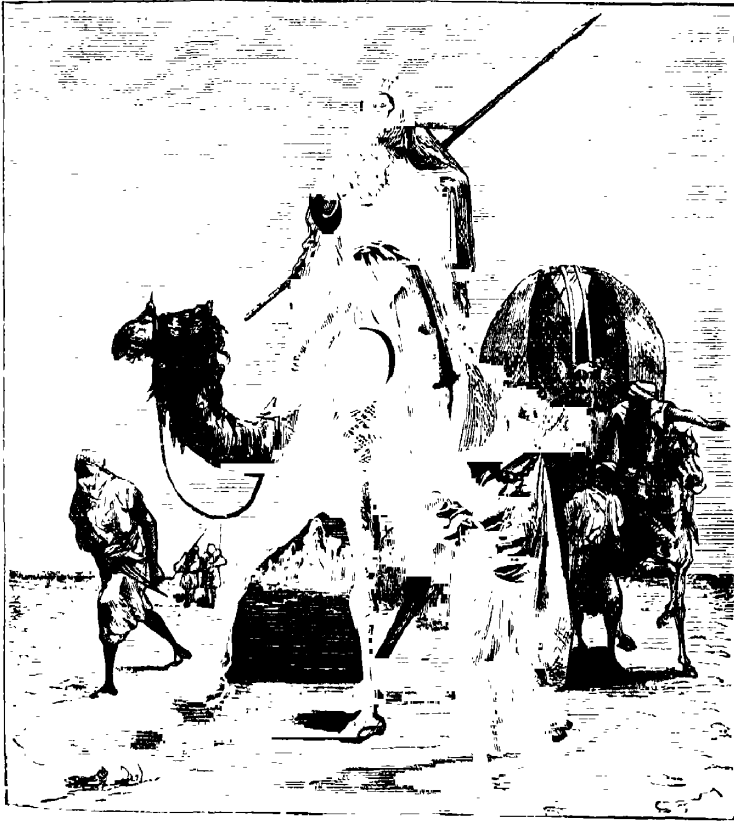
It is unnecessary to linger over this work, which has little interest for us. We shall do better to turn our attention to the journey of Frederic Conrad Horneman to Fezzan.

This young German offered his services to the African Society of London, and, having satisfied the authorities of his knowledge of medicine and acquaintance with the Arabic language, he was engaged, and furnished with letters of introduction, safe-conducts, and unlimited credit.

Leaving London in July, 1797, he went first to Paris. Lalande introduced him to the Institute, and presented him with his 'Mémoire sur l'Afrique,' and Broussonet gave him an introduction to a Turk from whom he obtained letters of recommendation to certain Cairo merchants who carried on business in the interior of Africa.

During his stay at Cairo, Horneman devoted himself to perfecting his knowledge of Arabic, and studying the manners and customs of the natives. We must not omit to mention that the traveller had been presented by Monge and Berthollet to Napoleon Buonaparte, who was then in command of the French forces in Egypt. From him he received a cordial welcome, and Buonaparte placed all the resources of the country at his service.

As the safer method of travelling, Horneman resolved to disguise himself as a Mohammedan merchant. He quickly learned a few prayers, and adopted a style

of dress likely to impose upon unsuspecting people. He then started, accompanied by a fellow-countryman named Joseph Frendenburg, who had been a Mussulman for more than twelve years, had already made three pilgrimages to Mecca, and was perfectly familiar with

HORNEMANN DISGUISED AS A MOHAMMEDAN MERCHANT.

the various Turkish and Arabic dialects. He was to act as Hornemann's interpreter.

On the 5th of September, 1798, the traveller left Cairo with a caravan, and visited the famous oasis of Jupiter Ammon or Siwah, situated in the desert on the east of Egypt. It is a small independent state, which acknowledges the Sultan, but is exempt from paying tribute. The town of Siwah is surrounded by several

villages, at distances of a mile or two. It is built up‹
a rock in which the inhabitants have hollowed recess‹
for their dwellings. The streets are so narrow ar
intricate that a stranger cannot possibly find his wa
among them.

This oasis is of considerable extent. The mo
fertile portion comprises a well-watered valley, abo
fifty miles in circumference, which is productive of co
and edible vegetables. Dates of an excellent flavo
are its most valuable export.

Hornemann was anxious to explore some ruins whi‹
he had noticed, for he could obtain little informati‹
from the natives. But every time he penetrated to an
distance in the ruins, he was followed by a number ‹
the inhabitants, who prevented him from examinin
anything in detail. One of the Arabs said to hi
"You must still be a Christian at heart, or you wou.
not so often visit the works of the infidels."

This remark put a speedy end to Hornemann's furth‹
explorations. As far as his superficial examinati‹
enabled him to judge, it was really the oasis of Ammo
and the ruins appeared to him to be of Egyptian origi

The immense number of catacombs in the neig
bourhood of the town, especially on the hill overlookin
it, indicate a dense population in ancient times. Th
traveller endeavoured vainly to obtain a perfect hea
from one of these burial-places. Amongst the skulls h
procured, he found no certain proof that they had bee
filled with resin. He met with many fragments ‹
clothing, but they were all in such a state of decay tha
it was impossible to decide upon their origin or use.

After a stay of eight days in this place, Horneman
crossed the mountains which surrounded the oasis ‹
Siwah, and directed his steps towards Schiatah. So fa
no misfortune had interrupted his progress. But a
Shiatah he was denounced as a Christian and a sp
Hornemann cleverly saved his life by boldly reading ou
a passage in the Koran which he had in his possessio
Unfortunately, his interpreter, expecting that his bag
gage would be searched, had burned the collection ‹

fragments of mummies, the botanical specimens, the journal containing the account of the journey, and all the books. This loss was quite irreparable.

A little further on, the caravan reached Augila, a town mentioned by Herodotus, who places it some ten days' journey from the oasis of Ammon. This accords with the testimony given by Hornemann, who reached it in nine days' forced march. At Augila a number of merchants from Bengasi, Merote, and Mokamba had joined the caravan, amounting altogether to no less than 120 persons. After a long journey over a sandy desert, the caravan entered a country interspersed with hills and ravines, where they found trees and grass at intervals. This was the desert of Harutsch. It was necessary to cross it in order to reach Temissa, a town of little note, built upon a hill, and surrounded by a high wall. At Zuila the Fezzan country was entered. The usual ceremonies, with interminable compliments and congratulations, were repeated at the entrance to every town. The Arabs appear to lay great stress upon these salutations, little trustworthy as they are, and travellers constantly express surprise at their frequent recurrence.

Upon the 17th of November, the caravan halted at Murzuk, the capital of Fezzan. It was the end of the journey. Hornemann says that the greatest length of the cultivated portion of Fezzan is about 300 miles from north to south, but to this must be added the mountainous region of Harutsh on the east, and the various deserts north and west. The climate is never pleasant; in summer the heat is terrible, and when the wind blows from the south it is all but insupportable, even to the natives, and in winter the north wind is so cold that they are obliged to have recourse to fires.

The produce of the country consists principally of dates and vegetables. Murzuk is the chief market; there are collected the products of Cairo, Bengazi, Tripoli, Ghâdames, Ghât, and the Soudan. Among the articles of commerce are male and female slaves, ostrich feathers, skins of wild beasts, and gold-dust or nuggets. Bornu produces copper; Cairo silks, calicoes, woollen

garments, imitation coral, bracelets, and Indian manufactures. Fire-arms, sabres, and knives are imported by the merchants of Tripoli and Ghâdames.

ARAB MERCHANTS.

The Fezzan country is ruled by a sultan descended from the scherifs, whose power is limitless, but who, nevertheless, pay a tribute of 4000 dollars to the Bey of

Tripoli. Hornemann, without giving the grounds of his calculation, informs us that the population amounts to 75,000 inhabitants, all of whom profess Mohammedanism.

Hornemann's narrative gives a few more details of the manners and customs of the people. He ends his report to the African Society by saying that he proposes visiting Fezzan again in the hope of obtaining new facts.

We learn, further, that Frendenburg, Hornemann's faithful associate, died at Murzuk. Attacked by a violent fever, Hornemann was forced to remain much longer than he desired in that town. While still only partially recovered, he went to Tripoli for change and rest, hoping there to meet with Europeans. Upon the 1st of December, 1799, he returned to Murzuk, and left it finally with a caravan upon the 7th of April, 1800. He was irresistibly attracted towards Bornu, and perished in that country, which was to claim so many victims.

During the eighteenth century Africa was literally besieged by travellers. Explorers endeavoured to penetrate into it from every side. More than one succeeded in reaching the interior, only to meet with repulse or death. The discovery of the secrets of this mysterious continent was reserved for our own age, when the unexpected wonders of its interior has astonished the civilised world.

The facts relating to the coast of Senegal needed confirmation, but the French superiority was no longer undisputed. The English, with their earnest and enterprising character, were convinced of its importance in the development of their commerce, and determined upon its exploration. But before proceeding to the narrative of the adventures of Major Houghton and Mungo Park, we will devote a small space to the record of the work done by the French naturalist, Michel Adanson.

Devoted from early youth to the study of natural history, Adanson wished to become famous by the discovery of new species. It was hopeless to dream of obtaining them in Europe, and, in spite of opposition,

Adanson selected Senegal as the field of his labours. He says, in a manuscript letter, that he chose it because it was the most difficult to explore of all European settlements, and, being the hottest, most unhealthy, and most dangerous, was the least known by naturalists. Certainly a choice founded upon such reasoning gave proof of rare courage and ambition.

It is true that Adanson was by no means the first naturalist to encounter similar dangers, but he was the first to undertake them, with so much enthusiasm, at his own cost, and without hope of reward. Upon his return, he had not sufficient money to pay for the

CURIOUS ANT FORMATIONS.

publication of his account of the discoveries he had made.

Embarking upon the 3rd of March, 1749, on board the *Chevalier Marin*, commanded by D'Après de Mannevillette, he touched at Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, and disembarked at the mouth of the Senegal, which he took to be the Niger of ancient geographers. During nearly five years he was engaged in exploring the colony in every direction, visiting in turn Podor, Portudal, Albreda, and the mouth of the Gambia. With unceasing perseverance, he collected a rich harvest of facts in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms.

To him is due the first exact account of a gigantic tree called the Baobab, which is often called Adansonia after him; of the habits of the grasshoppers, which form

VOL. I.

THE BAOBAB TREE

To face p. 54.

the chief food of certain wild tribes; of the white ants, and the dwellings they construct; and of a certain kind of oyster, which attach themselves to trees at the mouth of the Gambia. He says:—

"The natives have not the difficulty one might anticipate in catching them; they simply cut off the bough to which they cling. They often cluster to the number of 200 on one branch, and if there are several branches, they form a bunch of oysters such as a man could scarcely carry."

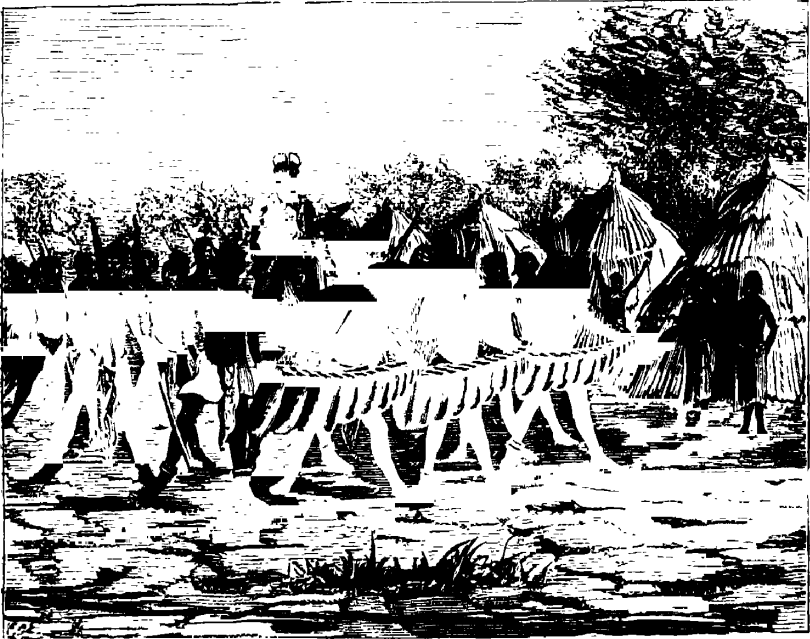
In spite of the interest of these and similar discoveries, there are few new facts for the geographer to glean. A few words about the Yolofs and Mandingoes comprise all there is to learn. If we followed Adanson throughout his explorations, we should gain little fresh information.

The same cannot be said of the expedition of which we are about to give some account. Major Houghton, captain in the 69th regiment, and English Governor of the Fort of Goree, had been familiar from his youth—part of which was passed with the English embassy in Morocco—with the manners and customs of the Moors and the negroes of Senegambia. In 1790 he proposed to the African Society to explore the course of the Niger, penetrate as far as Timbuctoo and Houssa, and return by way of the Sahara. The carrying out of this bold plan met with but one obstacle, but that was almost sufficient to upset it.

Houghton left England upon the 16th of October, 1790, and anchored in Jillifree harbour, at the mouth of the Gambia, upon the 10th of November. Well received by the King of Barra, he followed the course of the Gambia to a distance of 300 leagues, traversed the remainder of Senegambia, and reached Gonda Konda in Yanvi.

Walknaer, in his 'History of Voyages,' says:—"He purchased a negro, a horse, and five asses, and prepared to proceed with the merchandise which was to pay his expenses to Mendana, the capital of the little kingdom of Woolli. Fortunately his slight knowledge of the

Mandingo language enabled him to understand a negress who was speaking of a plot against him. The merchants trading on the river, imagining commerce to be his sole object, and fearing that he might compete with them, had determined upon his death.

"In order to avoid the threatened danger, he thought it wise to deviate from the usual route, and, accordingly, crossed the river with his asses, and reached the northern shore in the kingdom of Cantor."

THE KING OF WOOLLI.

Houghton then crossed the river a second time, and entered the kingdom of Woolli. He at once sent a messenger to the king, bearing presents, and asking for protection. He was cordially received, and the traveller was welcomed to Mendana, the capital, which he describes as an important town, situated in the midst of a fertile country, in which many herds of cattle graze.

Houghton was justified in anticipating a successful issue to his voyage; everything appeared to presage it, when an event occurred which was the first blow to his

hopes. A hut next that in which he slept took fire, and the whole town was soon in flames. His interpreter, who had made several attempts to rob him, seized this opportunity, and fled with a horse and three asses.

Still the King of Woolli continued his protection of the traveller, and loaded him with presents, precious not on account of their value, but as signs of the good will which they demonstrated. This friend of the Europeans was named Djata. Humane, intelligent, and good-

HOUGHTON CROSSING A RIVER.

hearted, he wished the English to establish a factory in his kingdom.

Houghton, in a letter to his wife, says :—

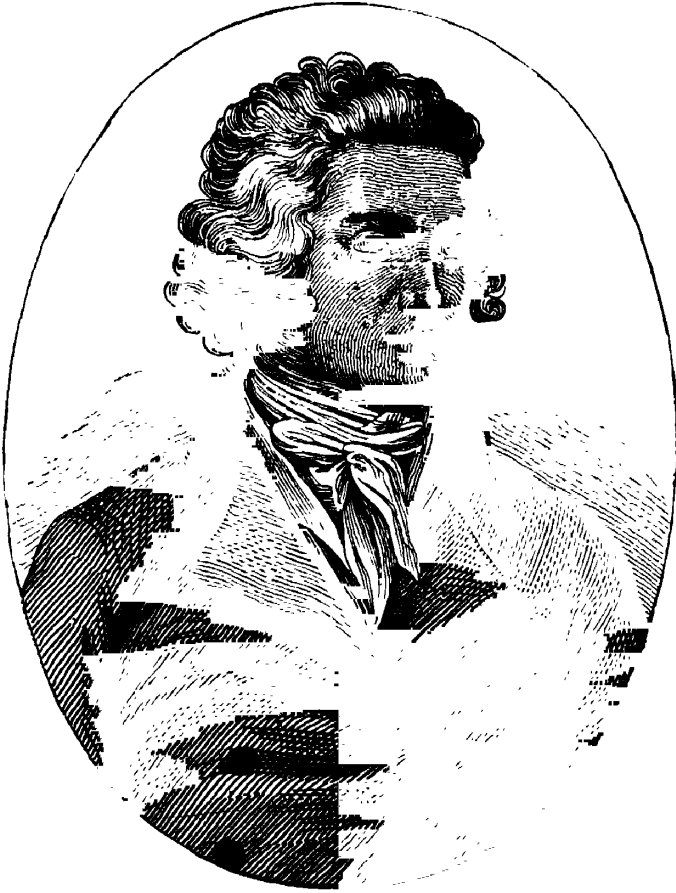
"Captain Littleton, during a stay of four years here, has amassed a considerable fortune. He possesses several ships which trade up and down the river. At any time one can obtain, for the merest trifle, gold, ivory, wax, and slaves. Poultry, sheep, eggs, butter, milk, honey, and fish are extremely abundant, and for ten pounds sterling a year a large family might be maintained in

luxury. The soil is dry, the air very healthy; and the King of Woolli told me that no white man had ever died at Fataconda."

Houghton then followed the Falemé river as far as Caculło, which in D'Anville's map is called Cacoulon, and whilst in Bambouk gleaned a few facts about the Djoliba river, which runs through the interior of the Soudan. The direction of this river he ascertained to be southward as far as Djeneh, then west by east to Timbuctoo—facts which were later confirmed by Mungo Park. The traveller was cordially received by the King of Bambouk, who provided him with a guide to Timbuctoo, and with cowries to pay his expenses during the journey. It was hoped that Houghton would reach the Niger without accident, when a note, written in pencil and half effaced, reached Dr. Laidley. It was dated from Simbing, and stated that the traveller had been robbed of his baggage, but that he was prosecuting his journey to Timbuctoo. This was followed by accounts from various sources, which gave rise to a suspicion that Houghton had been assassinated in Bambara. His fate was uncertain until it was discovered by Mungo Park.

Walknaer says:—

"Simbing, where Houghton wrote the last words ever received from him, is a little walled town on the frontier of the kingdom of Ludamar. Here he was abandoned by his negro servants, who were unwilling to accompany him to the country of the Moors. Still he continued his route, and, after surmounting many obstacles, he advanced to the north, and endeavoured to cross the kingdom of Ludamar. Finally he reached Yaouri, and made the acquaintance of several merchants, on their way to sell salt at Tischet, a town situated near the marshes of the great desert, and six days' journey north of Yaouri. Then, by bribing the merchants with a gun and a little tobacco, he persuaded them to conduct him to Tischet. All this would lead us to suppose that the Moors deceived him, either as to the route he should have followed, or as to the state of the country between Yaouri and Timbuctoo.

"After two days' march, Houghton, finding himself deceived, wished to return to Yaouri. The Moors robbed him of all he possessed, and fled. He was forced to reach Yaouri on foot. Did he die of hunger, or was he assassinated by the Moors? This has never been

MUNGO PARK.

rightly determined, but the spot where he perished was pointed out to Mungo Park."

The loss of Houghton's journals, containing the observations made during his journey, deprived science of the result of all his fatigue and devotion. To ascertain what he accomplished, one must have recourse to

the *Proceedings of the African Society*. At this time Mungo Park, a young Scotch surgeon, who had just returned from a voyage to the East Indies on board the *Worcester*, learnt that the African Society were anxious to find an explorer willing to penetrate to the interior of the country watered by the Gambia. Mungo Park, who had long wished to acquaint himself with the productions of the country, and the manners and customs of the inhabitants, offered his services. He was not deterred by the apprehension that his predecessor, Houghton, had probably perished.

At once accepted by the Society, Mungo Park hastened his preparations, and left Portsmouth upon the 22nd of May, 1795. He was furnished with introductions to Dr. Laidley, and a credit of two hundred pounds sterling. Landing at Jillifree, at the mouth of the Gambia, in the kingdom of Barra, and following the river, he reached Pisania, an English factory belonging to Dr. Laidley. He directed his attention first to acquiring a knowledge of the Mandingo language, which was most generally used, and in collecting the facts most likely to be useful in the execution of his plans.

His stay here enabled him to obtain more accurate information than his predecessors with regard to the Feloups, the Yolofs, the Foulahs, and the Mandingoes. The Feloups are morose, quarrelsome, and vindictive, but faithful and courageous. The Yolofs are a powerful and warlike nation, with very black skins. Except in colour and speech, they resemble the Mandingoes, who are gentle and sociable. Tall and well-made, their women are, comparatively speaking, pretty. Lastly, the Foulahs, who are the lightest in colour, seem much attached to a pastoral and agricultural life. The greater part of these populations are Mohammedans, and practise polygamy.

Upon the 2nd of December, Mungo Park, accompanied by two negro interpreters, and with a small quantity of baggage, started for the interior. He first reached the small kingdom of Woolli, the capital of which, Medina, comprises a thousand houses. He then

proceeded to Kolor, a considerable town, and after two days' march across a desert, entered the kingdom of Bondou. The natives are Foulahs, professing the Mohammedan religion; they carry on a brisk trade in ivory, when they are not engaged in agriculture.

The traveller soon reached the Falemé river, the bed of which, near its source in the mountains of Dalaba, is very auriferous. He was received by the king at Fataconda, the capital of Bondou, and had great difficulty in

A TYPE OF NEGRO.

convincing him that he travelled from curiosity. His interview with the wives of the monarch is thus described. Mungo Park says :—

"I had scarcely entered the court, when I was surrounded by the entire seraglio. Some begged me for physic, some for amber, and all were most desirous of trying the great African specific of *blood-letting*. They are ten or twelve in number, most of them young and handsome, wearing on their heads ornaments of gold or pieces of amber. They rallied me a good deal upon different subjects, particularly upon the whiteness of my skin and

the length of my nose. They insisted that both were artificial. The first, they said, was produced, when I was an infant, by dipping me in milk, and they insisted that my nose had been pinched every day till it had acquired its present unsightly and unnatural conformation."

Leaving Bondou by the north, Mungo Park entered Kajaaga, called by the French Galam. The climate of this picturesque country, watered by the Senegal, is far healthier than that of districts nearer the coast. The

A KAJAAGA VILLAGE.

natives call themselves Serawoullis, and are called Seracolets by the French. The colour of their skin is jet black, and in this respect they are scarcely distinguishable from the Yolofs.

Mungo Park says:—"The Serawoollis are habitually a trading people. They formerly carried on a great commerce with the French in gold-dust and slaves, and still often supply the British factories on the Gambia with slaves. They are famous for the skill and honesty with which they do business."

At Joag, Mungo Park was relieved of half his property by the envoys of the king, under pretence of

Vol. I.

NATIVES OF SENEGAL.

To face p. 62.

making him pay for the right to pass through his kingdom. Fortunately for him, the nephew of Demba-Jego-Jalla, King of Kasson, who was about to return to his country, took him under his protection. They reached Gongadi, where there are extensive date plantations, together, and thence proceeded to Samia, on the shores of the Senegal, on the frontiers of Kasson.

The first town met with in this kingdom was that of Tiesie, which was reached by Mungo Park on the 31st of December. Well received by the natives, who sold him the provisions he needed at a reasonable price, the traveller was subjected by the brother and nephew of the king to endless indignities.

Leaving this town upon the 10th of January, 1796, Mungo Park reached Kuniakari, the capital of Kasson—a fertile, rich, and well-populated country, which can place forty thousand men under arms. The king, full of kindly feeling for the traveller, wished him to remain in his kingdom as long as the wars between Kasson and Kajaaga lasted. It was more than probable that the countries of Kaarta and Bambara, which Mungo Park wished to visit, would be drawn into it. The advice of the king to remain was prudent, and Park had soon reason enough to regret not having followed it.

But, impatient to reach the interior, the traveller would not listen, and entered the level and sandy plains of Kaarta. He met crowds of natives on the journey who were flying to Kasson to escape the horrors of war. But even this did not deter him; he continued his journey until he reached the capital of Kaarta, which is situated in a fertile and open plain.

He was kindly received by the king, Daisy Kurabari, who endeavoured to dissuade him from entering Bambara, and, finding all his arguments useless, advised him to avoid passing through the midst of the fray, by entering the kingdom of Ludamar, inhabited by Moors. From thence he could proceed to Bambara.

During his journey Mungo Park noticed negroes who fed principally upon a sort of bread made from the berries of the lotus, which tasted not unlike ginger-

bread. This plant, the *rhamnus lotus*, is indigenous in Senegambia, Nigritia, and Tunis.

"So," says Mungo Park, "there can be little doubt of this fruit being the lotus mentioned by Pliny as the food of the Lybian Lotophagi. I have tasted lotus bread, and think that an army may very easily have been fed with it, as is said by Pliny to have been done in Lybia. The taste of the bread is so sweet and agree-

GATHERING LOTUS BERRIES.

able, that the soldiers would not be likely to complain of it."

On the 22nd February, Mungo Park reached Jarra, a considerable town, with houses built of stone, inhabited by negroes from the south who had placed themselves under the protection of the Moors, to whom they paid considerable tribute. From Ali, King of Ludamar, the traveller obtained permission to travel in safety through his dominions. But, in spite of this safe-conduct, Park was almost entirely despoiled by the fanatical Moors of Djeneh. At Sampaka and Dalli, large towns, and at Samea, a small village pleasantly situated, he was so

cordially welcomed that he already saw himself in fancy arrived in the interior of Africa, when a troop of soldiers appeared, who led him to Benown, the camp of King Ali.

"Ali," says Mungo Park, "was sitting upon a black morocco cushion, clipping a few hairs on his upper lip—a female attendant holding a looking-glass before him. He was an old man of Arab race, with a long white beard, and he looked sullen and angry. He surveyed me with attention, and inquired of the Moors if I could speak Arabic. Being answered in the negative, he appeared surprised, and continued silent. The surrounding attendants, and especially ladies, were much more inquisitive. They asked a thousand questions, inspected every part of my apparel, searched my pockets, and obliged me to unbutton my waistcoat to display the whiteness of my skin. They even counted my toes and fingers, as if they doubted whether I was in truth a human being."

An unprotected stranger, a Christian, and accounted a spy, Mungo Park was a victim to the insolence, ferocity, and fanaticism of the Moors. He was spared neither insults, outrages, nor blows. They attempted to make a barber of him, but his awkwardness in cutting the hairy face of the king's son exempted him from this degrading occupation. During his captivity he collected many particulars regarding Timbuctoo, which is so difficult of access to Europeans, and was the bourne of all early African explorers.

"Houssa," a scherif told him, "is the largest town I have ever seen. Walet is larger than Timbuctoo, but as it is farther from the Niger, and its principal trade is in salt, few strangers are met there. From Benown to Walet is a distance of six days' journey. No important town is passed between the two, and the traveller depends for sustenance upon the milk procurable from Arabs, whose flocks and herds graze about the wells and springs. The road leads for two days through a sandy desert, where not a drop of water is to be had."

It takes eleven days to go from Walet to Timbuctoo,

but water is not so scarce on this journey, which is generally made upon oxen. At Timbuctoo there are a number of Jews who speak Arabic, and use the same forms of prayer as the Moors.

The events of the war decided Ali to proceed to Jarra. Mungo Park, who had succeeded in making friends with the sultan's favourite, Fatima, obtained permission to accompany the king. The traveller hoped, by nearing the scene of action, to manage to escape.

AN AFRICAN KING.

As it happened, the King of Kaarta, Daisy Kourabari, soon after marched against the town of Jarra. The larger number of inhabitants fled, and Mungo Park did the same.

He soon found means to get away, but his interpreter refused to accompany him. He was forced to start for Bambara alone, and destitute of resources.

The first town he came to was Wawra, which properly belongs to Kaarta, but was then paying tribute to Mansong, King of Bambara. Mungo Park says :—

"Upon the morning of the 7th of July, as I was about to depart, my landlord, with a great deal of diffidence, begged me to give him a lock of my hair. He had been told, he said, that white men's hair made a *saphic* (talisman) that would give the possessor all the knowledge of the white man. I had never before heard of so simple a mode of education, but I at once complied with the request; and my landlord's thirst for learning was so great that he cut and pulled at my hair till he had cropped one side of my head pretty closely, and would have done the same with the other had I not signified my disapprobation, assuring him that I wished to reserve some of this precious material for a future occasion."

First Gallon and then Mourja, a large town, famous for its trade in salt, were passed, after fatigues and incredible privations. Upon nearing Sego, Mungo Park at last perceived the Djoliba. "Looking forward," he says, "I saw, with infinite pleasure, the great object of my mission—the long-sought-for, majestic Niger, glittering in the morning sun, as broad as the Thames at Westminster, and flowing slowly to the eastward. I hastened to the brink, and, having drunk of the water, lifted up my fervent thanks in prayer to the Great Ruler of all things for having thus far crowned my endeavours with success.

"The fact of the Niger flowing towards the east did not, however, excite my surprise; for, although I had left Europe in great hesitation on this subject, and rather believed it ran in the contrary direction, I had made frequent inquiries during my progress, and had received from negroes of different nations such clear and decisive assurances that its course *was towards the rising sun* as scarce left any doubt in my mind, more especially as I knew that Major Houghton had collected similar information in a similar manner.

"Sego, the capital of Bambara, at which I had now arrived, consists, properly speaking, of four distinct towns; two on the northern bank of the river, called Sego Korro and Sego Boo, and two on the southern bank,

called Sego Sou Korro and Sego See Korro. They are all surrounded with high mud walls; the houses are built of clay, of a square form, with flat roofs; some of them have two storeys, and many of them are whitewashed. Besides these buildings, Moorish mosques are seen in every quarter, and the streets, though narrow are broad enough for every practical purpose in a country where wheel carriages are unknown. From the best, information I could obtain, I have reason to believe that

ITS COURSE WAS TOWARDS THE RISING SUN.

Sego contains altogether about thirty thousand inhabitants. The king of Bambara resides permanently at Sego See Korro; he employs a great many slaves in conveying people over the river; and the money they take, though the fare is only ten cowries for each person, furnishes a considerable revenue to the king in the course of a year."

By advice of the Moors, the king refused to receive the traveller, and forbade him to remain in his capital, where he could not have protected him from ill-treatment. However, to divest his refusal of all appearance

of ill-will, he sent him a bag containing 5000 cowries, of the value of about a pound sterling, to buy provisions. The messenger sent by the king was to serve as guide as far as Sansanding. Protest and anger were alike impossible; Mungo Park could no nothing but follow the orders sent. Before reaching Sansanding, he was present at the harvest of vegetable butter, which is the produce of a tree called Shea.

"These trees," says the narrative, "grow in great abundance all over this part of Bambara. They are not planted by the natives, but are found growing naturally in the woods; and, in clearing land for cultivation, every tree is cut down but the shea. The tree itself very much resembles the American oak; the fruit—from the kernel of which, after it has been dried in the sun, the butter is prepared by boiling in water—has somewhat the appearance of a Spanish olive. The kernel is imbedded in a sweet pulp, under a thin green rind, and the butter produced from it, besides the advantage of keeping a whole year without salt, is whiter, firmer, and, to my palate, of a richer flavour than the best butter I ever tasted from cows' milk. It is a chief article of the inland commerce of these districts."

Sansanding, a town containing from eight to ten thousand inhabitants, is a market-place much frequented by the Moors, who bring glass-ware from the Mediterranean ports, which they exchange for gold-dust and cotton. Mungo Park was not able to remain at this place, for the importunities of the natives and the perfidious insinuations of the Moors warned him to continue his route. His horse was so worn out by fatigue and privation that he felt obliged to embark on the river Djoliba or Niger.

At Mourzan, a fishing village upon the northern bank of the river, everything combined to induce Park to relinquish his enterprise. The further he advanced to the eastward down the river, the more he placed himself in the power of the Moors. The rainy season had commenced, and it would soon be impossible to travel otherwise than by boat. Mungo Park was now so poor

that he could not even hire a boat; he was forced to rely upon public charity.

To advance further under these circumstances was not only to risk his life, but to place the results of all his fatigues and efforts in jeopardy. To return to Gambia was scarcely less perilous; to do so he must traverse hundreds of miles on foot through hostile countries. Still the hope of returning home might sustain his courage.

"Before leaving Silla," says the traveller, "I thought it incumbent on me to collect from the Moorish and negro traders all the information I could concerning the further course of the Niger eastward, and the situation and extent of the kingdoms in its neighbourhood.

"Two days' journey eastward of Silla is the town of Djenneh, which is situated on a small island in the river, and is said to contain as many inhabitants as Sego itself, or any other town in Bambara. At a distance of two days' more, the river widens and forms a considerable lake, called Dibby (or the dark lake), concerning the extent of which, all I could learn was that, in crossing it from east to west, the canoes lose sight of land for one whole day. From this lake the water issues in many different streams, which finally become two branches, one flowing to the north-east, the other to the east; but these branches join at Kabra, which is one day's journey to the south of Timbuctoo, and is the port or shipping-place of that city. The tract of land between the two streams is called Timbala, and is inhabited by negroes. The whole distance by land from Djenneh to Timbuctoo is twelve days' journey. North-east of Masena is the kingdom of Timbuctoo, the great object of European research, the capital of the kingdom being one of the principal marts for the extensive commerce which the Moors carry on with the negroes. The hope of acquiring wealth in this pursuit, and zeal for propagating their religion, have filled this extensive city with Moors. The king himself and all the chief officers of his court are Moors, and are said to be more intolerant and

severe in their principles than any other of the Moorish tribes in this part of Africa."

Mungo Park was then forced to retrace his steps, and that through a country devastated by inundation and heavy rains. He passed through Mourzan, Kea, and Modibon, where he regained his horse; Nyara, Sansanding, Samea, and Sai, which is surrounded by a deep moat, and protected by high walls with square towers; Jabbéa, a large town, from which he perceived high mountain ranges, and Taffara, where he was received with little hospitality.

At the village of Souha, Park begged a handful of grain of a "dooty," who answered that he had nothing to give away.

"Whilst I was examining the face of this inhospitable old man, and endeavouring to find out the cause of the sullen discontent which was visible in his eye, he called to a slave who was working in the corn-field at a little distance, and ordered him to bring his spade with him. The dooty then told him to dig a hole in the ground, pointing to a spot at no great distance. The slave with his spade began to dig in the earth, and the dooty, who appeared to be a man of very fretful disposition, kept muttering to himself until the pit was almost finished, when he repeatedly pronounced the words *ankatod* (good for nothing), *jankra lemen* (a regular plague), which expressions I thought applied to myself. As the pit had very much the appearance of a grave, I thought it prudent to mount my horse, and was about to decamp when the slave, who had gone before to the village, returned with the corpse of a boy about nine or ten years of age, quite naked. The negro carried the body by an arm and leg, and threw it into the pit with a savage indifference such as I had never seen. As he covered the body with earth the dooty kept repeating *naphula attemata* (money lost), whence I concluded the boy had been his slave."

Mungo Park left Koulikorro, where he had obtained food by writing saphics or talismans for the natives, upon the 21st of August, and reached Bammakoa, where

a large salt-market is held. From an eminence near the town he perceived a high mountain-range in the kingdom of Kong, whose ruler had a more numerous army than the King of Bambara.

Once more robbed by brigands of all he possessed, the unfortunate traveller found himself, in the rainy season, alone in a vast desert, five leagues from the nearest European settlement, and for the moment gave way to despair. But his courage soon revived; and reaching the town of Sibidoulou, his horse and clothes, which had been stolen from him by Foulah robbers, were restored to him by the *mansa*, or chief. Kamalia, or Karfa Taura advised him to await the cessation of the rainy season, and then proceed to Gambia with a caravan of slaves. Worn out, destitute, attacked by fever, which for five months kept him prostrate, Mungo Park had no choice but to remain in this place.

Upon the 19th of April the caravan set out. We can readily imagine the joy experienced by Mungo Park when all was ready. Crossing the desert of Jallonka, and passing first the principal branch of the Senegal river, and then the Falemé, the caravan finally reached the shores of the Gambia, and on the 12th of June, 1797, Mungo Park once more arrived at Pisania, where he was warmly welcomed by Dr. Laidley, who had despaired of ever seeing him again.

The traveller returned to England upon the 22nd of September. So great was the impatience with which an account of his discoveries, certainly the most important in this part of Africa, was awaited, that the African Society allowed him to publish for his own profit an abridged account of his adventures.

He had collected more facts as to the geography, manners, and customs of the country than all preceding travellers; he had determined the position of the sources of the Senegal and Gambia, and surveyed the course of the Niger or Djoliba—which he proved to run eastwards, whilst the Gambia flowed to the west.

Thus a point, which up to this time had been disputed by geographers, was definitely settled. It was

no longer possible to confound the three rivers, as the French geographer Delisle had done, in 1707, when he represented the Niger as running eastward from Bornu, and

THE CARAVAN ON THE MARCH.

flowing into the river Senegal on the west. He himself, however, had admitted and corrected this error, in his later maps of 1722 and 1727, no doubt on account of

the facts ascertained by André Brue, governor of Senegal.

Houghton, indeed, had learned much from the natives of the course of the Niger through the Mandingo country, and of the relative positions of Sego, Djenneh, and Timbuctoo; but it was reserved for Mungo Park to fix positively, from personal knowledge, the position of the two first-named towns, and to furnish circumstantial details of the country, and the tribes who inhabit it.

Public opinion was unanimous as to the importance of the great traveller's exploration, and keenly appreciative of the courage, skill, and honesty exhibited by him.

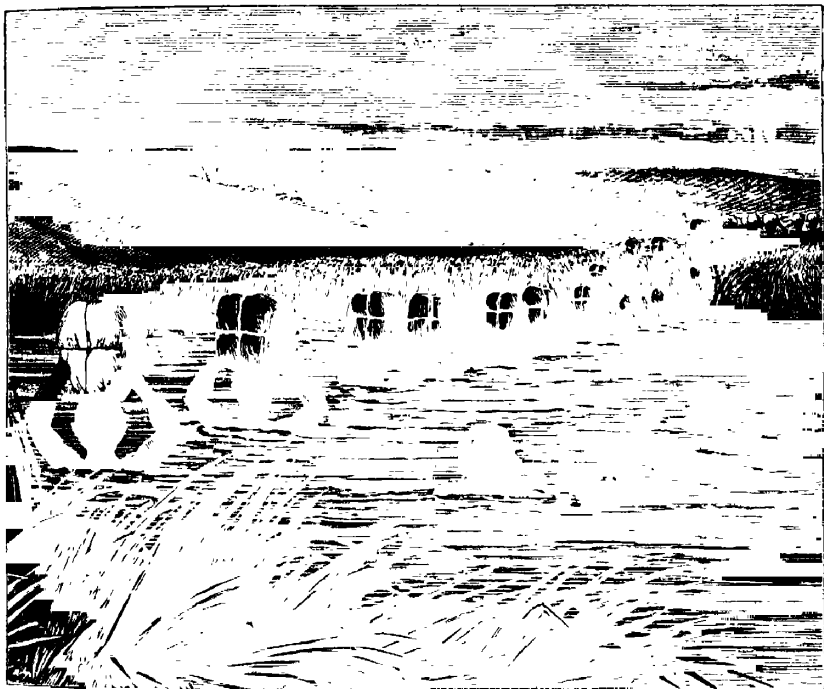
A short time later, the English Government offered Mungo Park the conduct of an expedition to the interior of Australia; but he refused it.

In 1804, however, the African Society determined to complete the survey of the Niger, and proposed to Mungo Park the command of a new expedition for its exploration. This time the great traveller did not refuse, and upon the 30th of January, 1805, he left England. Two months later he landed at Goree.

He was accompanied by his brother-in-law, Anderson, a surgeon, by George Scott, a draughtsman, and by thirty-five artillerymen. He was authorised to enrol as many soldiers as he liked in his service, and was provided with a credit of five hundred pounds.

"These resources," says Walknaer, "so vast in comparison with those furnished by the African Society, were, to our thinking, partly the cause of his loss. The rapacious demands of the African kings grew in proportion to the riches they supposed our traveller to possess; and the effort to meet the enormous drain made upon him, was in great part the cause of the catastrophe which brought the expedition to an end."

Four carpenters, one officer and thirty-five artillerymen, and a Mandingo merchant named Isaac, who was to act as guide, with the leaders of the expedition already mentioned, composed an imposing caravan. Mungo Park left Cayee upon the 27th of April, 1805, and reached Pisania the next day. From this place, ten

years earlier, he had started upon his first exploration. Taking an easterly direction, he followed his former route as far as Bambaku, upon the shores of the Niger. When he arrived at this place, the number of Europeans was already reduced to six soldiers and a carpenter ; the remainder had succumbed to fatigue, or the fevers incidental to the inundations. The exactions of the various petty chiefs through whose domains the expedition

EXPEDITION CROSSING RIVER.

passed had considerably diminished the stock of merchandise.

Mungo Park was now guilty of an act of grave imprudence. Remarking that trade was very active at Sansanding, a town containing eleven thousand inhabitants, and that beads, indigo, antimony, rings, bracelets, and other articles not likely to be spoiled in the transit to England, were freely exhibited for sale, " he opened " says Walknaer, " a large shop, which he stocked with

European merchandise, for sale wholesale and retail and probably the large profits he made excited the env of the merchants. The natives of Djenneh, the Moor and merchants of Sansanding, joined with those of Seg in offering, in the presence of Modibinne, to give tl King of Mansong a larger and more valuable quantit of merchandise than he had received from the Englis traveller, if he would seize his baggage, and then ki him, or send him out of Bambarra. But in spite of h knowledge of this fact, Mungo Park still kept his sho open, and he received, as the proceeds of one sing day's business, 25,756 pieces of money, or cowries."

Upon the 28th of October Anderson expired, aft four months' illness, and Mungo Park found himse once more alone in the heart of Africa. The King Mansong had accorded him permission to build a boa which would enable him to explore the Niger. Namin his craft the *Djoliba*, he fixed upon the 16th of Noven ber for his departure.

Here his journal ends, with details on the riversi populations, and on the geography of the countries h was the first to discover. This journal, when it reache Europe, was published, imperfect as it was, as soon the sad fact was realised that the writer had perished i the waters of the Djoliba. It contained in reality n new discovery, but it was recognised as useful to ge graphical science. Mungo Park had determined th astronomical position of the more important towns, an thereby furnished material for a map of Senegambi The perfecting of this map was entrusted to Arrowsmitl who stated in an advertisement, that, finding wid differences between the positions of the towns as show in the journal by each day's travel and that furnishe by the astronomical observations, it was impossib to reconcile them, but that, in accordance with th latter he had been obliged to place the route followe by Mungo Park in his first voyage farther north.

It was reserved for the Frenchman Walknaer t discover a curious discrepancy in Mungo Park's journa This was a singular error upon the part of the travelle

which neither the English editor nor the French translater (whose work was badly performed) had discovered. Mungo Park in his diary records events as happening upon the 31st of April. As everyone knows that that month has only thirty days, it followed that during the course of his journey the traveller had made a mistake of a whole day, reckoning in his calculations from the evening instead of the morning. Hence important rectifications were necessary in Arrowsmith's map; but none the less, when once Mungo Park's error is recognised, it is evident that to him we owe the first faithful map of Senegambia.

WOMAN AND CHILD.

Although the facts that reached the English Government allowed no room for doubt as to the fate of the traveller, a rumour that white men had been seen in the interior of Africa induced the Governor of Senegal to fit out an expedition. The command was entrusted to the negro merchant Isaac, Mungo Park's guide, who had faithfully delivered the traveller's journal to the English authorities. We need not linger over the account of this expedition, but merely relate that which concerns the last days of Mungo Park.

At Sansanding, Isaac encountered Amadi Fatouma, the native who was with Park on the *Djoliba* when he perished, and from him he obtained the following recital:—

"We embarked at Sansanding, and in two days

reached Silla, the spot where Mungo Park completed his first journey.

"After two days' navigation we reached Djenneh. In passing Dibby, three boats, filled with negroes armed with lances and arrows, but without fire-arms, approached us. We had passed successively Racbara and Timbuctoo, when we were pursued by these boats, which we repulsed with difficulty, and only after killing several natives. At Gouroumа we were attacked by seven boats, but succeeded in repulsing them. Constant skirmishes ensued, with heavy loss to the blacks, until we reached Kaffo, where we remained for a day. We then proceeded down the river as far as Carmusse, and anchored off Gournou. Next day we perceived a Moorish detachment, who allowed us to pass.

"We then entered the country of Houssa. Next day we reached Yaouri, and sent Amadi Fatouma into the town, with presents for the chief and to purchase food. The negro, before accepting the presents, inquired if the white traveller intended to revisit his country. Mungo Park, to whom the question was reported, replied that he should never return."

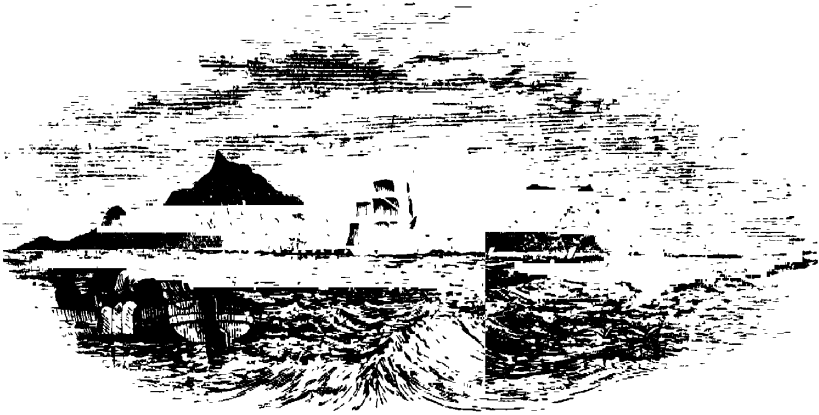
It is supposed that these words brought about his death. The negro chief, once convinced that he should not see Mungo Park again, determined to keep the presents intended for his king.

Meantime, Amadi Fatouma reached the king's residence, at some distance from the river. The prince, warned of the presence of the white men, sent an army next day to the small village of Boussa, on the riverside. When the *Djoliba* appeared it was assailed by a shower of stones and arrows. Park threw his baggage into the river, and jumped in with his companions. All perished.

Thus miserably died the first Englishman who had navigated the Djoliba and visited Timbuctoo. Many efforts were made in the same direction, but almost all were destined to fail.

At the end of the eighteenth century, two of Linnæus's best pupils explored the south of Africa in the

interests of natural history. Sparrman undertook to search for animals, and Thunberg for plants. The account of Sparrman's expedition, which, as we have said, was interrupted by his voyage in Oceania, after Cook's expedition, was the first to appear. It was translated into French by Le Tourneur. In his preface, which is still allowed to stand, Le Tourneur deplored the loss of the learned explorer, who he said had died during a voyage to the Gold Coast. Just as the work was published, Sparrman reappeared, to the great astonishment of Le Tourneur.

Sparrman had reached Africa upon the 30th of

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

April, 1772, and landed at the Cape of Good Hope. At this time the town was only two miles across each way, including the gardens and plantations adjoining it on one side. The streets were wide, planted with oaks, and the houses were white, or, to Sparrman's surprise, painted green.

His object in visiting the Cape was to act as tutor to the children of a M. Kerste; but upon his arrival in Cape Town, he found that his employer was absent at his winter residence in False Bay. When the spring came round, Sparrman accompanied Kerste to Alphen, a property which he possessed near Constance. The naturalist availed himself of the opportunity to make

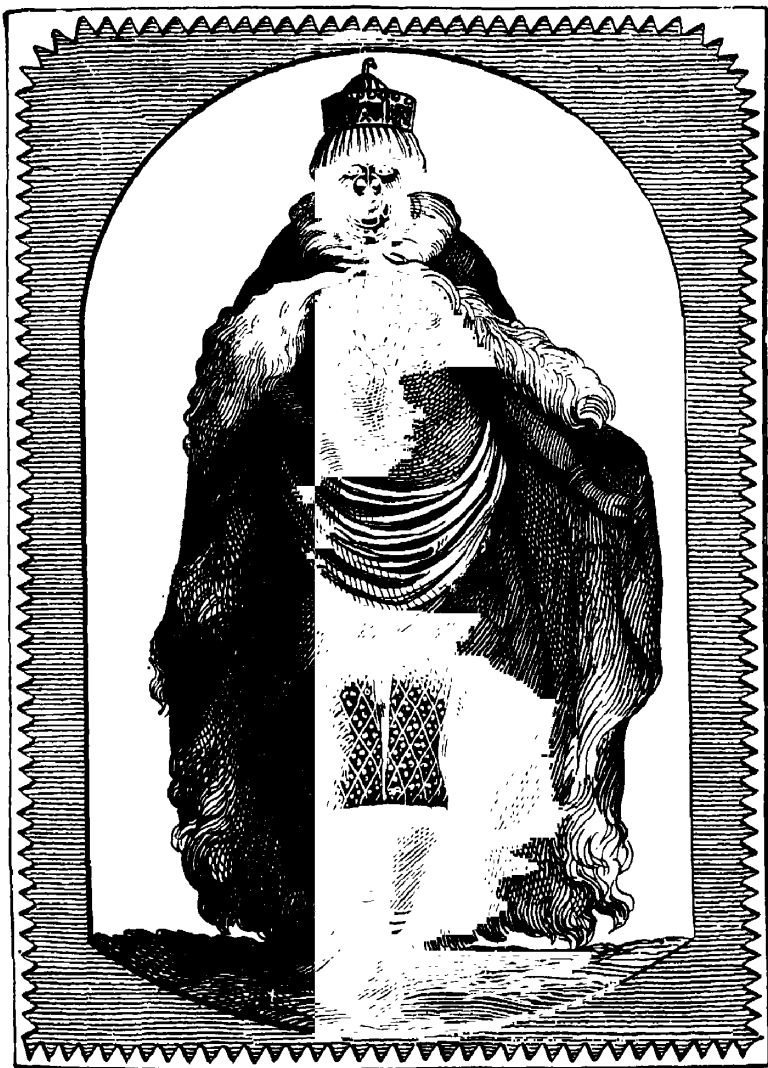
many excursions in the neighbourhood, and attempt the somewhat dangerous ascent of the Table Mountain. By these means he became acquainted with the manners and customs of the Boers, and their treatment of their slaves. The violence of the latter was so great that the inhabitants of the town were obliged to sleep with locked doors, and provided with fire-arms close at hand.

Nearly all over the colony a rough hospitality ensured a certain welcome for the traveller. Sparrman relates several curious experiences of his own.

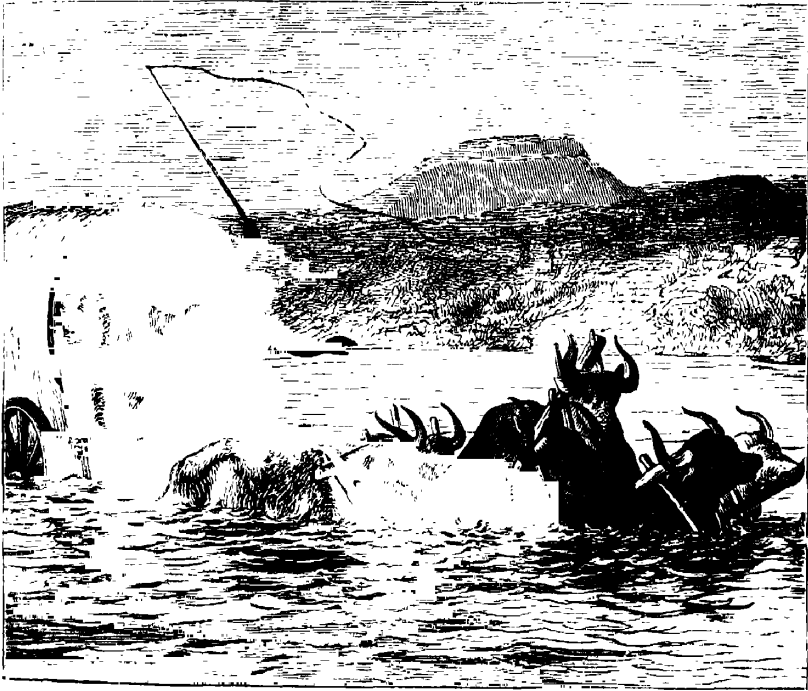
"I arrived one evening," he says, "at the dwelling of a farmer named Van der Spooei, a widower, born in Africa, and father of the proprietor of the Red Constance, or the Old Constance.

"Making believe not to see me approach, he remained stationary in the entry of his house. As I approached him he offered his hand, still without attempting to come forward, and said, 'Good day! You are welcome! How are you? *Who* are you? A glass of wine perhaps? or a pipe? Will you partake of something?' I answered his questions laconically, and accepted his offers in the same style as they were offered. His daughter, a well-made girl of some fourteen or fifteen years of age, brought in dinner, which consisted of a fine breast of lamb, stewed with carrots. The meal over, she offered me tea so pleasantly that I was quite puzzled whether to admire the dinner or my charming hostess the most Both father and daughter showed the greatest kindness and good will. I spoke to my host several times, in hopes of breaking his silence; but his replies were brief; and I observed that he only once commenced a conversation himself, when he pressed me to remain overnight in his house. I bid him farewell, deeply impressed with his hospitality."

Sparrman undertook several similar expeditions, among others, one to Hout Bay and Paarl, in which he had frequent occasion to notice the exaggerations to be met with in the narrative of Kolbe, his predecessor.

He intended to continue his explorations during the winter, and projected a journey into the interior, when

VOL. I. A HOTTENTOT. To face p. 80.

Facsimile of an early engraving.

the fine season should return. When the frigates commanded by Captain Cook, the *Resolution* and *Adventure*, arrived at the Cape, Forster invited the young Swedish naturalist to accompany him; and Sparrman was thus enabled to visit New Zealand, Van Diemen's Land, New Holland, Otaheite, Tierra del Fuego, the Antarctic Regions, and New Georgia, before his return to the Cape, where he landed on the 22nd of March, 1775.

SPARRMAN CROSSING KENT RIVER.

His first care upon his return was to organise his expedition to the interior; and in order to add to his available resources he practised medicine and surgery during the winter. A cargo of corn, medicine, knives, tinder-boxes, and spirits for the preservation of specimens was collected, and packed in an immense waggon, drawn by five yoke of oxen.

Sparrman says:—

"The conductor of this cart needs dexterity, not only

in his management of the animals, but in the use of the whip of African drivers. These instruments are about fifteen feet long, with a thong of the same or greater length, and a tongue of white leather almost three feet long. The driver holds this formidable instrument in both hands, and from his seat in front of the waggon can reach the foremost oxen with it. He distributes his cuts unceasingly, well understanding how and where to distribute them in such a manner that the hide of the animals feels the whip."

Sparrman was to accompany the waggon on horseback, and was accompanied by a young colonist, named Immelman, who wished to penetrate into the interior for recreation. They started upon the 25th of July, 1775. After passing Rent River, scaling the Hottentot Holland Kloof, and crossing the Palmite, they entered a desert country, interspersed with plains, mountains, and valleys, without water, but frequented by antelopes of various kinds, with zebras and ostriches.

Sparrman soon reached the warm mineral baths at the foot of the Zwartberg, which, at that time, were much frequented, the company having built a house near the mountains. At this point the explorer was joined by young Immelman, and together they started for Zwellendam, which they reached upon the 2nd of September. We will give a few of the facts they collected about the inhabitants.

The Hottentots are as tall as Europeans, their hands and feet are small, and their colour a brownish yellow. They have not the thick lips of the Kaffirs and natives of Mozambique. Their hair is black and woolly, curly, but not thick. They rub the entire body with fat and soot. A Hottentot who paints himself looks less naked, and more complete, so to say, than one who only rubs himself with grease. Hence the saying, "A Hottentot without paint, is like a shoe without blacking."

These natives usually wear a cloak called karos, made of sheepskin, with the wool turned inwards. The women arrange it with a long point, which forms a sort of hood, in which they place their children. Both

men and women wear leather rings upon their arms and legs—a custom which gave rise to the fable that this race rolled puddings round their limbs, to feed on from time to time. They also wear copper and iron rings, but these ornaments are less common.

The kraal, or Hottentot village, is a collection of huts in a circle, all very similar, and of the shape of beehives. The doors, which are in the centre, are so low that they can only be entered on the knees. The hearth is in the middle of the hut, and the roof has no hole for the escape of the smoke.

The Hottentots must not be confounded with the Bushmen. The latter live only for hunting and robbery; their skill in throwing poisoned arrows, their courage, and the wildness of their lives, render them invincible.

At Zwellendam, Sparrman saw the quagga, a species of horse, like a zebra in shape, but with shorter ears.

The explorer next visited Mossel Bay, a harbour little used, as it is too much exposed to the west winds; and thence he proceeded to the country of the Houtniquas, or, as Burchell's map calls them, the Antiniquas. This woody country appeared fertile, and the colonists established there are prosperous. Sparrman met with most of the quadrupeds of Africa in this district, such as elephants, leopards, lions, tiger-cats, hyænas, monkeys, hares, antelopes, and gazelles.

We will not attempt to follow Sparrman to all the small settlements he visited. An enumeration of the streams, kraals, or villages he passed would convey no information to the reader. Rather let us gather from his narratives a few curious and novel details concerning two creatures which he describes, the sheep of the Cape, and the "honey-guide."

"When a sheep is to be killed," he says, "the very leanest of the flock is selected. It would be impossible to use the others for food. Their tails are of a triangular shape, and are often a foot and a half long, and occasionally six inches thick in the upper part. One of these tails will weigh eight or twelve pounds, and they consist principally of delicate fat, which some persons

THE GIRAFFE

eat with bread instead of butter. It is used in the preparation of food, and sometimes to make candles."

After describing the two-horned rhinoceros, hitherto unknown, the gnu —an animal in form something between the horse and the ox—the gazelle, the baboon, and the hippopotamus, the habits of which were previously imperfectly known, Sparrman describes a curious bird, of great service to the natives, which he calls the honey-guide.

"This bird," he says, "is remarkable neither in size nor colour. At first sight it would be taken for a common sparrow, but it is a little larger than that bird, of a somewhat lighter colour, with a small yellow spot on each shoulder, and dashes of white in the wings and tail.

"In its own interests, this bird leads the natives to the bees' nests, for it is very fond of honey, and it knows that whenever a nest is destroyed, a little honey will be spilled, or left behind, as a recompense for its services.

"It seems to grow hungry in the morning and evening. In any case, it is then that it leaves its nest, and by its piercing cries attracts the attention of the Hottentots or the colonists. The cries are almost always

Vol. I. HUNTING THE GNU. *To face p. 84.*

answered by the appearance of natives or settlers, when the bird, repeating its call unceasingly, slowly flies from place to place towards the spot where the bees have made their home. Arrived at the nest, whether it be in the cleft of a rock, in a hollow tree, or in some underground cavity, the guide hovers about it for a few seconds, and then perches hard by, and remains a silent and hidden spectator of the pillage in which he hopes subsequently to have his share. Of this phenomenon I have myself twice been a witness."

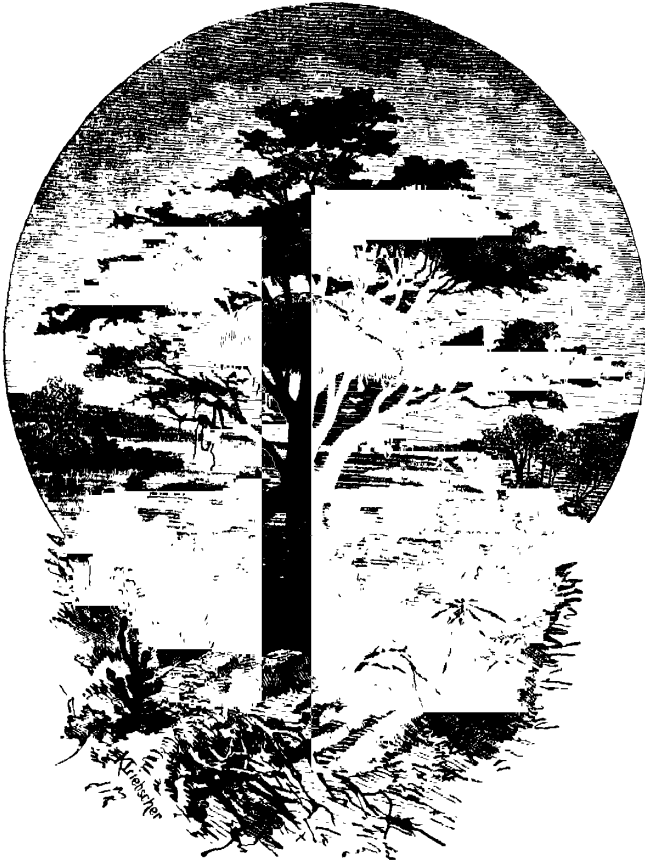
On the 12th of April, 1776, on his way back to the Cape, Sparrman heard that a large lake, the only one in the colony, had been discovered to the north of the Schneuwberg district. A little later, the traveller got back to the Cape, and embarked for Europe with the numerous natural history collections he had made.

About the same time, between 1772—1775, Thunberg, the Swede, whom Sparrman had met at the Cape, made three successive journeys in the interior of Africa. They were not, any more than Sparrman's, actual journeys of discovery; and we owe the acquisition of no new geographical fact to Thunberg. He did but make a vast number of interesting observations on the birds of the Cape, and he also ascertained a few interesting details respecting the various races of the interior, which turned out to be far more fertile than was at first supposed.

Thunberg was followed in the same latitudes by an English officer, Lieutenant William Paterson, whose chief aim was to collect plants and other objects of natural history. He penetrated a little further north than the Orange River, and into Kaffraria a good deal further east than Fish River. To him we owe the first notice of the giraffe; and his narrative is rich in important observations on the natural history, structure, and inhabitants of the country.

It is a curious fact that the Europeans attracted to South Africa by zeal for geographical discovery were far less numerous than those whose motive was love of natural history. We have already mentioned Sparrman,

Thunberg, and Paterson. To this list we must now add the name of the ornithologist Le Vaillant.

Born at Paramaribo, in Dutch Guiana, of French parents, who traded in birds, Le Vaillant visited Europe with them as a mere child, and traversed Holland, Ger-

THE WEAVER-BIRD'S NEST.

many, Lorraine, and the Vosges, on his way to Paris. It will readily be understood that this wandering life awoke in him a taste for travelling; and his passion for birds, early excited by the examination of private and public collections, made him eager to enrich science by descriptions and drawings of unknown species.

Now what country would afford the richest ornitho-

logical harvest? The districts near the Cape had been explored by botanists, and by a scientific man who had made quadrupeds his chief study; but no one had as yet traversed them to collect birds.

Le Vaillant arrived at the Cape on the 29th of March, 1781, after the loss of his vessel in an explosion, with nothing but the clothes he wore, ten ducats, and his gun.

Others would have been disheartened, but Le Vaillant did not despair of extricating himself from his painful position. Confident in his skill with the gun and the bow, in his strength and agility, as well as in his skill in preparing the skins of animals, and in stuffing birds so that their plumage should retain all its original gloss, the naturalist had soon opened relations with the wealthiest collectors of the Cape.

One of these, an official named Boers, provided Le Vaillant with every requisite for a successful journey, including carts, oxen, provisions, objects for barter, and horses. Even servants and guides were appointed, free of cost, to the explorer. The kind of researches to which Le Vaillant intended to devote himself influenced his mode of travelling. Instead of seeking frequented and beaten tracks, he tried to avoid them, and to penetrate into districts neglected by Europeans, hoping in them to meet with birds unknown to science. As a result he may be said always to have taken nature by surprise, coming into contact with natives whose manners had not yet been modified by intercourse with whites; so that the information he gives us brings savage life, as it really is, more vividly before us than anything told us by his predecessors or successors. The only mistake made by Le Vaillant was the entrusting of the translation of his notes to a young man who modified them to suit his own notions. Far from taking the scrupulous care to be exact which distinguishes modern editors, he exaggerated facts; and, dwelling too much on the personal qualities of the traveller, he gave to the narrative of the journey a boastful tone very prejudicial to it.

After three months' stay at the Cape and in its

neighbourhood, Le Vaillant started, on the 18th Decem ber, 1781, for a first journey eastwards, and in Kaffraria His equipment this time consisted of thirty oxen—te for each of his two waggons, and ten as reserve—thre horses, nine dogs, and five Hottentots.

Le Vaillant first crossed the Dutch districts alread explored by Sparrman, where he met with vast herds o zebras, antelopes, and ostriches, arriving in due cours at Zwellendam, where he bought some oxen, a cart, an a cock—the last serving as an alarm-clock throughou the journey. Another animal was also of great use t him. This was a monkey he had tamed, and promote to the post, alike useful and honourable, of taster—n one being allowed to touch any fruit or root unknow to the Hottentots till Master Rees had given his verdic upon it.

Rees was also employed as a sentinel; and his sense sharpened by use and the struggle for life, exceeded i delicacy those of the most subtle Redskin. He it wa who warned the dogs of the approach of danger. If snake approached, or a troop of monkeys were dispor ing themselves in a neighbouring thicket, Rees' terro and his shrieks quickly revealed the presence of a di turbing element.

From Zwellendam, which he left on the 12th Januar 1782, Le Vaillant made his way eastwards, at som little distance from the sea. He pitched his camp o the banks of the Columbia (Duywen Hock) river an made many very successful hunting excursions in district rich in game, finally reaching Mossel Ba where the howls of innumerable hyænas frighten the oxen.

A little further on he entered the country of th Houtniquas, a Hottentot name signifying men fille with honey. Here not a step could be taken withou coming upon swarms of bees. Flowers sprang up b neath the feet of the travellers; the air was heavy wit their perfume; their varied colours lent such enchan ment to the scene that some of the servants would hav liked to halt. Le Vaillant however hastened to pre

Vol. I. *To face* p. 88.

"TILL MASTER REES HAD GIVEN HIS VERDICT."

on. The whole of this district, down to the sea, is occupied by colonists, who breed cattle, make butter, cultivate timber, and collect honey, sending their merchandise to the Cape for sale.

A little beyond the last post of the company, Le Vaillant, having entered a district peopled by thousands of "turacos," and other rare birds, pitched his hunting camp; but his plans were terribly upset by the continuous fall of heavy rains, the result of which was to reduce the travellers to great straits for want of food.

After many a sudden change of fortune and many hunting adventures, an account of which would be very amusing, though beyond the scope of our narrative, Le Vaillant reached Mossel Bay. Here, with what delight we can easily imagine, he found letters from France awaiting him. One excursion after another was now made in various directions, until Kaffraria was entered. It was difficult to open relations with its people, who sedulously avoided the whites, having suffered the loss of many men and much cattle at their hands. Moreover the Tamboukis had taken advantage of their critical position to invade Kaffraria and commit numerous depredations, whilst the Bosjemans hunted them down unmercifully. Without fire-arms, and attacked on so many sides at once, the Kaffirs were driven to hiding themselves, and were retiring northwards.

As matters stood it was useless to attempt to penetrate into the mountainous districts of Kaffraria, and La Vaillant retraced his steps. He then visited the Schneuwberg mountains, the Karroo desert and the shores of the Buffalo River, returning to the Cape on the 2nd April, 1783.

The results of this long campaign were important. Le Vaillant obtained some decided information about the Gonaquas, a numerous race which must not be confounded with the Hottentots properly so called, but are probably the offspring of their intermarriage with the Kaffirs. With regard to the Hottentots themselves, the information collected by Le Vaillant agrees on almost every point with that obtained by Sparrman.

"The Kaffirs seen by Le Vaillant," says Walknaer, "were most of them taller than either the Hottentots or the Gonaquas. They have neither the retiring jaws nor prominent cheekbones which are so repulsive in the Hottentots but are less noticeable in the Gonaquas, neither have they the broad flat faces and thick lips of

A KAFFIR WOMAN. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

their neighbours the negroes of Mozambique. Their faces, on the contrary, are round, their noses fairly prominent, and their teeth the whitest and most regular of any people in the world. Their complexion is of a clear dark brown; and, but for this one characteristic, says Le Vaillant, any Kaffir woman would be considered very pretty, even beside a European."

During Le Vaillant's sixteen months of absence, the

aspect of the Cape had completely changed. When the traveller left he admired the modest bearing of the Dutch women; on his return he found them thinking only of amusement and dress. Ostrich feathers were so much in vogue that they had to be imported from Europe and Asia. All those brought by our traveller were quickly bought up. The birds which he had sent

A GROUP OF OSTRICHES.

to the colony on every possible opportunity now amounted to one thousand and twenty-four specimens; and Mr. Boers's house, where they were kept, was converted into a regular natural history museum.

Le Vaillant's journey had been so successful that he could not but wish to begin another. Although his friend Boers had returned to Europe, he was able, with the aid of the many other friends he had made, to collect the materials for a fresh trip. On the 15th June, 1783,

he started at the head of a caravan numbering ninetee persons. He also took thirteen dogs, one he and tw she goats, three cows, thirty-six draught and fourtee reserve oxen, with two for carrying the baggage of th Hottentot servants.

We shall not, of course, follow the traveller in h hunting excursions; all we need to know is that h succeeded in making a collection of marvellous bird that he introduced the first giraffe to Europe, and th he traversed the whole of the vast space between th topic of Capricorn on the west and the 14th meridian o the east. He returned to the Cape in 1784, he en barked for Europe, and arrived at Paris early in January 1785.

The first native people met with by Le Vaillant i his second voyage were the Little Namaquas, a race bu very little known, and who soon died out—the mo readily that they occupied a barren country, subject t constant attacks from the Bosjemans. Although of fa height, they are inferior in appearance to the Kaffi and Namaquas, to whose customs theirs bear a grea resemblance.

The Caminouquas, or Comeinacquas, of whom L Vaillant gives many particulars, exceed them in heigh He says:—

"They appear taller even than the Gonaquas, a though possibly they are not so in reality; but th illusion is sustained by their small bones, delicate an emaciated appearance, and slender limbs. The lon mantle of light material which hangs from the should to the ground adds to their height. They look lik drawn-out men. Lighter in colour than the Cap natives, they have better features than the other Hot tentot tribes, owing to the fact that their noses are les flat and their cheekbones less prominent."

Of all the races visited by Le Vaillant, the mos peculiar and most ancient was that of the Houzonana a tribe which had not been met with by any oth northern traveller; but they appear identical with th Bechuanas, although the part of the country assigned t

them does not coincide with that which they are known to have occupied for many years.

"The Houzonanas," says the narrative, "are small in stature, the tallest being scarcely five feet four in height. These small beings are perfectly proportioned, and are surprisingly strong and active. They have an imposing air of boldness." Le Vaillant considers them the best endowed mentally, and the strongest physically, of all the savage races he had met with. In face they resemble the Hottentots, but they have rounder chins, and they are far less black. They have curly hair, so short that Le Vaillant at first imagined it to be shaven.

One striking peculiarity of the Houzonanas is a large mass of flesh upon the back of the women, which forms a natural saddle, and oscillates strangely with every movement of the body. Le Vaillant describes a woman whom he saw with her child about three years old, who was perched upon his feet behind her, like a footman behind a cabriolet.

We will pass over the traveller's description of the appearance and customs of these various races, many of which are now extinct, or incorporated in some more powerful tribe. Although by no means the least curious portion of his narrative, the details are so exaggerated that we prefer to omit them.

Upon the eastern coast of Africa, a Portuguese traveller, named Fransisco José de Lacerda y Almeida, left Mozambique in 1797, to explore the interior. The account of this expedition to a place which has only lately been revisited is of great interest. A very few words will convey the history of a man who made important discoveries, and whose name has most unfairly been forgotten.

Lacerda, the date and place of whose birth are unknown, was an engineer, and he was professionally engaged in settling the boundary of the frontier between the Spanish and Portuguese possessions in South America. Whilst thus employed, he collected a mass of interesting particulars of the province of Mato Grosso. Lacerda was appointed governor of the Portuguese

district of Sena, on the Lower Zambesi. He set out for a journey into the interior, to visit the capital of the African king known as the Cazembé, whose territory lay far inland to the North-westward. He reached the Cazembé's town after a march over 270 leagues of new

PORTRAIT OF JAMES BRUCE. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

country, but fell a victim there to his own exertions on the march, and his followers retraced their way to the Zambesi, which they reached again after an absence of a year and a half. In subsequent years Cazembé's capital near Lake Bangweolo was visited by two Pombeiros or native traders, who made their way from

Cassange in West Africa to the Zambesi; and afterwards, in 1831-32, by an expedition in the opposite direction under Monteiro and Gamitto. This was all we knew of this part of Africa till Livingstone crossed the continent. True, the Portuguese have recently been telling us of other expeditions which in past years have crossed Africa from East to West and *vice versâ*; but of these it is difficult to get authentic details, and their contributions to the geography of Central Africa are of insignificant value.

It may be stated that the native king collected Lacerda's notes and journals, and ordered them to be sent with his remains to Mozambique. But unfortunately the caravan entrusted with these precious memorials was attacked, and the remains of the unfortunate Lacerda were left in the heart of Africa. His notes were brought to Europe by a nephew, who had accompanied the expedition.

We now come to the account of the expeditions undertaken in the east of Africa, foremost amongst which is that of the well-known traveller Bruce. A Scotchman by birth, like so many other African explorers, James Bruce was brought up for the bar; but the sedentary nature of his occupation had little charm for him, and he embraced an opportunity of entering commercial life. His wife died a few years after their marriage, and Bruce started for Spain, where he employed his leisure in studying Arabic monuments. He wished to publish a detailed account of those in the Escurial, but the Spanish Government refused him the necessary permission.

Returning to England, Bruce began to study Eastern languages, and more especially the Ethiopian, which at that time was known only through the imperfect works of Ludolf. One day Lord Halifax half jestingly proposed to him an exploration of the sources of the Nile. Bruce entered enthusiastically into the subject, and set to work to realise it. He overcame every objection, conquered every difficulty, and in June, 1768, left England for the shores of the Mediterranean. Bruce

hurriedly visited some of the islands of the Archipelago Syria, and Egypt. Leaving Djedda he proceeded t Mecca, Lobheia, and arrived at Massowah upon th 19th September, 1769. He had taken care to obtain firman from the Sultan, and also letters from the Bey o Cairo, and the Scherif of Mecca. This was fortunate, fo the Nawab, or governor, did all in his power to preven his entering Abyssinia, and endeavoured to make hin pay heavily with presents. Abyssinia had been explore

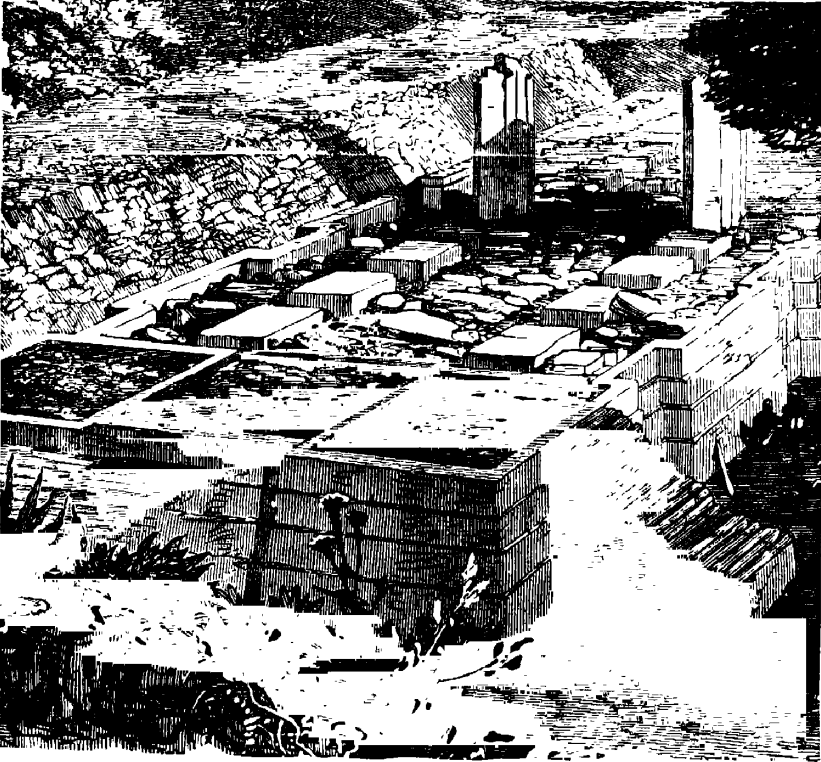
VIEW NEAR ADOWA

by Portuguese missionaries, thanks to whose zeal som information about the country had been obtained, al though far less accurate in detail than that which w owe to Bruce. Although his veracity has often bee questioned, succeeding travellers have confirmed hi assertions.

From Massowah to Adowa the road rises gradually and passes over the mountains which separate Tigré fron the shores of the Red Sea.

Adowa was not originally the capital of Tigré. A

manufacture of a coarse cotton cloth which circulates as current money in Abyssinia was established there. The soil in the neighbourhood is deep enough for the cultivation of corn.

"In these districts," says Bruce, "there are three harvests a year. The first seeds are sown in July and August, when the rain flows abundantly. In the same

RUINS OF AN ANCIENT GREEK CHURCH.

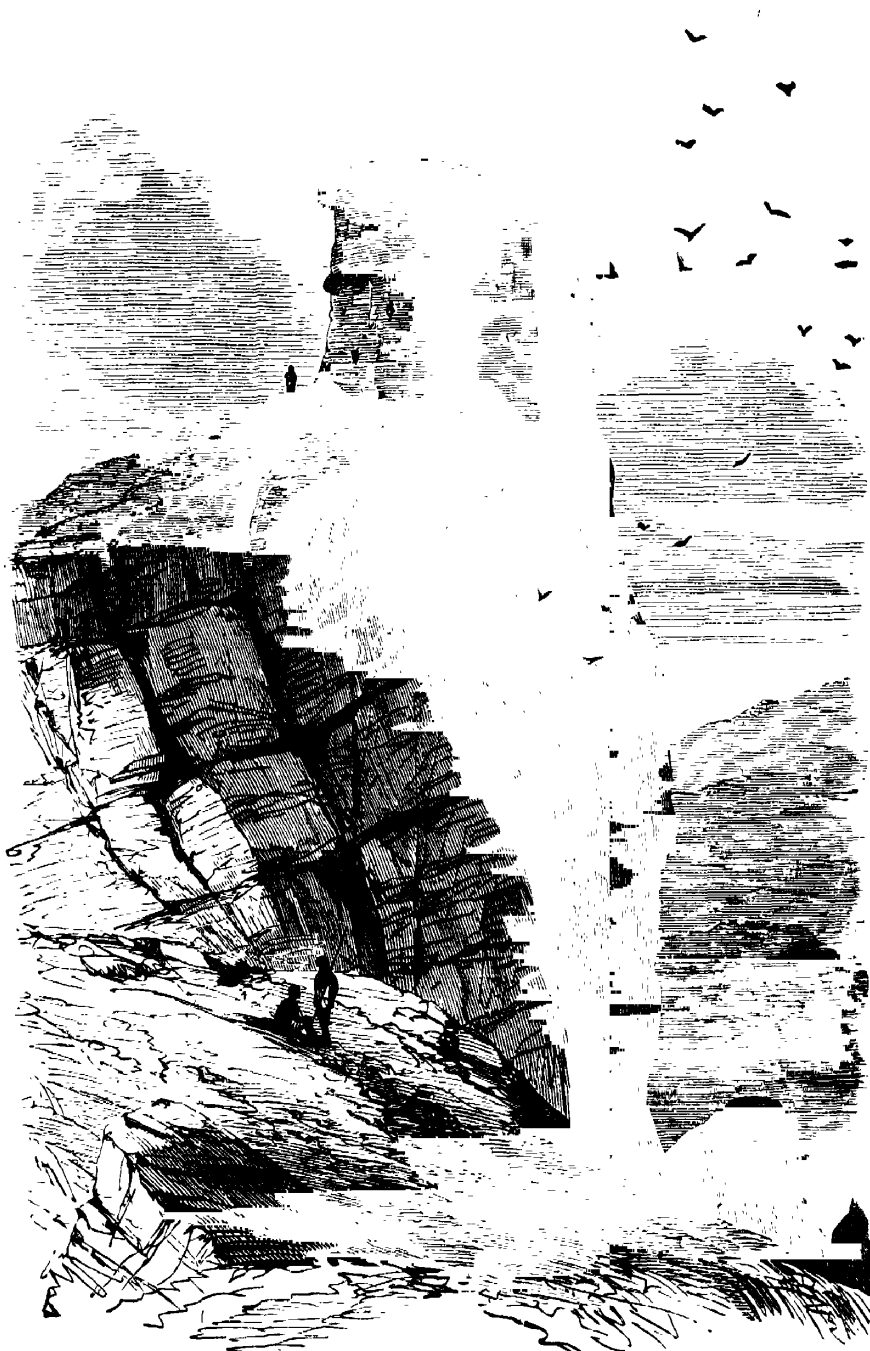
season they sow 'tocusso,' 'teff,' and barley. About the 20th of November they reap the first barley, then the wheat, and last of all the 'teff.' In some of these they sow immediately upon the same ground without any manure, barley, which they reap in February, and then often sow 'teff,' but more frequently a kind of vetch or pea, called 'shimbra'; these are cut down before the first rains, which are in April; yet with all the

advantages of a triple harvest, which requires neither manure nor any expensive processes, the farmer in Abyssinia is always very poor."

At Fremona, not far from Adowa, are the ruins of a Jesuit convent, resembling rather a fort than the abode of men of peace. Two days' journey farther on, one comes to the ruins of Axum, the ancient capital of Abyssinia. "In one square," says Bruce "which I apprehend to have been the centre of the town, there are forty obelisks, none of which have any hieroglyphics on them. The two first have fallen down, but a third a little smaller than them is still standing. They are all hewn from one block of granite, and on the top of that which is standing there is a *patera*, exceedingly well engraved in the Greek style.

"After passing the convent of Abba Pantaleon, called in Abyssinia Mantillas, and the small obelisk on a rock above, we follow a path cut in a mountain of very red marble, having on the left a marble wall forming a parapet about five feet high. At intervals solid pedestals rise from this wall, bearing every token of having served to support colossal statues of Sirius, the barking Anubis, or the Dog star. One hundred and thirty-three of these pedestals with the marks just mentioned are still in their places, but only two figures of the dog were recognisable when I was there; these, however, though much mutilated, were evidently Egyptian.

"There are also pedestals supporting the figures of the Sphinx. Two magnificent flights of steps, several hundred feet long, all of granite, exceedingly well finished, and still in their places, are the only remains of a magnificent temple. In an angle of this platform where the temple stood, is the present small church of Axum. This church is a mean, small building, very ill kept and full of pigeons' dung." It was near Axum that Bruce saw three soldiers cut from a living cow a steak for their mid-day meal.

In his account of their method of cutting the steak Bruce says: "The skin which had covered the flesh that

Vol. I. AN ABYSSINIAN STRONGHOLD. *To face* p. 93.

was cut away was left intact, and was fastened to the corresponding part by little wooden skewers serving as pins. Whether they put anything between the skin and the wounded flesh I do not know, but they soon covered the wound with mud. They then forced the animal to rise, and drove it on before them, to furnish them, no doubt, with another meal when they should join their companions in the evening."

From Tigré, Bruce passed into the province of Siré, which derives its name from its capital, a town considerably larger than Axum, but constantly a prey to putrid fevers. Near it flows the Takazzé, the ancient Siris, with its poisonous waters bordered by majestic trees.

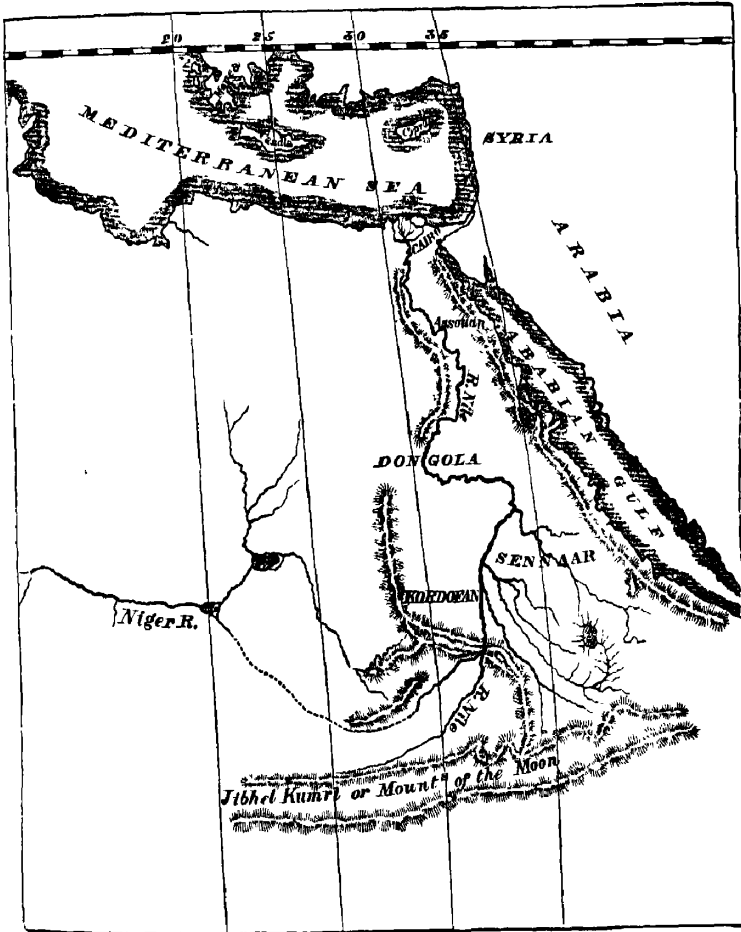
AN ABYSSINIAN SOLDIER.

In the province of Samen, situated amongst the unhealthy and broiling Waldubba Mountains, and where many monks had retired to pray and do penance, Bruce stayed only long enough to rest his beasts of burden, for the country was not only haunted by lions and hyænas, and infested by large black ants, which destroyed part of his baggage, but also torn with civil war; so that foreigners were anything but safe. This made him most anxious to reach Gondar, but when he arrived typhoid fever was raging fiercely. His knowledge of medicine was very useful to him, and procured him a situation under the governor, which was most advantageous to him, as it rendered him free to scour the country in all directions, at the head of a body of soldiers. By these means he acquired a mass of valuable information upon the government, manners, and customs of the country, and

the chief events of its history, which combined to mal his work the most important hitherto published abo Abyssinia.

It was in the course of one of these excursions th Bruce discovered the sources of the Blue Nile, which] took to be the true Nile. Arrived at the church of S Michael, at Geesh, where the river is only four pac wide, and some four inches deep, Bruce became co vinced that its sources must be in the neighbourhoo although his guide assured him that he must cross mountain before he found them. The traveller was n to be deceived.

"Come! come!" said Bruce, "no more words. is already late; lead me to Geesh and the sources the Nile, and show me the mountain that separates from it." "He then made me go round to the south the church, and coming out of the grove of cedars su rounding it, 'This is the mountain,' he said, lookir maliciously up into my face, 'that when you were (the other side of it, was between you and the fountai of the Nile; there is no other. Look at that gre hillock in the centre of that marsh. It is there th the two fountains of the Nile are to be found. Gee is at the top of the rock, where you see those ve green trees. If you go to the fountains, pull off yo shoes as you did the other day, for these people are a Pagans, and they believe in nothing that you believ but only in the Nile, to which they pray every day if it were God, as you perhaps invoke it yourself.' took off my shoes, and rushed down the hill towards t little green island, which was about two hundred yar distant. The whole of the side of the hill was carpet with flowers, the large roots of which protruded abo the surface of the ground; and as I was looking dow and noticing that the skin was peeling off the bulbs, had two very severe falls before I reached the edge the marsh; but at last I approached the island with green sod. It was in the form of an altar, and app rently of artificial construction. I was in rapture as gazed upon the principal fountain, which rises in t

middle of it. It is easier to imagine than to describe what I felt at that moment, standing opposite the sources which had baffled the genius and courage of the most celebrated men for three thousand years."

MAP OF THE NILE BASIN OF 1819 A.D.

Bruce's narrative contains many other curious observations, but we must now pass on to his account of Lake Tzana.

"Lake Tzana," according to his narrative, "is by far the largest sheet of water known in these regions. Its

extent, however, has been greatly exaggerated. Its greatest breadth from Dingleber to Lamgue, i.e., from east to west, is thirty-five miles, but it decreases greatly at each end, and in some parts is not above ten miles broad. Its greatest length is forty-nine miles from north to south, measured from Bab-Baha to a point a trifle to the S.W.¼W. of the spot where the Nile, after flowing through the lake with an ever perceptible current, bends towards Dara in the Allata territory. In the dry season, from October to March, the lake decreases greatly; but when the rains have swollen the rivers, which unite at this place like the spokes of a wheel at the nave, the lake rises, and overflows a portion of the plain. If the Abyssinians, great liars at all times, are to be believed, there are forty-five islands in Lake Tzana; but this number may be safely reduced to eleven. The largest is named Dek, Daka, or Daga; the next in size are Halimoon, on the Gondar side of the lake, Briguida, on the Gorgora side, and Galila, beyond Briguida. All these islands were formerly used as prisons for Abyssinian chieftains, or as retreats by such as were dissatisfied at court, or wished to secure their valuables in troubled times."

And now, having visited Abyssinia with Bruce, let us return to the north.

Some light was now being thrown upon the ancient civilisation of Egypt. The archæological expeditions of Pococke, Norden, Niebuhr, Volney, and Savary had been published in succession, and the Egyptian Society was at work upon the publication of its large and magnificent work. The number of travellers increased daily, and amongst others W. G. Browne determined to visit the land of the Pharaohs.

From his work much was learned alike of the monuments and ruins which make this country so interesting, and of the customs of its inhabitants. The portion of the work relating to Darfur was entirely new, no Europeans having previously explored it. Browne attained a high place among travellers by his discovery that the Bahr-el-Abiad is the true Nile, and because he endea-

voured not indeed to discover its source, that he could scarcely hope to do, but to ascertain its latitude and course.

Arriving in Egypt upon the 10th of January, 1792, Browne set out upon his first expedition to Siwâh, and discovered, as Hornemann did later, the oasis of Jupiter Ammon. He had little more opportunity than his successor for exploring the catacombs and ruins, where he saw many skulls and human remains.

"The ruins of Siwâh," he says, "resembled too much

THE NILE.

those of Upper Egypt to leave any doubt that the buildings to which they belonged were built by the same race of men. The figures of Isis and Anubis are easily recognisable on them, and the proportions of their architectural works, though smaller, are the same as those of the Egyptian temples.

"The rocks I noticed in the neighbourhood of Siwâh were of the sandstone formation, bearing no relation whatever to the stones of these ruins; so that I should think that the materials for these buildings cannot have been obtained on the spot. The people of Siwâh have

preserved no credible traditions respecting these objects. They merely imagined them to contain treasures, and to be frequented by demons."

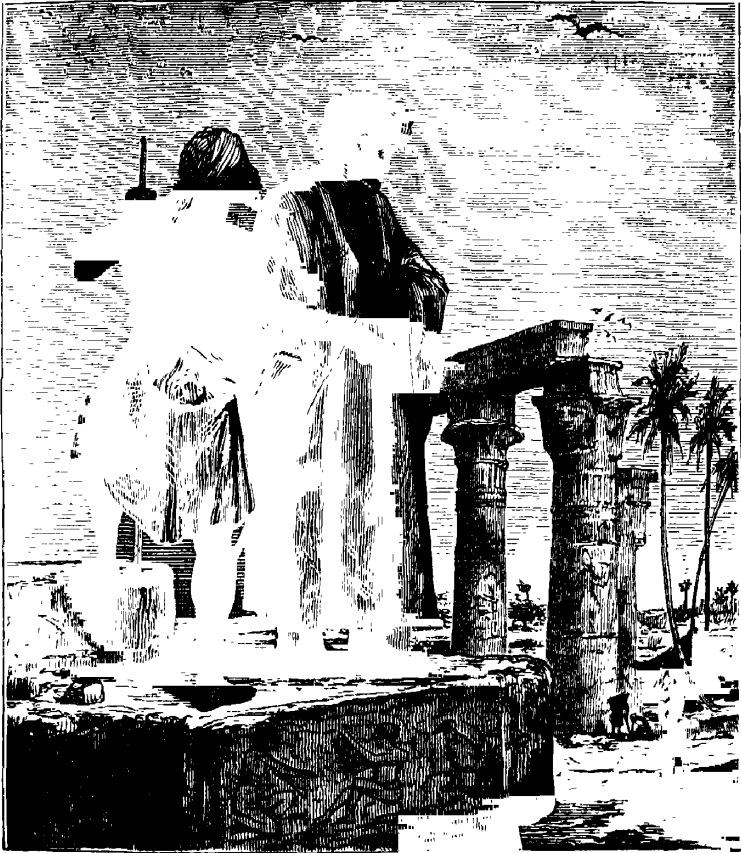
After leaving Siwâh, Browne made various excursions in Egypt, and then settled in Cairo, where he studied Arabic. He left this town upon the 10th of September, 1792, and visited in succession Kaw, Achmin, Gergeh, Dendera, Kazr, Thebes, Assoûan, Kosseir, Memphis, Suez, and Mount Sinai; then, wishing to enter Abyssinia, but convinced that he could not do so by way of Massowah, he left Assiût for Darfur, with a Soudan caravan, in May, 1793. The caravan halted upon its way to Darfur at the different towns of Ainé, Dizeh, Charyeh, Bulak, Scheb, Selinceh, Leghéa, and Ber-el-Malha.

Being taken ill at Soueini, Browne was detained there, and only reached El-Fascher after a long delay. Here his annoyances and the exactions levied recommenced, and he could not succeed in obtaining an interview with the sultan. He was forced to spend the winter at Cobbeh, awaiting his restoration to health, which only took place in the summer of 1794. This time of forced inaction was not, however, wasted by the traveller; he acquainted himself with the manners and dialects of Darfur. Upon the return of summer, Browne repaired to El-Fascher, and recommenced his applications for admittance to the sultan. They were attended with the same unsuccessful results, until a crowning act of injustice at length procured for him the interview he had so long solicited in vain.

"I found," he says, "the monarch Abd-el-Raschman seated on his throne under a lofty wooden canopy of Syrian and Indian stuffs indiscriminately mixed. The floor in front of the throne was spread with small Turkey carpets. The meleks (officers of the court) were seated at some distance off on the right and left, and behind them stood a line of guards, wearing caps ornamented in front with a small copper plate and a black ostrich feather. Each bore a spear in his right hand, and a shield of hippopotamus-hide on the left arm. Their

Vol. I. *To face* p. 101.

"I FOUND THE MONARCH SEATED ON HIS THRONE."

only clothing was a cotton shirt, of the manufacture of the country. Behind the throne were fourteen or fifteen eunuchs, clothed in rich stuffs of various kinds and all manner of colours. The space in front was filled with petitioners and spectators, to the number of more than fifteen hundred. A kind of hired eulogist

THE RUINS OF SIWÂH.

stood on the monarch's left hand, crying out at the top of his voice during the whole ceremony, 'See the buffalo, the son of a buffalo, the powerful Sultan Abd-el-Raschman El-rashid. May God protect thy life, O master, may God assist thee and render thee victorious.'"

The sultan promised justice to Browne, and put

the matter into the hands of the meleks, but he only obtained restitution of a sixth of that of which he had been robbed.

The traveller had merely entered Darfur to cross it. He found it would be no easy task to leave it, and that in any case he must give up the idea of prosecuting his exploration; he says:—

"On the 11th of December, 1795 (after a delay of three months), I accompanied the chatib (one of the principal officers of the country) to the monarch's presence. I shortly stated what I required, and the chatib seconded me, though not with the zeal that I might have wished. To my demand for permission to travel no answer was returned, and the iniquitous despot, who had received from me no less than the value of about 750 piastres in goods, condescended to give me twenty meagre oxen, worth about 120 piastres. The state of my purse would not permit me to refuse even this mean return, and I bade adieu to El-Fasche, as I hoped for ever."

Browne was not able to leave Darfur till the spring of 1796, when he joined the caravan which was about to return to Egypt.

The town of Cobbeh, although not the resort of the merchants, was then the capital of Darfur. It was more than two miles in length, but extremely narrow, each house standing in a field surrounded by a palisade, and between each there was a plot of fallow land.

The plain in which the town was situated ran W.S.W. to a distance of some twenty miles. Almost all the inhabitants were merchants, who trade with Egypt. Their number may be estimated at six thousand, the larger proportion slaves. The entire population of Darfur, Browne thought, could not exceed two hundred thousand, but he only arrived at this calculation by estimating the number of recruits raised for the war with Kordofan.

"The inhabitants of Darfur," says the narrative, "are of various races. Some, chiefly fakeers or priests

and traders, come from the west, and there are a good many Arabs, none of whom are permanent residents. They are of various tribes; the greater number lead a wandering life on the frontiers, where they pasture their camels, oxen, and horses. They are not in such complete dependence on the Sultan as always to con-

BROWNE IN DARFUR.

tribute to his forces in war, or to pay him tribute in time of peace."

After the Arabs came the people of Zeghawa, which once formed a distinct kingdom, whose chief could put a thousand horsemen in the field. The Zeghawas spoke a different dialect from the people of Für. We must also include the people of Bego or Dageou, who are now subject to Darfur, but are the issue of a tribe which formerly ruled the country.

The natives of Darfur were inured to hunger and

thirst, but they indulged freely in an intoxicating liquor called *Bouzza* or *Merissé*. Thieving, lying, and dishonesty, with their accompanying vices, prevailed largely among them.

"In buying and selling the parent glories in deceiving the son, and the son the parent, and atrocious frauds are committed in the name of God and of the Prophet.

"Polygamy, which it is well known is tolerated by their religion, is indulged in to excess by the people of Darfur. When Sultan Teraub went to war with Korodofan, he took in his retinue five hundred women, leaving as many in his palace. This may at first sight seem ridiculous, but it must be remembered that these women had to grind corn, draw water, dress food, and perform all the domestic work for a large number of people, so that there was plenty for them to do."

Of course there have been great changes in this part of Africa since Browne's visit. There have been changes among the population; the country was brought under Egyptian domination, and afterwards joined the Mahdist movement, which drove the Egyptians from the Soudan.

CHAPTER IV.

African Explorers of the Early Part of the Nineteenth Century.

The power of Napoleon, and with it the supremacy of France, was scarcely overthrown—the Titanic contests, to gratify the ambition of one man at the expense of the intellectual progress of humanity, were scarcely at an end, before an honourable rivalry awoke once more, and new scientific and commercial expeditions were set on foot. A new era had commenced.

Foremost in the ranks of the governments which organised and encouraged exploring expeditions we find as usual that of England. It was in Central Africa, the vast riches of which had been hinted at in the accounts given of their travels by Hornemann and Burckhardt, that the attention of the English was now concentrated.

As early as 1816 Major Peddie, starting from Senegal, reached Kakondy, on the River Nuñez, succumbing, however, to the fatigue of the journey and unhealthiness of the climate soon after his arrival in that town. Major Campbell succeeded him in the command of the expedition, and crossed the lofty mountains of Foota-Djalon, losing in a few days several men and part of the baggage animals.

Arrived at the headquarters of the Almamy, as most of the kings of this part of Africa are called, the expedition was detained for a long time, and only obtained permission to depart on payment of a large sum.

Most disastrous was the return journey, for the explorers had not only to recross the streams they had before forded with such difficulty, but they were subjected to so many insults, annoyances, and exactions

that to put an end to them Campbell was obliged to burn his merchandise, break his guns, and sink his powder.

Against so much fatigue and mortification, added to the complete failure of his expedition, Major Campbell failed to bear up, and he died, with several of his officers, in the very place where Major Peddie had closed his

CROSSING THE DESERT.

career. The few survivors of the party reached Sierra Leone after an arduous march.

A little later, Ritchie and Captain George Francis Lyon, availing themselves of the prestige which the siege of Algiers had brought to the British flag, and of the cordial relations which the English consul at Tripoli had succeeded in establishing with the principal Moorish authorities, determined to follow Hornemann's route, and penetrate to the very heart of Africa.

On the 25th of March, 1819, the travellers left

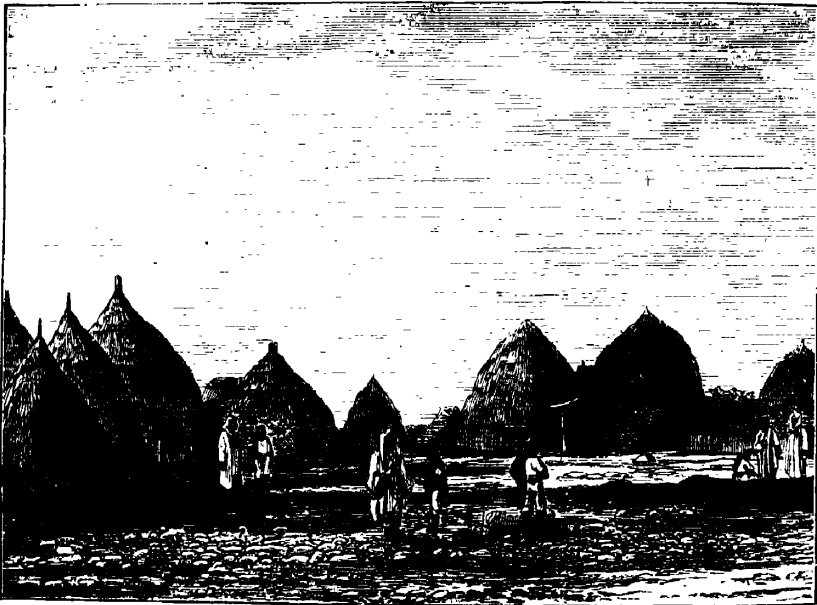
Tripoli with Mahommed el Moukni, Bey of Fezzan, who is called sultan by his subjects. Protected by this escort, Ritchie and Lyon reached Murzuk without molestation, but there the former died on the 2nd of November, worn out by the fatigue and privations of the journey across the desert. Lyon, who was ill for some time from the same causes, recovered soon enough to foil the designs of the sultan, who, counting on his death, had already begun to take possession of his property, and also of Ritchie's. The captain could not penetrate beyond the southern boundaries of Fezzan, but he had time to collect a good deal of valuable information about the chief towns of that province and the language of its inhabitants. To him we likewise owe the first authentic details of the religion, customs, language, and extraordinary costumes of the Tuarick Arabs, a wild tribe inhabiting the Great Sahara desert.

Captain Lyon's narrative also contains a good deal of interesting information collected by himself on Bornou, Wadai, and the Soudan, although he was unable to visit those places in person.

The results obtained did not by any means satisfy the English Government, which was most eager to open up the riches of the interior to its merchants. Consequently the authorities received favourably the proposals made by Dr. Walter Oudney, a Scotchman, whose enthusiasm had been aroused by the travels of Mungo Park. This Dr. Oudney was a friend of Hugh Clapperton, a lieutenant in the navy, three years his senior, who had distinguished himself in Canada and elsewhere, but had been thrown out of employment and reduced to half-pay by the peace of 1815.

Hearing of Oudney's scheme, Clapperton at once determined to join him in it, and Oudney begged the minister to allow him the aid of that enterprising officer, whose special knowledge would be of great assistance. Lord Bathurst made no objection, and the two friends, after receiving minute instructions, embarked for Tripoli, where they ascertained that Major Denham was to take command of their expedition.

Denham was born in London on the 31st December, 1783, and began life as an articled pupil to a country lawyer. As an attorney's clerk he found his duties so irksome and so little suited to his daring spirit that his longing for adventure soon led him to enlist in a regiment bound for Spain. Until 1815 he remained with the army, but after the peace he employed his leisure in visiting France and Italy.

Denham, eager to obtain distinction, had chosen the

AN ARAB VILLAGE.

career which would best enable him to achieve it, even at the risk of his life, and he now resolved to become an explorer. With him to think was to act. He had asked the minister to commission him to go to Timbuctoo by the route Laing afterwards took when he heard of the expedition under Clapperton and Oudney; and he now begged to be allowed to join them.

Without any delay Denham obtained the necessary equipment, and accompanied by a carpenter named William Hillman he embarked for Malta, joining his

Vol. I. AN ARAB ESCORT. To face p. 112.

future travelling companions at Tripoli on the 21st November, 1821. The English at this time enjoyed very great prestige, not only in the States of Barbary, on account of the bombardment of Algiers, but also because the British consul at Tripoli had by his clever diplomacy established friendly relations with the government to which he was accredited.

This prestige extended beyond the narrow range of the northern states. The nationality of certain travellers, the protection accorded by England to the Porte, the British victories in India had all been vaguely rumoured even in the heart of Africa, and the name of Englishman was familiar without any particular meaning being attached to it. According to the English consul, the

A VIEW IN FEZZAN.

route from Tripoli to Bornou was as safe as that from London to Edinburgh. This was, therefore, the moment to seize opportunities which might not occur again.

The three travellers, after a cordial reception from the bey, who placed all his resources at their disposal, lost no time in leaving Tripoli, and with an escort provided by the Moorish governor, they reached Murzuk, the capital of Fezzan, on the 8th April, 1822, without difficulty, having indeed been received with great enthusiasm in some of the places through which they passed.

At Sokna, Denham tells us, the governor came out to meet them, accompanied by the principal inhabitants and hundreds of the country people, who crowded round their horses, kissing their hands with every appearance of cordiality and delight, and shouting *Inglesi, Inglesi!*

as the visitors entered the town. This welcome was the more gratifying from the fact that the travellers were the first Europeans to penetrate into Africa without wearing a disguise. Denham adds that he feels sure their reception would have been far less cordial had they stooped to play the part of impostors by attempting to pass for Mahommedans.

At Murzuk they were harassed by annoyances similar to those which had paralysed Hornemann; in their case, however, circumstances and character were alike different, and without allowing themselves to be blinded by the compliments paid them by the sultan, the English, who were thoroughly in earnest, demanded the necessary escort for the journey to Bornou.

It was impossible, they were told, to start before the following spring, on account of the difficulty of collecting a kafila or caravan, and the troops necessary for its escort across the desert.

A rich merchant, however, Boo-Bucker-Boo-Khaloum by name, a great friend of the pacha, gave the explorers a hint that if he received certain presents he would smooth away all difficulties. He even offered to escort them himself to Bornou, for which province he was bound if he could obtain the necessary permission from the Pacha of Tripoli.

Denham, believing Boo-Khaloum to be acting honestly, went off to Tripoli to obtain the governor's sanction, but on his arrival there he obtained only evasive answers, and finally threatened to embark for England, where he said he would report the obstacles thrown in his way by the pacha, in the carrying out of the objects of the exploring expedition.

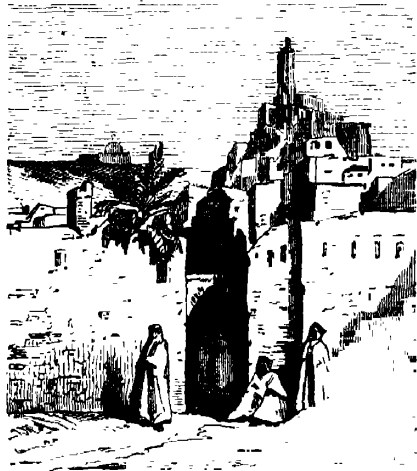
These menaces produced no effect, and Denham actually set sail, and was about to land at Marseilles when he received a satisfactory message from the bey, begging him to return, and authorising Boo-Khaloum to accompany him and his companions.

On the 30th October Denham rejoined Oudney and Clapperton at Murzuk, finding them considerably weakened by fever and the effects of the climate.

Denham, convinced that change of air would restore them to health, persuaded them to start and begin the journey by easy stages. He himself set out on the 20th of November with a caravan of merchants from Mesurata, Tripoli, Sockna, and Murzuk, escorted by 210 Arab warriors chosen from the most intelligent and docile of the tribes, and commanded by Boo-Khaloum.

The expedition took the route followed by Lyon and soon reached Tegerry, which is the most southerly town of Fezzan, and the last before the traveller enters the desert of Bilma.

TEGERRY.

Denham made a sketch of the castle of Tegerry from the southern bank of a salt lake near the town. Tegerry is entered by a low, narrow, vaulted passage leading to a gate in a second rampart. The wall is pierced with apertures, which render the entrance by the narrow passage very difficult. Above the second gate there is also an aperture through which darts and firebrands may be hurled upon the besiegers, a mode of warfare once largely indulged in by the Arabs. Inside the town there are wells of fairly good water. Its situation is delightful. It is surrounded by date-trees, and the water in the neighbourhood is excellent. A chain of low hills stretches away to the east. Snipes, ducks, and wild geese frequent the salt lakes near the town.

Leaving Tegerry, the travellers entered a sandy desert, across which it would not have been easy to find the way, had it not been marked out by the skeletons of men and animals strewn along it, especially about the wells.

"One of the skeletons we saw to-day," says Denham, "still looked quite fresh. The beard was on the chin, the features could be recognised. 'It is my slave,' exclaimed one of the merchants of the kafila. 'I left him near here four months ago.' 'Make haste and take him to the market!' cried a facetious slave merchant, 'lest some one else should claim him.'"

Here and there in the desert are oases containing towns of greater or less importance, at which the caravans halt. Kishi is one of the most frequented of these places, and there the money for the right of crossing the desert is paid. The Sultan of Kishi, the ruler of a good many of these petty principalities, and who takes the title of Commander of the Faithful, was remarkable for a complete disregard of cleanliness, a peculiarity in which, according to Denham, his court fully equalled him.

This sultan paid Boo-Khaloum a visit in his tent, accompanied by half-a-dozen Tibboos, some of whom were positively hideous. Their teeth were of a dark yellow colour, the result of chewing tobacco, of which they are so fond that they use it as snuff as well as to chew. Their noses looked like little round bits of flesh stuck on to their faces, with nostrils so wide that they could push their fingers right up them. Denham's watch, compass, and musical snuff-box astonished them not a little. He defines these people as brutes with human faces.

The caravan now crossed the Tibboo country, inhabited by a peaceful, hospitable people, to whom, as keepers of the wells and reservoirs of the desert, the leaders of caravans pay passage-money. The Tibboos are a strong, active race, and when mounted on their nimble steeds they display marvellous skill in throwing the lance, which the most vigorous of their warriors can hurl to a distance of 145 yards. Bilma is their chief city, and the residence of their sultan.

On the arrival of the travellers at Bilma, the sultan, escorted by a number of men and women, came out to meet the strangers. The women were much better-looking than those in the smaller towns; some of them

had indeed very pleasant faces, their white, regular teeth contrasting admirably with their shining black skins, and the three "triangular flaps of hair, streaming with oil." Coral ornaments in their noses, and large amber necklaces round their throats, gave them what Denham calls a "seductive appearance." Some of them carried fans made of grass or hair, with which to keep off the

BORNOU WOMEN CARRYING SALT.

flies; other were provided with branches of trees; all in fact, carried something in their hands, which they waved above their heads. Their costume consisted of a loose piece of Soudan cloth, fastened on the left shoulder, and leaving the right uncovered, with a smaller piece wound about the head, and falling on the shoulders or flung back. In spite of this paucity of clothing, there was not the least immodesty in their bearing.

A mile from Bilma, and beyond a limpid spring,

which appears to have been placed there by nature to afford a supply of water to travellers, lies a desert, which it takes no less than ten days to cross. This was probably once a huge salt lake.

On the 4th February, 1823, the caravan reached Lari, a town on the northern boundary of Bornou, in lat. 14° 40′ N. The inhabitants, astonished at the size of the " kafila," fled in terror at its approach.

" Beyond, however," says Denham, " was an object full of interest to us, and the sight of it produced a sensation so gratifying and inspiring, that it would be difficult for language to convey an idea of its force or pleasure. The great Lake Tchad, glowing with the golden rays of the sun in its strength, appeared to be within a mile of the spot on which we stood."

On leaving Lari, the appearance of the country changed completely. The sandy desert was succeeded by a clay soil, clothed with grass and dotted with acacias and other trees of various species, amongst which grazed herds of antelopes, whilst Guinea fowls and the turtle-doves of Barbary flew hither and thither above them. Towns took the place of villages, with huts of the shape of bells, thatched with durra straw.

The travellers continued their journey southwards, rounding Lake Tchad, which they had first touched at its most northerly point.

The districts bordering on this sheet of water were of a black, firm, but muddy soil. The waters rise to a considerable height in winter, and sink in proportion in the summer. The lake is of fresh water, rich in fish, and frequented by hippopotami and aquatic birds. Near its centre, on the south-east, are the islands inhabited by the Biddomahs, a race who live by pillaging the people of the mainland.

The explorers had sent a messenger to Sheikh El Khanemy, to ask permission to enter his capital, and an envoy speedily arrived to invite Boo-Khaloum and his companions to Kouka.

On their way thither, the travellers passed through Burwha, a fortified town which had thus far resisted the

inroads of the Tuaricks, and crossed the Yeou, a large river, in some parts more than 500 feet in width, which, rising in the Soudan, flows into Lake Tchad.

On the southern shores of this river rises a little town of the same name, about half the size of Burwha.

The caravan soon reached the gates of Kouka, where, after a journey extending over two months and a half, they were received by a body of cavalry 4000 strong, under perfect discipline. Amongst these troops was a

KOUKA.

corps of blacks forming the body-guard of the sheikh, whose equipments resembled those of ancient chivalry.

They wore, Denham tells us, suits of chain armour covering the neck and shoulders. These were fastened above the head, and fell in two portions, one in front and one behind, so as to protect the flanks of the horse and the thighs of the rider. A sort of casque or iron coif, kept in its place by red, white, or yellow turbans, tied under the chin, completed the costume. The horses'

heads were also guarded by iron plates. Their saddles were small and light, and their steel stirrups held only the point of the feet, which were clad in leather shoes, ornamented with crocodile skin. The horsemen managed their steeds admirably, as, advancing at full gallop, brandishing their spears, they wheeled right and left of their guests, shouting, "Barca! Barca!" (Blessing! Blessing!)

Surrounded by this brilliant and fantastic escort, the English and Arabs entered the town, where a similar military display had been prepared in their honour.

They were presently admitted to the presence of Sheikh El Khanemy, who appeared to be about forty-five years old, and whose face was prepossessing, with a happy, intelligent, and benevolent expression.

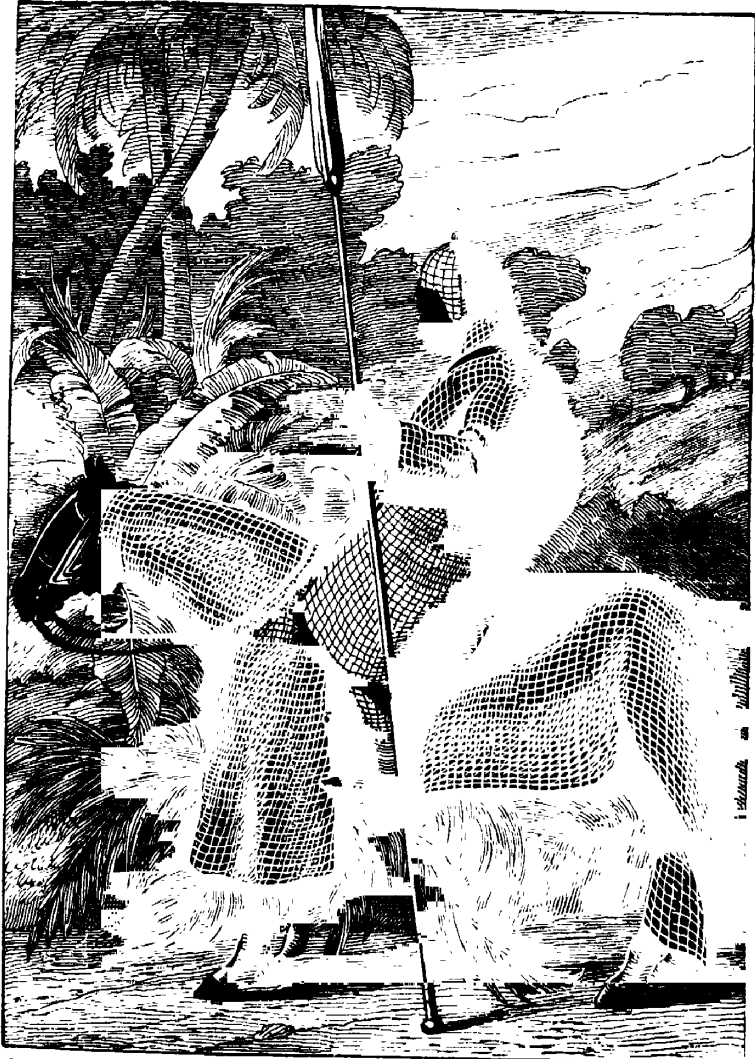
The English presented the letters of the pacha, and when the sheikh had read them, he asked Denham what had brought him and his companions to Bornou.

"We came merely to see the country," replied Denham, "to study the character of its people, its scenery, and its productions."

"You are welcome," was the reply; "it will be a pleasure to me to show you everything. I have ordered huts to be built for you in the town; you may go and see them, accompanied by one of my people, and when you are recovered from the fatigue of your long journey, I shall be happy to see you."

The travellers soon afterwards obtained permission to make collections of such animals and plants as appeared to them curious, and to make notes of all their observations. They were thus enabled to collect a good deal of information about the towns near Kouka.

Kouka, then the capital of Bornou, boasted of a market for the sale of slaves, sheep, oxen, cheese, rice, earth-nuts, beans, indigo, and other productions of the country. There 100,000 people might sometimes be seen haggling about the price of fish, poultry, meat—the last sold both raw and cooked—or that of brass, copper, amber, and coral. Linen was so cheap in these

Vol. I.

To face p. 120.

MEMBER OF THE BODY GUARD OF THE SHEIKH OF BORNOU

From an old print.

parts, that some of the men wore shirts and trousers made of it.

Beggars have a peculiar mode of exciting compassion; they station themselves at the entrance to the market, and, holding up the rags of an old pair of trousers, they whine out to the passers-by, "See! I have no pantaloons!" The novelty of this mode of proceeding, and the request for a garment, which seemed to them even

RECEPTION OF THE MISSION, FACSIMILE OF AN EARLY ENGRAVING.

more necessary than food, made our travellers laugh heartily until they became accustomed to it.

Hitherto the English had had nothing to do with anyone but the sheikh, who, content with wielding all real power, left the nominal sovereignty to the sultan, an eccentric monarch, who never showed himself except through the bars of a wicker cage near the gate of his garden, as if he were some rare wild beast. Curious, indeed, were some of the customs of this court, not the

least so the fancy for obesity: no one was considered elegant unless he had attained to a bulk generally looked upon as very inconvenient.

Some exquisites had stomachs so distended and prominent that they seemed literally to hang over the pommel of the saddle; and in addition to this, fashion prescribed a turban of such length and weight that its wearer had to carry his head on one side.

These uncouth peculiarities rivalled those of the Turks of a masked ball, and the travellers had often hard work to preserve their gravity. To compensate, however, for the grotesque solemnity of the various receptions, a new field for observation was open, and much valuable information might now be acquired.

Denham wished to proceed to the south at once, but the sheikh was unwilling to risk the lives of the travellers entrusted to him by the Bey of Tripoli. On their entry into Bornou, the responsibility of Boo-Khaloum for their safety was transferred to him.

So earnest, however, were the entreaties of Denham, that El Khanemy at last sanctioned his accompanying Boo-Khaloum in a "ghrazzie," or plundering expedition, against the Kaffirs or infidels.

The sheikh's army and the Arab troops passed in succession Yeddie, a large walled city twenty miles from Angoumou, Badagry, and several other towns built on an alluvial soil which has a dark clay-like appearance.

They entered Mandara at the frontier town of Delow, beyond which the sultan of the province, with five hundred horsemen, met his guests.

Denham describes Mahommed Becker as a man of short stature, about fifty years old, wearing a beard painted of a most delicate azure blue. The presentations over, the sultan at once turned to Denham, and asked who he was, whence he came, what he wanted, and lastly, if he were a Mahommedan. On Boo-Khaloum's hesitating to reply, the sultan turned away his head, with the words, "So the pacha numbers infidels amongst his friends!"

Vol. I.

To face p. 122.

LANCER OF THE ARMY OF THE SULTAN OF MANDARA.

From an old print.

This incident had a very bad effect, and Denham was not again admitted to the presence of the sultan.

The enemies of the Pacha of Bornou and the Sultan of Mandara were called Fellatahs. Their vast settlements extended far beyond Timbuctoo. They are a handsome set of men, with skins of a dark bronze colour, which shows them to be of a race quite distinct from the negroes. They are professors of Mahommedanism, and mix but little with the blacks. We shall presently have to speak more particularly of the Fellatahs, Foulahs, or Fans, as they are called throughout the Soudan.

South of the town of Mora rises a chain of mountains, of which the loftiest peaks are not more than 2500 feet high, but which, according to the natives, extend for more than "two months' journey."

The most salient point noticed by Denham in his description of the country, is a vast and apparently interminable chain of mountains, shutting in the view on every side ; this, though in his opinion inferior to the Alps, Apennines, Jura, and Sierra Morena, in rugged magnificence and gigantic grandeur, are yet equal to them in picturesque effect. The lofty peaks of Valhmy, Savah, Djoggiday, Munday, &c., with clustering villages on their stony sides, rise on the east and west, while Horza, exceeding any of them in height and beauty, rises on the south with its ravines and precipices.

Derkulla, one of the chief Fellatah towns, was reduced to ashes by the invaders, who lost no time in pressing on to Musfeia, a position which, naturally very strong, was further defended by palisades manned by a numerous body of archers. The English traveller had to take part in the assault. The first onslaught of the Arabs appeared to carry all before it ; the noise of the fire-arms, with the reputation for bravery and cruelty enjoyed by Boo-Khaloum and his men, threw the Fellatahs into momentary confusion, and if the men of Mandara and Bornou had followed up their advantage and stormed the hill, the town would probably have fallen.

The besieged, however, noticing the hesitation of their assailants, in their turn assumed the offensive, and

rallying their archers discharged a shower of poisoned arrows, to which many an Arab fell a victim, and before which the forces of Bornou and Mandara gave way.

Barca, the Bornou general, had three horses killed under him. Boo-Khaloum and his steed were both wounded, and Denham was in a similar plight, with the skin of his face grazed by one arrow and two others lodged in his burnoos.

The retreat soon became a rout. Denham's horse fell under him, and the major had hardly regained his feet when he was surrounded by Fellatahs. Two fled on the presentation of the Englishman's pistols, a third received the charge in his shoulder.

Denham thought he was safe, when his horse fell a second time, flinging his master violently against a tree. This time when the major rose he found himself with neither horse nor weapons; and the next moment he was surrounded by enemies, who stripped him and wounded him in both hands and the right side, leaving him half dead at last to fight over his clothes, which seemed to them of great value.

Availing himself of this lucky quarrel, Denham slipped under a horse standing by, and disappeared in the thicket. Naked, bleeding, wild with pain, he reached the edge of a ravine with a mountain-stream flowing through it. His strength was all but gone, and he was clutching at the bough of a tree overhanging the water with a view to dropping himself into it as the banks were very steep, and the branches were actually bending beneath his weight, when from beneath his hand a gigantic liffa, the most venomous kind of serpent in the country, rose from its coil in the very act of striking. Horrorstruck, Denham let slip the branch, and tumbled headlong into the water, but fortunately the shock revived him, he struck out almost unconsciously, swam to the opposite bank, and climbing it, found himself safe from his pursuers.

Fortunately the fugitive soon saw a group of horsemen amongst the trees, and in spite of the noise of the pursuit, he managed to shout loud enough to make them

hear him. They turned out to be Barca Gana and Boo-Khaloum, with some Arabs. Mounted on a sorry steed, with no other clothing than an old blanket swarming with vermin, Denham travelled thirty-seven miles. The pain of his wounds was greatly aggravated by the heat, the thermometer being at 32°.

The only results of the expedition, which was to have brought in such quantities of booty and numerous slaves, were the deaths of Boo-Khaloum and thirty-six of his Arabs, the wounding of nearly all the rest, and the loss or destruction of all the horses.

The eighty miles between Mora and Kouka were traversed in six days. Denham was kindly received in the latter town by the sultan, who sent him a native garment to replace his lost wardrobe. The major had hardly recovered from his wounds and fatigue, before he took part in a new expedition, sent to Munga, a province on the west of Bornou, by the sheikh, whose authority had never been fully recognised there, and whose claim for tribute had been refused by the inhabitants.

Denham and Oudney left Kouka on the 22nd May, and crossed the Yeou, then nearly dried up, but an important stream in the rainy season, and visited Birnie, with the ruins of the capital of the same name, which was capable of containing two hundred thousand inhabitants. The travellers also passed through the ruins of Gambarou with its magnificent buildings, the favourite residence of the former sultan, destroyed by the Fellatahs, Kabshary, Bassecour, Bately, and many other towns or villages, whose numerous populations submitted without a struggle to the Sultan of Bornou.

The rainy season was disastrous to the members of the expedition, Clapperton fell dangerously ill of fever, and Oudney, whose chest was delicate even before he left England, grew weaker every day. Denham alone kept up. On the 14th of December, when the rainy season was drawing to a close, Clapperton and Oudney started for Kano. We shall presently relate the particulars of this interesting part of their expedition.

Seven days later, an ensign, named Toole, arrived at

Kouka, after a journey from Tripoli, which had occupied only three months and fourteen days.

In February, 1824, Denham and Toole made a trip into Luggun, on the south of Lake Tchad. All the districts near the lake and its tributary, the Shari, are marshy, and flooded during the rainy season. The unhealthiness of the climate was fatal to young Toole, who died at Angala, on the 26th of February, at the

THE SULTAN OF LUGGUN.

early age of twenty-two. Persevering, enterprising, bright, and obliging, with plenty of pluck and prudence, Toole was a model explorer.

Luggun was then very little known, its capital, Kernok, contained no less than 15,000 inhabitants. The people of Luggun, especially the women—who are very industrious, and manufacture the finest linens, and fabrics of the closest texture—are handsomer and more intelligent than those of Bornou.

The necessary interview with the sultan ended, after

an exchange of complimentary speeches and handsome presents, in this strange proposal from his majesty to the travellers: "If you have come to buy female slaves, you need not be at the trouble to go further, as I will sell them to you as cheap as possible." Denham had great touble in convincing the merchant prince that such traffic was not the aim of his journey, but that the love of science alone had brought him to Luggun.

On the 2nd of March, Denham returned to Kouka, and on the 20th of May he was witness to the arrival of Lieutenant Tyrwhitt, who had come to take up his residence as consul at the court of Bornou, bearing costly presents for the sultan.

After a final excursion in the direction of Manou, the capital of Kanem, and a visit to the Dogganah, who formerly occupied all the districts about Lake Fitri, the major joined Clapperton in his return journey to Tripoli, starting on the 16th of April, and arriving there in safety at the close of a long and arduous journey, whose geographical results, important in any case, had been greatly enhanced by the labours of Clapperton. To the adventures and discoveries of the latter we must now turn. Clapperton and Oudney started for Kano, a large Fellatah town on the west of Lake Tchad, on the 14th of December, 1823, followed the Yeou as far as Damasak, and visited the ruins of Birnie, and those of Bera, on the shores of a lake formed by the overflowing of the Yeou, Dogamou and Bekidarfi, all towns of Houssa. The people of this province, who were very numerous before the invasion of the Fellatahs, are armed with bows and arrows, and trade in tobacco, nuts, gouro, antimony, tanned hares' skins, and cotton stuffs in the piece and made into clothes.

The caravan soon left the banks of the Yeou or Gambarou, and entered a wooded country, which was evidently under water in the rainy season.

The travellers then entered the province of Katagoum, where the governor received them with great cordiality, assuring them that their arrival was quite an event to him, as it would be to the Sultan of the Fel-

latahs, who, like himself, had never before seen an Englishman. He also assured them that they would find all they required in his district, just as at Kouka.

The only thing which seemed to surprise him much, was the fact that his visitors wanted neither slaves, horses, nor silver, and that the sole proof of his friendship they required was permission to collect flowers and plants, and to travel in his country.

According to Clapperton's observations, Katagoum is situated in lat. 12° 17′ 11″ N., and about 12° E. long. Before the Fellatahs were conquered, it was on the borders of the province of Bornou. It can send into the field 4000 cavalry, and 2000 foot soldiers, armed with bows and arrows, swords and lances. Wheat, and oxen, with slaves, are its chief articles of commerce. The citadel is the strongest the English had seen, except that of Tripoli. Entered by gates which are shut at night, it is defended by two parallel walls and three dry moats, one inside, one out, and the third between the two walls which are twenty feet high, and ten feet wide at the base. A ruined mosque is the only other object of interest in the town, which consists of mud houses, and contains some seven or eight hundred inhabitants.

There the English for the first time saw cowries used as money. Hitherto native cloth had been the sole medium of exchange.

South of Katagoum is the Yacoba country called Mouchy by the Mahommedans. According to accounts received by Clapperton, the people of Yacoba, which is shut in by limestone mountains, are cannibals. The Mahommedans, however, who have an intense horror of the "Kaffirs," give no other proof of this accusation than the statement that they have seen human heads and limbs hanging against the walls of the houses.

In Yacoba rises the Yeou, a river which dries up completely in the summer; but, according to the people who live on its banks, rises and falls regularly every week throughout the rainy season.

On the 11th of January, the journey was resumed; but a halt had to be made at Murmur at noon of the

Vol. I.

To face p. 128.

same day, as Oudney showed signs of such extreme weakness and exhaustion, that Clapperton feared he could not last through another day. He had been gradually failing ever since they left the mountains of Obarri, in Fezzan, where he had inflammation of the throat from sitting in a draught when over-heated.

PORTRAIT OF CLAPPERTON, FROM AN OLD PRINT.

On the 12th of January, Oudney took a cup of coffee at daybreak, and at his request Clapperton changed camels with him. He then helped him to dress, and leaning on his servant, the doctor left the tent. He was about to attempt to mount his camel, when Clapperton saw death in his face. He supported him

back to the tent, where, to his intense grief, he expired at once, without a groan or any sign of suffering. Clapperton lost no time in asking the governor's permission to bury his comrade; and this being obtained, he dug a grave for him himself under an old mimosa-tree near one of the gates of the town. After the body had been washed according to the custom of the country, it was wrapped in some of the turban shawls which were to have served as presents on the further journey; the servants carried it to its last resting-place, and Clapperton read the English burial-service at the grave. When the ceremony was over, he surrounded the modest resting-place with a wall of earth, to keep off beasts of prey, and had two sheep killed, which he divided amongst the poor.

Thus closed the career of the young naturalist and ship's doctor, Oudney. His terrible malady, whose germs he had brought with him from England, had prevented him from rendering so much service to the expedition as the Government had expected from him, although he never spared himself, declaring that he felt better on the march than when resting. Knowing that his weakened constitution would not admit of any sustained exertion on his part, he would never damp the ardour of his companions.

After this sad event, Clapperton resumed his journey to Kana, halting successively at Digou, situated in a well-cultivated district, rich in flocks; Katoungora, beyond the province of Katagoum; Zangeia, once—judging from its extent and the ruined walls still standing—an important place, near the end of the Douchi chain of hills; Girkoua, with a finer market-place than that of Tripoli; and Souchwa, surrounded by an imposing earthwork.

Kano, the Chana of Edrisi and other Arab geographers, and the great emporium of the kingdom of Houssa, was reached on the 20th January.

Clapperton tells us that he had hardly entered the gates before his expectations were disappointed; after the brilliant description of the Arabs, he had expected

to see a town of vast extent. The houses were a quarter of a mile from the walls, and stood here and there in little groups, separated by large pools of stagnant water. "I might have dispensed with the care I had bestowed on my dress" (he had donned his naval uniform), for the inhabitants, absorbed in their own affairs, let me pass without remark, and never so much as looked at me."

A SLAVE CARAVAN.

Kano, the capital of the province of that name, and one of the chief towns of the Soudan, is situated in N. lat. 12° 0′ 19″, and E. long. 9° 20′. It contains between thirty and forty thousand inhabitants, of whom the greater number are slaves.

The market, bounded on the east and west by vast reedy swamps, is the haunt of numerous flocks of ducks, storks, and vultures, which act as scavengers to the town.

In this market, stocked with all the provisions in use in Africa, beef, mutton, goats' and sometimes even camels' flesh, are sold.

Writing-paper of French manufacture, scissors and knives, antimony, tin, red silk, copper bracelets, glass beads, coral, amber, steel rings, silver ornaments, turban shawls, cotton cloths, calico, Moorish habiliments, and many other articles, were exposed for sale in large quantities in the market-place of Kano.

There Clapperton bought for three piastres an English cotton umbrella from Ghadames. He also visited the slave-market, where the unfortunate human chattels are as carefully examined as recruits.

The town is very unhealthy, the swamps cutting it in two, and the holes produced by the removal of the earth for building produce permanent malaria.

It is the fashion at Kano to stain the teeth and limbs with the juice of a plant called *gourgi*, and with tobacco, which produces a bright red colour. Gouro nuts are chewed, and sometimes even swallowed when mixed with *trona*, a habit not peculiar to Houssa, for it extends to Bornou, where it is strictly forbidden to women. The people of Houssa smoke a native tobacco.

On the 23rd of February Clapperton started for Sockatoo. He crossed a picturesque, well-cultivated country, whose wooded hills gave it the appearance of an English park. Herds of beautiful white or dun-coloured oxen gave animation to the scenery.

The most important places passed en route by Clapperton were Gadania, a densely-populated town, the inhabitants of which had been sold as slaves by the Fellatahs, Doncami, Zirmia, the capital of Gambra, Kagaria, Kouari, and the wells of Kamoun, where he met an escort sent by the sultan.

Sockatoo was the most thickly populated city that the explorer had seen in Africa. Its well-built houses form regular streets, instead of clustering in groups as in the other towns of Houssa. It is surrounded by a wall between twenty and thirty feet high, pierced by twelve gates, which are closed every evening at sunset, and it

boasts of two mosques, with a market and a large square opposite to the sultan's residence.

The inhabitants, most of whom are Fellatahs, own many slaves; and the latter, those at least who are not in domestic service, work at some trade for their masters' profit. They are weavers, masons, blacksmiths, shoemakers, or husbandmen.

To do honour to his host, and also to give him an exalted notion of the power and wealth of England, Clapperton assumed a dazzling costume when he paid his first visit to Sultan Bello. He covered his uniform with gold lace, donned white trousers and silk stockings, and completed this holiday attire by a Turkish turban and slippers. Bello received him, seated on a cushion in a thatched hut like an English cottage. The sultan, a handsome man, about forty-five years old, wore a blue cotton *tobe* and a white cotton turban, one end of which fell over his nose and mouth in Turkish fashion.

Bello accepted the traveller's presents with childish glee. The watch, telescope, and thermometer, which he naively called a "heat watch," especially delighted him; but he wondered more at his visitor than at any of his gifts. He was unwearied in his questions as to the manners, customs, and trade of England; and after receiving several replies, he expressed a wish to open commercial relations with that Power. He would like an English consul and a doctor to reside in a port he called Raka, and finally he requested that certain articles of English manufacture should be sent to Funda, a very thriving seaport of his. After a good many talks on the different religions of Europe, Bello gave back to Clapperton the books, journals, and clothes which had been taken from Denham, at the time of the unfortunate excursion in which Boo-Khaloum lost his life.

On the 3rd May Clapperton took leave of the sultan. This time there was a good deal of delay before he was admitted to an audience. Bello was alone, and gave the traveller a letter for the King of England, with many expressions of friendship towards the country of his visitor, reiterating his wish to open commercial

relations with it, and begging him to let him have a letter to say when the English expedition promised by Clapperton would arrive on the coast of Africa.

Clapperton returned by the route by which he had come, arriving on the 8th of July at Kouka, where he rejoined Denham. He had brought with him an Arab manuscript containing a geographical and historical picture of the kingdom of Takrour, governed by

A VIEW ON THE NIGER.

Mahommed Bello of Houssa, author of the manuscript. He himself had not only collected much valuable information on the geology and botany of Bornou and Houssa, but also drawn up a vocabulary of the languages of Begharmi, Mandara, Bornou, Houssa, and Timbuctoo.

The results of the expedition were therefore considerable. The Fellatahs had been heard of for the first time, and their identity with the Fans had been ascertained by Clapperton in his second journey. It had been proved that these Fellatahs had created a vast

empire in the north and west of Africa, and also that beyond a doubt they did not belong to the negro race. The study of their language, and its resemblance to certain idioms not of African origin, will some day throw a light on the migration of races. Lastly, Lake Tchad had been discovered, and though not entirely examined, the greater part of its shores had been explored. It had been ascertained to have two tributaries: the Yeou, part of whose course had been traced, whilst its source had been pointed out by the natives, and the Shari, the mouth and lower portion of which had been carefully examined by Denham. With regard to the Niger, the information collected by Clapperton from the natives was still very contradictory, but the balance of evidence was in favour of its flowing into the Gulf of Benin. However, Clapperton intended, after a short rest in England, to return to Africa, and landing on the western coast, make his way up the Quorra, or Djoliba, as the natives call the Niger; to set at rest once for all the dispute as to whether that river was or was not identical with the Nile; to connect his new discoveries with those of Denham, and lastly to cross Africa, taking a diagonal course from Tripoli to the Gulf of Benin.

CHAPTER V.

African Explorers of the Early Part of the Nineteenth Century—(*continued*).

So soon as Clapperton arrived in England, he submitted to Lord Bathurst his scheme for going to Kouka *viâ* the Bight of Benin—in other words by the shortest way, a route not attempted by his predecessors—and ascending the Niger from its mouth to Timbuctoo.

In this expedition three others were associated with Clapperton, who took the command. These three were a surgeon named Dickson, Pearce, a ship's captain, and Dr. Morrison, also in the merchant service; the last-named well up in every branch of natural history.

On the 26th November, 1825, the expedition arrived in the Bight of Benin. For sôme reason unexplained, Dickson had asked permission to make his way to Sockatoo alone, and he landed for that purpose at Whydah. A Portuguese named Songa, and Columbus, Denham's servant, accompanied him as far as Dahomey. Seventeen days after he left that town, Dickson reached Char, and a little later Yaourie, beyond which place he was never traced.*

The other explorers sailed up the Bight of Benin, and were warned by an English merchant named Houtson, not to attempt the ascent of the Quorra, as the king of the districts watered by it had conceived an intense hatred of the English, on account of their interference with the slave-trade, the most remunerative branch of his commerce.

* Dickson quarrelled with a native chief, and was murdered by his followers. See Clapperton's 'Last Journey in Africa.'—*Trans.*

It would be much better, urged Houtson, to go to Badagry, no great distance from Sockatoo, the chief of which, well-disposed as he was to travellers, would doubtless give them an escort as far as the frontiers of Yariba. Houtson had lived in the country many years, and was well acquainted with the language and habits of its people. Clapperton, therefore thought it desirable to attach him to the expedition as far as Katunga, the capital of Yariba.

The expedition disembarked at Badagry on the 29th November, 1825, ascended an arm of the Lagos, and then, for a distance of two miles, the Gazie creek, which traverses part of Dahomey. Descending the left bank, the explorers began their march into the interior of the country, through districts consisting partly of swamps and partly of yam plantations. Everything indicated fertility. The negroes were very averse to work, and it would be impossible to relate the numerous "palavers" and negotiations which had to be gone through, and the exactions which were submitted to, before porters could be obtained.

The explorers succeeded, in spite of these difficulties, in reaching Jenneh, sixty miles from the coast. Here Clapperton tells us he saw several looms at work, as many as eight or nine in one house, a regular manufactory in fact. The people of Jenneh also make earthenware, but they prefer that which they get from Europe, often putting the foreign produce to uses for which it was never intended.

At Jenneh the travellers were all attacked with fever, the result of the great heat and the unhealthiness of the climate. Pearce and Morrison both died on the 27th September, the former soon after he left Jenneh with Clapperton, the latter at that town, to which he had returned to rest.

At Assondo, a town of no less than 10,000 inhabitants, Daffou, containing some 5000, and other places visited by Clapperton on his way through the country, he found that an extraordinary rumour had preceded him, to the effect that he had come to restore peace to

the districts distracted by war, and to do good to the lands he explored.

At Tchow the caravan met a messenger with a numerous escort, sent by the King of Yariba to meet the explorers, and shortly afterwards Katunga was entered. This town is built round the base of a rugged

THE CARAVAN MET A MESSENGER.

granite mountain. It is about three miles in extent, and is both framed in and planted with bushy trees, presenting a most picturesque appearance.

Clapperton remained at Katunga from the 24th January to the 7th March, 1826.

Soon after leaving Katunga, Clapperton crossed the Mousa, a tributary of the Quorra, and entered Kiama, one of the halting-places of the caravans trading between

Houssa and Borghoo, and Gandja, on the frontiers of Ashantee.

Outside Kiama the traveller met the Houssa caravan. Some thousands of men and women, oxen, asses, and horses, marching in single file, formed an interminable line presenting a singular and grotesque appearance. A motley assemblage truly : naked girls alternating with men bending beneath their loads, or with Gandja merchants in the most outlandish and ridiculous costumes, mounted on bony steeds which stumbled at every step.

Clapperton now made for Boussa on the Niger, where Mungo Park was drowned. Before reaching it he had to cross the Oli, a tributary of the Quorra, and to pass through Wow-Wow, a district of Borgu, the capital of which, also called Wow-Wow, contained some 18,000 inhabitants. It was one of the cleanest and best-built towns the traveller had entered since he left Badagry. The streets are wide and well-kept, and the houses are round, with conical thatched roofs. Drunkenness Clapperton found to be a prevalent vice in Wow-Wow : governor, priests, laymen, men and women, indulged to excess in palm wine, in rum brought from the coast, and in "bouza." The latter beverage is a mixture made of dhurra, honey, cayenne pepper, and the root of a coarse grass eaten by cattle, with the addition of a certain quantity of water.

Clapperton tells us that the people of Wow-Wow are famous for their cleanliness ; they are cheerful, benevolent, and hospitable. No other people whom he had met with had been so ready to give him information about their country ; and, more extraordinary still, he did not meet with a single beggar. The natives say they are not aborigines of Borgu, but that they are descendants of the natives of Houssa and Nyffé. They speak a Yariba dialect, but the Wow-Wow women are pretty, while those of Yariba are not. The men are muscular and well-made, but have a dissipated look. Their religion is a lax kind of Mahommedanism tinctured with Paganism.

Since leaving the coast Clapperton had met tribes of unconverted Fellatahs speaking the same language, and resembling in feature and complexion others who had adopted Mahommedanism. A significant fact which points to their belonging to one race.

Boussa, which the traveller reached at last, is not a regular town, but consists of groups of scattered houses on an island of the Quorra, situated in lat. 10° 14′ N.,

A LOST EXPLORER.

and long. 6° 11′ E. The province of which it is the capital is the most densely populated of Borgu. The inhabitants are all Pagans, even the sultan, although his name is Mahommed. They live upon monkeys, dogs, cats, rats, beef, and mutton.

Breakfast was served to the sultan whilst he was giving audience to Clapperton, whom he invited to join him. The meal consisted of a large water-rat grilled without skinning, a dish of fine boiled rice, some dried fish stewed in palm-oil, fried alligators' eggs, washed

down with fresh water from the Quorra. Clapperton took some stewed fish and rice, but was much laughed at because he would eat neither the rat nor the alligators' eggs.

The sultan received him very courteously, and told him that the Sultan of Yaourie had had boats ready to take him to that town for the last seven days. Clapperton replied that as the war had prevented all exit from Bornou and Yaourie, he should prefer going by way of Coulfo and Nyffé. "You are right," answered the sultan; "you did well to come and see me, and you can take whichever route you prefer."

At a later audience Clapperton made inquiries about the Englishmen who had perished in the Quorra twenty years before. This subject evidently made the sultan feel very ill at ease, and he evaded the questions put to him, by saying he was too young at the time to remember what happened.

Clapperton explained that he only wanted to recover their books and papers, and to visit the scene of their death; and the sultan in reply denied having anything belonging to them, adding a warning against his guest's going to the place where they died, for it was a "very bad place."

"But I understood," urged Clapperton, "that part of the boat they were in could still be seen."

"No, it was a false report," replied the sultan, "the boat had long since been carried down by the stream; it was somewhere amongst the rocks, he didn't know where."

To a fresh demand for Park's papers and journals, the sultan replied that he had none of them; they were in the hands of some learned men, but as Clapperton seemed to set such store by them, he would have them looked for. Thanking him for this promise, Clapperton begged permission to question the old men of the place, some of whom must have witnessed the catastrophe. No answer whatever was returned to this appeal, by which the sultan was evidently much embarrassed. It was useless to press him further.

This was a check to Clapperton's further inquiries. On every side he was met with embarrassed silence or such replies as, "The affair happened so long ago, I can't remember it," or, "I was not witness to it." The place where the boat had been stopped and its crew drowned was pointed out to him, but even that was done cautiously. A few days later Clapperton found out that the former Imaun, who was a Fellatah, had had Mungo Park's books and papers in his possession. Unfortunately, however, this Imaun had long since left Boussa. Finally, when at Coulfo, the explorer ascertained beyond a doubt that Mungo Park had been murdered.

Before leaving Borgu, Clapperton recorded his conviction of the baselessness of the bad reputation of the inhabitants, who had been branded everywhere as thieves and robbers. He had completely explored their country, travelled and hunted amongst them alone, and never had the slightest reason to complain.

The traveller now endeavoured to reach Kano by way of Zouari and Zegzeg, first crossing the Quorra. He soon arrived at Fabra, on the Mayarrow, the residence of the queen-mother of Nyffé, and then went to visit the king, in camp at a short distance from the town. This king, Clapperton tells, was the most insolent rogue imaginable, asking for everything he saw, and quite unabashed by any refusal. His ambition and his calling in of the Fellatahs, who would throw him over as soon as he had answered their purpose, had been the ruin of his country. Thanks indeed to him, nearly the whole of the industrial population of Nyffé had been killed, sold into slavery, or had fled the country.

Clapperton was detained by illness much longer than he had intended to remain at Coulfo, a commercial town on the northern banks of the Mayarrow containing from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants. Exposed for the last twenty years to the raids of the Fellatahs, Coulfo had been burnt twice in six years. Clapperton was witness when there of the feast of the New Moon. On that festival everyone exchanged visits. The women wore their woolly hair plaited and stained with indigo.

Their eyebrows were dyed the same colour. Their eyelids were painted with kohl, their lips were stained yellow, their teeth red, and their hands and feet were coloured with henna. On the day of the Feast of the Moon they donned their gayest garments, with their glass beads, bracelets, copper, silver, steel or brass. They also turned the occasion to account by drinking as much bouza as the men, joining in all their songs and dances.

THE FEAST OF THE NEW MOON.

On the 19th September, after a long and weary journey, Clapperton at last entered Kano. He at once discovered that he would have been more welcome if he had come from the east, for the war with Bornou had broken off all communication with Fezzan and Tripoli. Leaving his luggage under the care of his servant Lander, Clapperton almost immediately started in quest of Sultan Bello, who they said was near Sokatoo. This

was an extremely arduous journey, and on it Clapperton lost his camels and horses, and was compelled to put up with a miserable ox to carry part of his baggage, he and his servants dividing the rest amongst them.

Bello received Clapperton kindly and sent him camels and provisions, but as he was then engaged in subjugating the rebellious province of Gouber, he could not at once give the explorer the personal audience so important to the many interests entrusted by the English Government to Clapperton.

Bello advanced to the attack of Counia, the capital of Gouber, at the head of an army of 60,000 soldiers, nine-tenths of whom were on foot and wore padded armour. The struggle was contemptible in the extreme, and this abortive attempt closed the war. Clapperton, whose health was completely broken up, managed to make his way from Sokatoo to Magaria, where he saw the sultan. After he had received the presents brought for him, Bello became less friendly. He presently pretended to have received a letter from Sheikh El Khanemy warning him against the traveller, whom his correspondent characterised as a spy, and urging him to defy the English, who meant, after finding out all about the country, to settle in it, raise up sedition, and profit by the disturbances they should create to take possession of Houssa, as they had done of India.

The most patent of all the motives of Bello in creating difficulties for Clapperton was his wish to appropriate the presents intended for the Sultan of Bornou. A pretext being necessary, he spread a rumour that the traveller was taking cannons and ammunition to Kouka. It was out of all reason Bello should allow a stranger to cross his dominions with a view to enabling his implacable enemy to make war upon him. Finally, Bello made an effort to induce Clapperton to read to him the letter of Lord Bathurst to the Sultan of Bornou.

Clapperton told him he could take it if he liked, but that he would not give it to him, adding that everything was of course possible to him, as he had force on his side, but that he would bring dishonour upon himself by

VOL. I.

DIFFICULTIES OF AFRICAN TRAVEL. A SWAMP.

To face p. 144.

using it. "To open the letter myself," said Clapperton, "is more than my head is worth." He had come, he urged, bringing Bello a letter and presents from the King of England, relying upon the confidence inspired by the sultan's letter of the previous year, and he hoped his host would not forfeit that confidence by tampering with another person's letter.

On this the sultan made a gesture of dismissal, and Clapperton retired.

This was not, however, the last attempt of a similar kind, and things grew much worse later. A few days afterwards another messenger was sent to demand the presents reserved for El Khanemy, and on Clapperton's refusing to give them up, they were taken from him.

"I told the Gadado," says Clapperton, "that they were acting like robbers towards me, in defiance of all good faith: that no people in the world would act the same, and they had far better have cut my head off than done such an act; but I suppose they would do that also when they had taken everything from me."

An attempt was now made to obtain his arms and ammunition, but this he resisted sturdily. His terrified servants ran away, but soon returned to share the dangers of their master, for whom they entertained the warmest affection.

At this critical moment, the entries in Clapperton's journal ceased. He had now been six months in Sokatoo, without being able to undertake any explorations or to bring to a satisfactory conclusion the mission which had brought him from the coast. Sick at heart, weary, and ill, he could take no rest, and his illness suddenly increased upon him to an alarming degree. His servant, Richard Lander, who had now joined him, tried in vain to be all things at once. On the 12th March, 1827, Clapperton was seized with dysentery. Nothing could check the progress of the malady, and he sank rapidly. It being the time of the feast of the Rhamadan, Lander could get no help, not even servants. Fever soon set in, and after twenty days of great suffering Clapperton, feeling his end approaching, gave

his last instructions to Lander, and died in that faithful servant's arms, on the 11th of April.

"I put a large clean mat," says Lander, "over the whole [the corpse], and sent a messenger to Sultan Bello, to acquaint him with the mournful event, and ask his permission to bury the body after the manner of my own country, and also to know in what particular

LANDER WITH THE BODY OF CLAPPERTON.

place his remains were to be interred. The messenger soon returned with the sultan's consent to the former part of my request; and about twelve o'clock at noon of the same day a person came into my hut, accompanied by four slaves, sent by Bello to dig the grave. I was desired to follow them with the corpse. Accordingly I saddled my camel, and putting the body on its back, and throwing a union jack over it, I bade them proceed. Travelling at a slow pace, we

halted at Jungavie, a small village built on a rising ground, about five miles to the south-east of Sokatoo. The body was then taken from the camel's back, and placed in a shed, whilst the slaves were digging the grave; which being quickly done, it was conveyed close to it. I then opened a prayer-book, and, amid showers of tears, read the funeral service over the remains of my valued master. Not a single person listened to this peculiarly distressing ceremony, the slaves being at some distance, quarrelling and making a most indecent noise the whole time it lasted. This being done, the union jack was then taken off, and the body was slowly lowered into the earth, and I wept bitterly as I gazed for the last time upon all that remained of my generous and intrepid master."

Overcome by heat, fatigue, and grief, poor Lander himself now broke down, and for more than ten days was unable to leave his hut.

On the 3rd May Lander at last left Sokatoo *en route* for Kano. During the first part of this journey he nearly died of thirst, but he suffered less in the second half, as the King of Djacoba, who had joined him, was very kind to him, and begged him to visit his country.

Lander entered Kano on the 25th May, and after a short stay there started for Funda, on the Niger, whose course he proposed following to Benin. This route had much to recommend it, being not only safe but new, so that Lander was enabled to supplement the discoveries of his master.

Kanfoo, Carifo, Gowgie, and Gatas, were visited in turns by Lander, who says that the people of these towns belong to the Houssa race, and pay tribute to the Fellatahs. He also saw Damoy, Drammalik, and Coudonia, passed a wide river flowing towards the Quorra, and visited Kottop, a huge slave and cattle market, Coudgi and Dunrora, with a long chain of lofty mountains running in an easterly direction beyond.

At Dunrora, just as Lander was superintending the loading of his beasts of burden, four horsemen, their

steeds covered with foam, dashed up to the chief, and with his aid forced Lander to retrace his steps to visit the King of Zegzeg, who, they said, was very anxious to see him. This was by no means agreeable to Lander, who wanted to get to the Niger, from which he was not very far distant, and down it to the sea; he was, however, obliged to yield to force. His guides did not follow exactly the same route as he had taken on his way to Dunrora, and thus he had an opportunity of

ENCAMPING IN THE FOREST.

seeing the village of Eggebi, governed by one of the chief of the warriors of the sovereign of Zegzeg. He paid his respects as required, excusing the small value of the presents he had to give on the ground of his merchandise having been stolen, and soon obtained permission to leave the place.

Yaourie, Womba, Coulfo, Boussa, and Wow-Wow were the halting-places on Lander's return journey to Badagry, where he arrived on the 22nd November, 1827. Two months later he embarked for England.

In his "History of Maritime and Inland Discovery," Desborough Cooley thus sums up the results obtained by the travellers whose work we have just described :—

"The additions to our geographical knowledge of the interior of Africa which we owe to Captain Clapperton far exceed in extent and importance those made by any preceding traveller. The limit of Captain Lyon's journey southward across the desert was in lat. 24°, while Major Denham, in his expedition to Mandara, reached lat. 9° 15′, thus adding 14¾ degrees, or 900 miles, to the extent explored by Europeans. Hornemann, it is true, had previously crossed the desert, and had proceeded as far southwards as Niffé, in lat. 10° 30′. But no account was ever received of his journey. Park in his first expedition reached Silla, in long. 1° 34′ west, a distance of 1100 miles from the mouth of the Gambia. Denham and Clapperton, on the other hand, from the east side of Lake Tchad, in long. 17°, to Sokatoo, in long. 5° 30′, explored a distance of 700 miles from east to west in the heart of Africa; a line of only 400 miles remaining unknown between Silla and Sokatoo. The second journey of Captain Clapperton added tenfold value to these discoveries; for he had the good fortune to detect the shortest and most easy road to the populous countries of the interior; and he could boast of being the first who had completed an itinerary across the continent of Africa from Tripoli to Benin."

We need add but little to so skilful and sensible a summary of the work done. The information given by Arab geographers, especially by Leo Africanus, had been verified, and much had been learnt about a large portion of the Soudan. Although the course of the Niger had not yet been actually traced—that was reserved for the expeditions of which we are now to write—it had been pretty fairly guessed at. It had been finally ascertained that the Quorra, or Djoliba, or Niger, or whatever else the great river of North-West Africa might be called—and the Nile were totally

different rivers, with totally different sources. In a word, a great step had been gained.

In 1816 it was still an open question whether the Congo was not identical with the Niger. To ascertain the truth on this point, an expedition was sent out under Captain Tuckey, an English naval officer who had

A VIEW ON THE CONGO, FROM AN EARLY PRINT.

given proof of intelligence and courage. James Kingston Tuckey was made prisoner in 1805, and was not exchanged until 1814. When he heard that an expedition was to be organised for the exploration of the Zaire, he begged to be allowed to join it, and was appointed to the command. Two able officers and some scientific men were associated with him.

Tuckey left England on the 19th March, 1816, with two vessels, the *Congo* and the *Dorothea*, a transport

vessel, under his orders. On the 20th June he cast anchor off Malembé, on the shores of the Congo, in lat 4° 39′ S. The king of that country was much annoyed when he found that the English had not come to buy slaves, and spread all manner of injurious

ASHANTEES BURNING A FANTEE VILLAGE.

reports against the Europeans who had come to ruin his trade.

On the 18th July Tuckey entered the vast estuary formed by the mouths of the Zaire, on board the *Congo*; but when the height of the river-banks rendered it impossible to sail farther, he embarked with some of his people in his boats. On the 10th August he decided, on account of the rapidity of the current and the huge rocks bordering the stream, to make his way partly by

land and partly by water. Ten days later the boats were brought to a final stand by an impassable fall. The explorers therefore landed, and continued their journey on foot; but the difficulties increased every day, the Europeans falling ill, and the negroes refusing to carry the baggage. At last, when he was some 280 miles from the sea, Tuckey was compelled to retrace his steps. The rainy season had set in, the number of sick increased, and the commander, miserable at the lamentable result of the trip, himself succumbed to fever, and only got back to his vessel to die on the 4th October, 1816.

An exact survey of the mouth of the Congo, and the rectification of the coast-line, in which there had previously been a considerable error, were the only results of this unlucky expedition.

In 1807, not far from the scene of Clapperton's landing a few years later, a brave but fierce people appeared on the Gold Coast. The Ashantees, coming none knew exactly whence, flung themselves upon the Fantees, and, after horrible massacres, in 1811 and 1816, established themselves in the whole of the country between the Kong mountains and the sea.

As a necessary result, this led to a disturbance in the relations between the Fantees and the English, who owned some factories and counting-houses on the coast.

In 1816 the Ashantee king ravaged the Fantee territories in which the English had settled, reducing the latter to famine. The Governor of Cape Coast Castle therefore sent a petition home for aid against the fierce and savage conqueror. The bearer of the governor's despatches was Thomas Edward Bowditch, a young man who, actuated by a passion for travelling, had left the parental roof, thrown up his business, and having married against the wishes of his family, had finally accepted a humble post at Cape Coast Castle, where his uncle was second in command.

The English minister at once acceded to the governor's request, and sent Bowditch back in command of an expedition; but the authorities at Cape Coast con-

VOL. I. AN ASHANTEE WARRIOR. *To face* p. 152.

From an old Print.

sidered him too young for the post, and superseded him by a man whose long experience and thorough knowledge of the country and its people seemed to fit him for the important task to be accomplished. The result showed that this was an error. Bowditch was attached to the mission as scientific observer, his chief duty being to take the latitude and longitude of the different places visited.

Frederick James and Bowditch left the English settle-

A VILLAGE IN ASHANTEE.

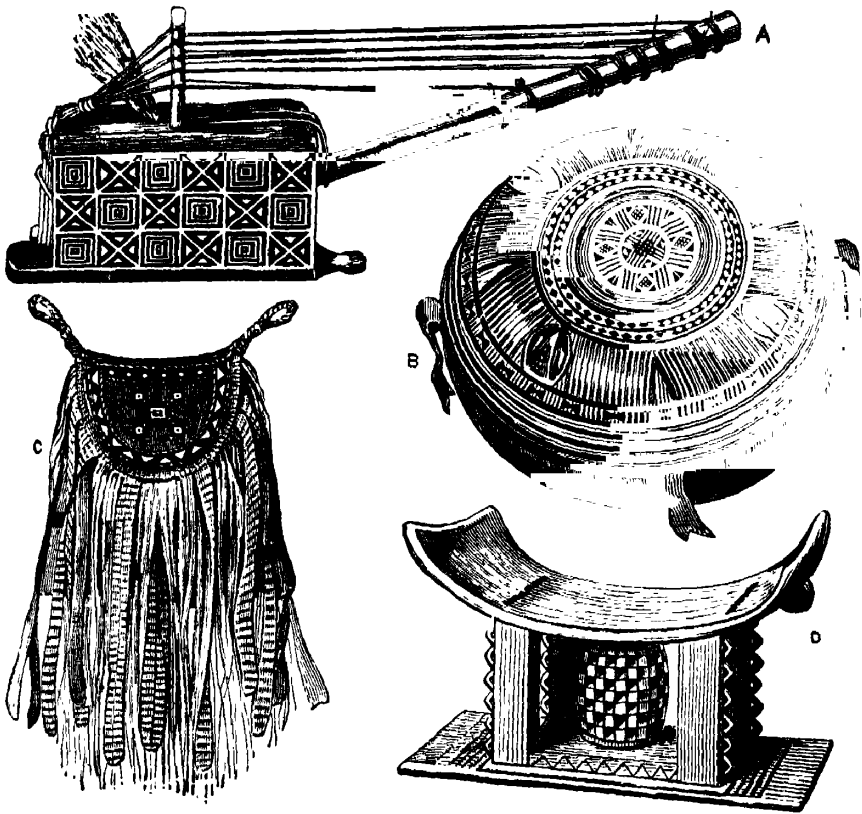
ment on the 22nd August, 1817, and arrived at Coomassie, the Ashantee capital, without meeting with any other obstacle than the insubordination of the bearers. The negotiations with a view to the conclusion of a treaty of commerce, and the opening of a road between Coomassie and the coast, were brought to something of a successful issue by Bowditch, but James proved himself altogether wanting in either the power of making or enforcing suggestions. The wisdom of Bowditch's conduct was fully recognised, and James was recalled.

It would seem that geographical science had little to expect from a diplomatic mission to a country already visited by Bosman, Loyer, Des Marchais, and many others, and on which Meredith and Dalzel had written; but Bowditch turned to account his stay of five months at Coomassie, which is but ten days' march from the Atlantic, to study the country, manners, customs and institutions of one of the most interesting races of Africa.

We will now briefly describe the pompous entry of the English mission into Coomassie. The whole population turned out on the occasion, and all the troops, whose numbers Bowditch estimated at 30,000 at least, were under arms.

Before they were admitted to the presence of the king, the English witnessed a scene well calculated to impress upon them the cruelty and barbarity of the Ashantees. A man with his hands tied behind him, his cheeks pierced with wire, one ear cut off, the other hanging by a bit of skin, his shoulders bleeding from cuts and slashes, and a knife run through the skin above each shoulder-blade, was dragged, by a cord fastened to his nose, through the town to the music of bamboos. He was on his way to be sacrificed in honour of the white men!

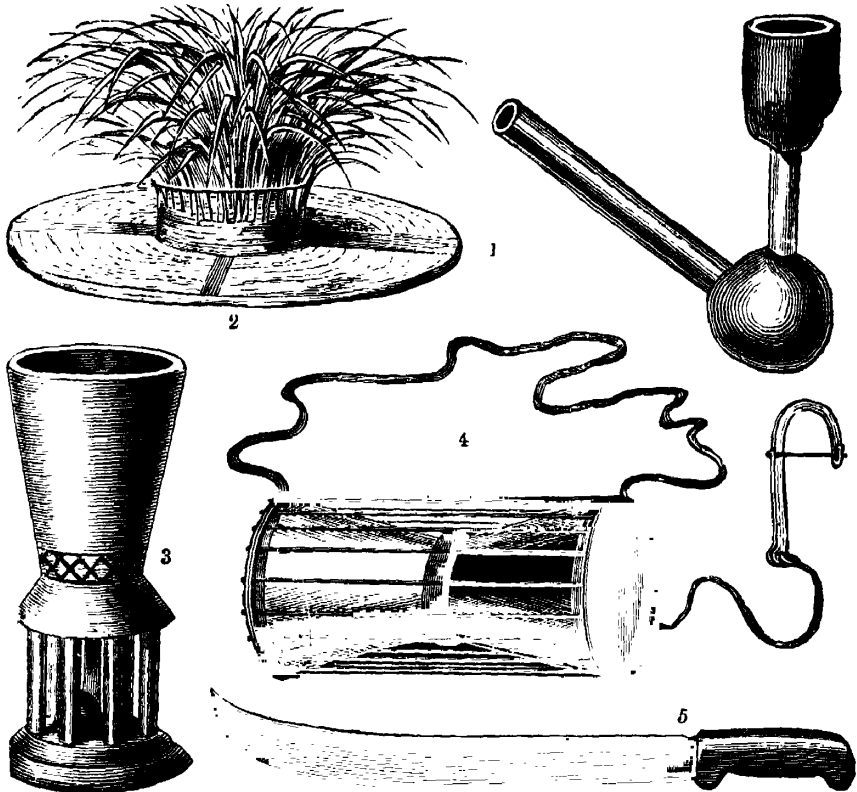
"Our observations *en passant*," says Bowditch, "had taught us to conceive a spectacle far exceeding our original expectations; but they had not prepared us for the extent and display of the scene which here burst upon us. An area of nearly a mile in circumference was crowded with magnificence and novelty. The king, his tributaries and captains, were resplendent in the distance, surrounded by attendants of every description, fronted by a mass of warriors which seemed to make our approach impervious. The sun was reflected, with a glare scarcely more supportable than the heat, from the massive gold ornaments which glistened in every direction. More than a hundred bands burst at once on our arrival into the peculiar airs of their several chiefs; the horns flourished their defiances, with the beating of

innumerable drums and metal instruments, and then yielded for a while to the soft, harmonious breathings of their long flutes, with which a pleasing instrument, like a bagpipe without the drone, was happily blended. At least a hundred large umbrellas or canopies, which could shelter thirty persons, were sprung up and down

A An Ashantee musical instrument. C Minister's state bag.
B Cushion. D Stool.

by the bearers with brilliant effect, being made of scarlet, yellow, and the most showy cloths and silks, and crowned on the top with crescents, pelicans, elephants, barrels, and arms and swords of gold.

"The king's messengers, with gold breastplates, made way for us, and we commenced our round, preceded by

the canes and the English flag. We stopped to take the hand of every caboceer (which, as their household suites occupied several spaces in advance, delayed us long enough to distinguish some of the ornaments in the general blaze of splendour and ostentation). The caboceers, as did their superior captains and attendants, wore Ashantee cloths of extravagant price, from the costly foreign silks which had been unravelled to weave them, in all the varieties of colour as well as pattern; they were of an incredible size and weight, and thrown over the shoulder exactly like the Roman toga; a small silk fillet generally encirled their temples, and massy gold necklaces, intricately wrought, suspended Moorish charms, enclosed in small square cases of gold, silver, and curious embroidery. Some wore necklaces reaching to the navel, entirely of aggry beads; a band of gold and beads encircled the knee, from which several strings of the same depended; small circles of gold, like guineas, rings, and casts of animals, were strung round their ankles; their sandals were of green, red, and delicate white leather; manillas, and rude lumps of rock gold, hung from their left wrists, which were so heavily laden as to be supported on the head of one of their handsomest boys. Gold and silver pipes and canes dazzled the eye in every direction. Wolves' and rams' heads, as large as life, cast in gold, were suspended from their gold-handled swords, which were held around them in great numbers; the blades were shaped like round bills, and rusted in blood; the sheaths were of leopardskin, or the shell of a fish like shagreen. The large drums, supported on the head of one man, and beaten by two others, were braced around with the thigh bones of their enemies, and ornamented with their skulls. The kettle-drums, resting on the ground, were scraped with wet fingers, and covered with leopard-skin. The wrists of the drummers were hung with bells and curiously-shaped pieces of iron, which jingled loudly as they were beating. The smaller drums were suspended from the neck by scarves of red cloth; the horns (the teeth of young elephants) were ornamented at the

mouthpiece with gold, and the jawbones of human victims. The war-caps of eagles' feathers nodded in the rear, and large fans, of the wing-feathers of the ostrich, played around the dignitaries; immediately behind their chairs (which were of a black wood, almost covered by inlays of ivory and gold embossment) stood

1. Ashantee pipe. 2. Hat. 3. Snuff mill.
4. War drum. 5. Sword.

their handsomest youths, with corslets of leopard-skin, covered with gold cockle-shells, and stuck full of small knives, sheathed in gold and silver, and the handles of blue agate; cartouch-boxes of elephant's hide hung below, ornamented in the same manner; a large gold-handled sword was fixed behind the left shoulder, and silk scarves and horses' tails (generally white), streamed

from the arms and waist-cloth; their long Danish muskets had broad rims of gold at small distances, and the stocks were ornamented with shells. Finely-grown girls stood behind the chairs of some, with silver basins. Their stools (of the most laboriously carved work, and generally with two large bells attached to them) were conspicuously placed on the heads of favourites; and crowds of small boys were seated around, flourishing elephants' tails curiously mounted. The warriors sat on the ground close to these, and so thickly as not to admit of our passing without treading on their feet, to which they were perfectly indifferent; their caps were of the skin of the pangolin and leopard, the tails hanging down behind; their cartouch-belts (composed of small gourds which held the charges, and covered with leopard's or pig's skin) were embossed with red shells, and small brass bells thickly hung to them; on their hips and shoulders was a cluster of knives; iron chains and collars dignified the most daring, who were prouder of them than of gold; their muskets had rests affixed of leopard-skin, and the locks a covering of the same: the sides of their faces were curiously painted in long white streaks, and their arms also striped, having the appearance of armour.

"We were suddenly surprised by the sight of Moors, who afforded the first general diversity of dress. There were seventeen superiors, arrayed in large cloaks of white satin, richly trimmed with spangled embroidery; their shirts and trousers were of silk; and a very large turban of white muslin was studded with a border of different coloured stones; their attendants wore red caps and turbans, and long white shirts, which hung over their trousers; those of the inferiors were of dark blue cloth. They slowly raised their eyes from the ground as we passed, and with a most malignant scowl.

"The prolonged flourishes of the horns, a deafening tumult of drums, and the fuller concert at intervals, announced that we were approaching the king. We were already passing the principal officers of his household. The chamberlain, the gold horn blower, the

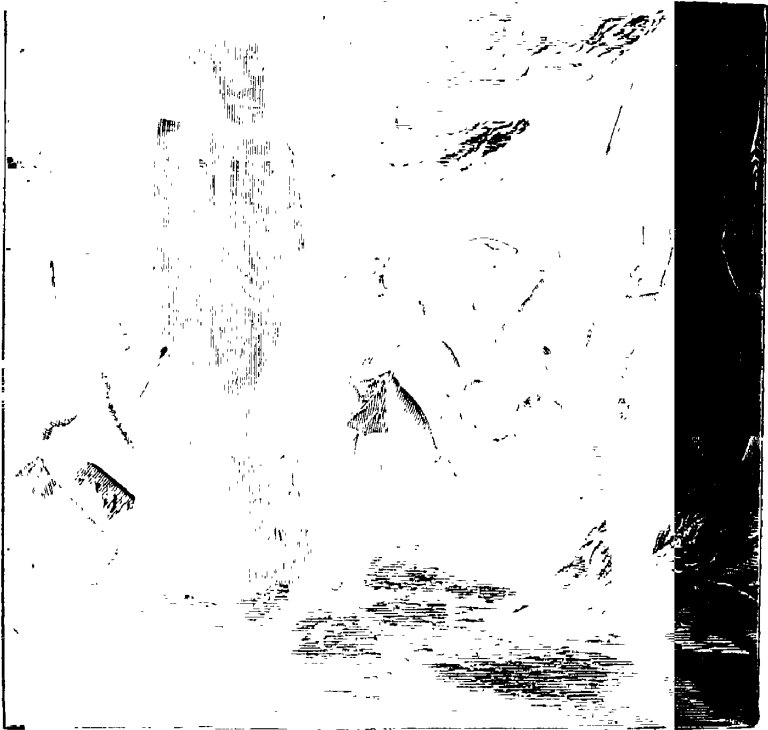
captain of the messengers, the captain for royal executions, the captain of the market, the keeper of the royal burying-ground, and the master of the bands, sat surrounded by a retinue and splendour which bespoke the dignity and importance of their offices. The cook had a number of small services, covered with leopard-skin, held behind him, and a large quantity of massy silver plate was displayed before him—punch-bowls, waiters, coffee-pots, tankards, and a very large vessel with heavy handles and clawed feet, which seemed to have been made to hold incense. I observed a Portuguese inscription on one piece, and they seemed generally of that manufacture. The executioner, a man of immense size, wore a massy gold hatchet on his breast; and the execution-stool was held before him, clotted in blood, and partly covered with a caul of fat. The king's four linguists were encircled by a splendour inferior to none, and their peculiar insignia, gold canes, were elevated in all directions, tied in bundles like fasces. The keeper of the treasury added to his own magnificence by the ostentatious display of his service; the blow-pan, boxes, scales and weights, were of solid gold.

"A delay of some minutes whilst we severally approached to receive the king's hand, afforded us a thorough view of him. His deportment first excited my attention; native dignity in princes we are pleased to call barbarous was a curious spectacle; his manners were majestic, yet courteous, and he did not allow his surprise to beguile him for a moment of the composure of the monarch. He appeared to be about thirty-eight years of age, inclined to corpulence, and of a benevolent countenance."

This account is followed by a description, extending over several pages, of the costume of the king, the filing past of the chiefs and troops, the dispersing of the crowd, and the ceremonies of reception, which lasted far on into the night.

Gaspar Mollien was nephew to Napoleon's Minister of the Treasury. He was on board the *Medusa*, but

was fortunate enough to escape when that vessel was shipwrecked, and to reach the coast of the Sahara in a boat, whence he made his way to Senegal.

The dangers from which Mollien had just escaped would have destroyed the love of adventure and exploration in a less ardent spirit. They had no such effect upon him. He left St. Louis as soon as ever he obtained the assent of the Governor, Fleuriau, to his

A WAR DANCE.

proposal to explore the sources of the great rivers of Senegambia, and especially those of the Djoliba.

Mollien started from Djeddeh on the 29th January, 1818, and taking an easterly course between the 15th and 16th parallels of north latitude, crossed the kingdom of Domel, and entered the districts peopled by the Yaloofs. Unable to go by way of Woolli, he decided in favour of the Fouta Toro route, and, in spite

MAP OF
RÉNÉ CAILLÉ'S
Journey.
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Tangier
Gibraltar
Oran
Tlemçen
Rabat
Camp
FEZ
ATLAS
ALGERIA
MOROCCO
MOROCCO
Ghourland
Tabelbat
El Harib
Tafilet
C. Nun
Akka
Agably
C. Bojador
Wells of El Ekreif
Wells of Amoul-Taf
Tropic of Cancer
Wells of Telig
Arguin
Oujeft
El Arouan
Tichyt
TIMBUCTOO
Cabra
Cora
Dakana
St LOUIS
SÉNÉGAMBIA
Cap Vert
Bakel
Elimané
BOULEBANE
Bathurst
Medina
Lake Débo
Gabibi
Ouanza
Isaca
Djoliba
BAMBARA
Sansanding
Djenné
SEGO
Galia
UNKNOWN DISTRICTS
Kakondy
Timbo
Kankan
Douasso
Tangrera
Sambatikila
Timé
Freetown
Chain of
mountains knoun as Kong or Koung

of the jealousy of the natives and their love of pillage, he reached Bondou without accident. It took him three days to traverse the desert between Bondou and the districts beyond the Gambia, after which he penetrated into Niokolo, a mountainous country, inhabited by the all but wild Peuls and Djallons.

Leaving Bandeia, Mollien entered Fouta Djallon, and reached the sources of the Gambia and the Rio Grande, which are in close proximity. A few days later he came to those of the Falemé; and, in spite of the repugnance and fear of his guide, he made his way into Timbo, the capital of Fouta. The absence of the king and of most of the inhabitants probably spared him from a long captivity abbreviated only by torture. Fouta is a fortified town, the king's own houses, with mud walls between three and four feet thick and fifteen high.

At a short distance from Timbo, Mollien discovered the sources of the Senegal—at least what were pointed out to him as such by the blacks; but it was impossible for him to take astronomical observations.

The explorer did not, however, look upon his work as done. He had ever before him the still more important discovery of the sources of the Niger; but the feeble state of his health, the setting-in of the rainy season, the swelling of the rivers, the fears of his guides, who refused to accompany him into Kooranko and Soolimano, though he offered them guns, amber beads, and even his horse, compelled him to give up the idea of crossing the Kong mountains, and to return to St. Louis. Mollien had, however, opened several new lines in a part of Senegambia not before visited by any European.

Senegal was the starting-point of another explorer, Réné Caillié.

Caillié, who was born in 1800, in the department of the Seine et Oise, had only an elementary education; but reading "Robinson Crusoe" had fired his youthful imagination with a zeal for adventure, and he never rested until, in spite of his scanty resources, he had

obtained maps and books of travel. In 1816, when only sixteen years old, he embarked for Senegal, in the transport-ship *La Loire.*

After accompanying more than one expedition into the interior, during which he suffered a great deal, Caillié was obliged to return to France to recruit.

PORTRAIT OF RÉNÉ CAILLIÉ.

Not until 1824 was he able to return to Senegal, which was then governed by Baron Roger, a friend to progress, who was anxious, *pari passu*, to extend our geographical knowledge with our commercial relations. Roger supplied Caillié with means to go and live amongst the Bracknas, there to study Arabic and the Mussulman religion.

Life amongst the suspicious and fanatic Moorish shepherds was by no means easy. The traveller, who had great difficulty in keeping his daily journal, was obliged to resort to all manner of subterfuges to obtain permission to explore the neighbourhood of his house. He gives us some curious details of the life of the Bracknas—of their diet, which consists almost entirely of milk; of their habitations, which are nothing more

CAILLIÉ JOINS SOME MANDINGOES.

than tents unfitted for the vicissitudes of the climate; of their *guéhués*, or itinerant minstrels; their mode of producing the excessive *embonpoint* which they consider the height of female beauty; the aspect of the country; the fertility and productions of the soil, &c.

The most remarkable of all the facts collected by Caillié are those relating to the five distinct classes into which the Moorish Bracknas are divided. These are the *Hassanes*, or warriors, whose idleness, slovenliness,

and pride exceed belief; the *Marabouts*, or priests; the *Zénagues*, tributary to the Hassanes; the *Laratines*; and the slaves.

The *Zénagues* are a miserable class, despised by all the others, but especially by the *Hassanes*, to whom they pay a tribute, which is of variable amount, and is never considered enough. They do all the work, both industrial and agricultural, and rear all the cattle.

"In spite of my efforts," says Caillié, "I could find out nothing about the origin of this people, or ascertain how they came to be reduced to pay tribute to other Moors. When I asked them any questions about this, they said it was God's will. Can they be a remnant of a conquered tribe; and if so, how is it that no tradition on the subject is retained amongst them? I do not think they can be, for the Moors, proud as they are of their origin, never forget the names of those who have brought credit to their families; and were such the case, the Zenagues, who form the majority of the population, and are skilful warriors, would rise under the leadership of one of their chiefs, and fling off the yoke of servitude."

In May, 1825, Caillié returned to St. Louis. Baron Roger was absent, and his representative was by no means friendly.

The intrepid Caillié was not, however, to be discouraged. As he obtained neither encouragement nor help from the Colonial Government, he went to Sierra Leone, where the governor, who did not wish to deprive Major Laing of the credit of being the first to arrive at Timbuctoo, rejected his proposals.

In the management of an indigo factory, Caillié soon saved money to the extent of two thousand francs, a sum which appeared to him sufficient to carry him to the end of the world. He lost no time in purchasing the necessary merchandise, and joined some Mandingoes and "seracolets," or wandering African merchants. He told them, under the seal of secrecy, that he had been born in Egypt of Arab parents, taken to France at an early age, and sent to Senegal to look after the business

of his master, who, satisfied with his services, had given him his freedom. He added, that his chief desire was to get back to Egypt, and resume the Mohammedan religion.

On the 22nd March, 1827, Caillié left Freetown for Kakondy, a village on the Rio Nuñez, where he employed his leisure in collecting information respecting

CAILLIÉ CROSSING THE TANKISSO.

the Landamas and the Nalous, both subject to the Foulahs of Fouta Djallon, but not Mohammedans, and, as a necessary result, both much given to spirituous liquors. They dwell in the districts watered by the Rio Nuñez, side by side with the Bagos, an idolatrous race who dwell at its mouth. The Bagos are light-hearted, industrious, and skilful tillers of the soil; they

make large profits out of the sale of their rice and salt. They have no king, no religion but a barbarous idolatry, and are governed by the oldest man in their village, an arrangement which answers very well.

On the 19th April, 1827, Caillié, with but one bearer and a guide, at last started for Timbuctoo. He speaks favourably of the Foulahs and the people of Fouta Djallon, whose rich and fertile country he crossed. The Ba-Fing, the chief affluent of the Senegal, was not more than a hundred paces across, and a foot and a half deep where he passed it; but the force of the current, and the huge granite rocks encumbering its bed, render it very difficult and dangerous to cross the river. After a halt of nineteen days in the village of Cambaya, the home of the guide who had accompanied him thus far, Caillié entered Kankan, crossing a district intersected by rivers and large streams, which were then beginning to inundate the whole land.

On the 30th May the explorer crossed the Tankisso, a large river with a rocky bed belonging to the system of the Niger, and reached the latter on the 11th June at Couronassa.

"Even here," says Caillié, "so near to its source, the Niger is 900 feet wide, with a current of two miles and a half."

The town of Kankan stands in a plain surrounded by lofty mountains. The bombax, baobab, and butter-tree, also called "cé," the "shea" of Mungo Park, are plentiful. Caillié was delayed in Kankan for twenty-eight days before he could get on to Sambatikala; and during that time he was shamefully robbed by his host, and could not obtain from the chief of the village restitution of the goods which had been stolen.

"Kankan," says the traveller, "is a small town near the left bank of the Milo, a pretty river, which comes from the south, and waters the Kissi district, where it takes its rise, flowing thence in a north-westerly direction to empty itself into the Niger, two or three days' journey from Kankan. Surrounded by a thick quick-set hedge, this town, which does not contain more than

6000 inhabitants, is situated in an extensive and very fertile plain of grey sand. On every side are pretty little villages, called *Worondes,* where the slaves live. These habitations give interest to the scene, and are surrounded by very fine plantations; yams, rice, onions pistachio-nuts, &c., are exported in large quantities."

Between Kankan and Wassolo the road led through well cultivated, and, at this time of year, nearly sub-

RECEPTION BY A NATIVE KING.

merged districts. The inhabitants struck Caillié as being of a mild, cheerful and inquiring disposition. They gave him a cordial welcome.

Several tributaries of the Niger, including the Sarano, were passed before a halt was made at Sigala, the residence of Baranusa, the chief of Wassolo. He was of slovenly habits, like his subjects, and used tobacco both as snuff and for smoking. He was said to be very rich in gold and slaves. His subjects paid him a tribute in

cattle; he had a great many wives, each of whom owned a hut of her own, their houses forming a little village, with well-cultivated environs. Here Caillié for the first time saw the Rhamnus Lotus mentioned by Park.

On leaving Wassolo, Caillié entered Foulou, whose inhabitants, like those of the former district, are idolaters, of slovenly habits. They speak the Mandingo tongue. At Sambatikala the traveller paid a visit to the almamy.

"We entered," he says, "a place which served him as a bedroom for himself and a stable for his horse. The prince's bed was at the further end. It consisted of a little platform raised six inches from the ground, on which was stretched an ox-hide, with a dirty mosquito curtain, to keep off the insects. There was no other furniture in this royal abode. Two saddles hung from stakes driven into the wall; a large straw hat, a drum only used in war-time, a few lances, a bow, a quiver, and some arrows, were the only ornaments. A lamp made of a piece of flat iron set on a stand of the same metal, stood on the ground. This lamp was fed by a kind of vegetable matter, not thick enough to be made into candles."

The almamy soon informed Caillié of an opportunity for him to go to Timeh, whence a caravan was about to start for Jenneh. The traveller then entered the province of Bambarra, and quickly arrived at the pretty little village of Timeh, inhabited by Mohammedan Mandingoes, and bounded on the east by a chain of mountains about 2,000 feet high.

Caillié was detained at Timeh, by an unhealed wound in his foot, until the 10th November. At that date he proposed starting for Jenneh, but was attacked by scurvy, and in his own words, "I was now seized with violent pains in the jaws, warning me that I was attacked with scurvy, a terrible malady, all the horrors of which I was to realise. My palate was completely skinned, part of the bone came away, my teeth seemed ready to fall out of the gums, my sufferings were terrible. I feared that my brain might be affected by the agony of pain in my head. I was more than a

VOL. I.

A SCENE ON THE SHORE...

fortnight without an instant's sleep." To make matters worse, the wound broke out afresh. He would have been cured neither of it nor of the scurvy had it not been for the energetic treatment of an old negress, who was accustomed to doctor the scorbutic affections so common in that country.

On the 9th January, 1828, Caillié left Timeh, and

A VILLAGE SCENE.

reached Kimba, a little village where the caravan for Jenneh was assembled. Near to this village rises the chain erroneously called Kong, which is the general name for mountain amongst the Mandingoes.

Jenneh, two miles and a half in circumference, is surrounded by a mud wall ten feet high. The houses, built of bricks baked in the sun, are as large as those of

European peasants. They have all terraces, but nc outer windows. Numbers of foreigners frequent Jenneh. The inhabitants, as many as eight or ten thousand, are very industrious and intelligent. They hire out their slaves, and also employ them in various handicrafts.

The Moors, however, monopolise the more important commerce. Not a day passes that they do not despatch huge boats laden with rice, millet, cotton, honey, vegetable butter, and other native products.

In spite of this great commercial movement, the prosperity of Jenneh was threatened. Sego Ahmadou, chief of the country, impelled by bigoted zeal, made fierce war upon the Bambarras of Sego, whom he wished to rally round the standard of the Prophet. This struggle did a great deal of harm to the trade of Jenneh, for it interrupted intercourse with Yamina, Sansanding, Bamakou, and Boureh, which were the chief marts for its produce.

The women of Jenneh would not be true to their sex if they did not show some marks of coquetry. Those who aim at fashion pass a ring or a glass ornament through the nostrils, whilst their poorer sisters content themselves with a bit of pink silk.

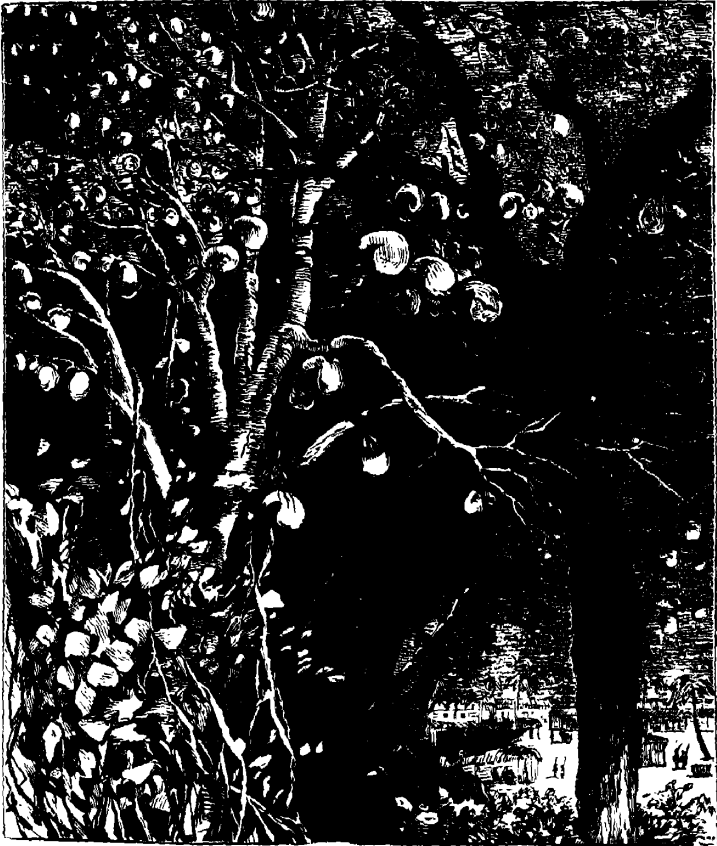
During Caillié's long stay at Jenneh, he was loaded with kindness and attentions by the Moors, to whom he had told the fabulous tale about his birth in Egypt, and abduction by the army of occupation.

On the 23rd March the traveller embarked on the Niger for Timbuctoo, on which the sheriff, won over by the gift of an umbrella, had obtained a passage for him. He carried with him letters of introduction to the chief persons in Timbuctoo.

Caillié now passed in succession the pretty villages of Kera, Taguetia, Sankha-Guibila, Diebeh, and Isaca, near to which the river is joined by an important branch, which makes a great bend beyond Sego, catching sight also of Wandacora, Wanga, Corocoila, and Cona, finally reaching, on the 2nd of April, the mouth of the important Lake Debo.

On the 20th, Caillié disembarked at Cabra, built on a

height out of reach of the overflowing of the Niger, and serving as the port of Timbuctoo. He started for that city, which he entered at sundown.

"I, at last," cries our hero, "saw the capital of the Soudan, which had so long been the goal of my desires.

NEST OF THE HANGING BIRD.

As I entered that mysterious town, an object of curiosity to the civilised nations of Europe, I was filled with indescribable exultation. I never experienced anything like it, and my delight knew no bounds. But I had to moderate my transports, and it was to God alone I confided them. With what earnestness I thanked Him for the success which had crowned my enterprise and

the signal protection He had accorded me in so many apparently insurmountable difficulties and perils. My first emotions having subsided, I found that the scene before me by no means came up to my expectations. I had conceived a very different idea of the grandeur and wealth of this town. At first sight it appeared nothing more than a mass of badly-built houses, whilst on every side stretched vast plains of arid, yellowish, shifting sands. The sky was of a dull red colour on the horizon; all nature seemed melancholy; profound silence prevailed, not so much as the song of a bird was heard. And yet there was something indescribably imposing in the sight of a large town rising up in the midst of the sandy desert, and the beholder cannot but admire the indomitable energy of its founders. I fancy the river formerly passed nearer the town of Timbuctoo; it is now eight miles north of it and five of Cabra."

Timbuctoo, which is neither so large nor so well populated as Caillié expected, is altogether wanting in animation. There are no large caravans constantly arriving in it, as at Jenneh; nor are there so many strangers there as in the latter town; whilst the market, held at three o'clock in the morning on account of the heat, appears deserted.

Timbuctoo is inhabited by Kissour negroes, who seem of mild dispositions, and are employed in trade. There is no government, and strictly speaking no central authority; each town and village has its own chief. The mode of life is patriarchial. A great many Moorish merchants are settled in the town, and rapidly make fortunes there. They receive consignments of merchandise from Adrar, Tafilet, Ghât, Ghâdames, Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli.

To Timbuctoo is brought all the salt of the mines of Toudeyni, packed on camels. It is imported in slabs, bound together by ropes, made from grass in the neighbourhood of Tandayeh.

Timbuctoo is built in the form of a triangle, and measures about three miles in circumference. The houses are large but not lofty, and are built of round bricks.

The streets are wide and clean. There are seven mosques, each surmounted by a square tower, from which the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer. Counting the floating population, the capital of the Soudan does not contain more than from ten to twelve thousand inhabitants.

Timbuctoo, situated in the midst of a vast plain of

THE SURROUNDINGS OF TIMBUCTOO.

shifting white sand, trades in salt only, the soil being quite unsuitable to any sort of cultivation. The town is always full of people, who come to exact what they call presents, but what might with more justice be styled forced contributions. It is a public calamity when a Tuarick chief arrives. He remains in the town a couple of months, living with his numerous followers at the expense of the inhabitants, until he has wrung costly presents from them. Terror has extended the domina-

tion of these wandering tribes over all the neighbouring peoples, whom they rob and pillage without mercy.

The Tuarick costume is the same as that of the Arabs, with the exception of the head-dress. Day and night they wear a cotton band which covers the eyes and comes down over the nose, so that they are obliged to raise the head in order to see. The same band goes

AN ARAB FAMILY.

once or twice round the head and hides the mouth, coming down below the chin, so that the tip of the nose is all that is visible.

The Tuaricks are perfect riders, and mounted on first-rate horses or on fleet camels; each man is armed with a spear, a shield, and a dagger. They are the pirates of the desert, and innumerable are the caravans they have robbed, or blackmailed.

Four days after Caillié's arrival at Timbuctoo, he

heard that a caravan was about to start for Tafilet; and as he knew that another would not go for three months, fearing detection, he resolved to join this one. It consisted of a large number of merchants, and 600 camels. Starting on the 4th of May, 1828, he arrived, after terrible sufferings from the heat, and a sand-storm in which he was caught, at El Arawan, a town of no private resources, but important as the emporium for the Toudeyni salt, exported at Sansanding, on the banks of the Niger, and also as the halting-place of caravans from Tafilet, Mogador, Ghât, Drat, and Tripoli, the merchants here exchanging European wares for ivory, gold, slaves, wax, honey, and Soudan stuffs. On the 19th May, the caravan left El Arawan for Morocco, by way of the Sahara. To the traveller's usual sufferings from heat, thirst, and privations of all kinds, was now added the pain of a wound incurred in a fall from his camel. He was also taunted by the Moors, and even by their slaves, who ridiculed his habits and his awkwardness, and even sometimes threw stones at him when his back was turned towards them.

On the 14th of July the caravan entered the province of Tafilet, famous for its majestic date-trees. The province of Tafilet contains several large villages and small towns. Ghourland, El Ekseba, Sosso, Boheim, and Ressant, which our traveller visited, contained some twelve hundred inhabitants each, all merchants and owners of property.

The soil is very productive: corn, vegetables, dates, European fruits, and tobacco, are cultivated in large quantities. Among the sources of wealth in Tafilet we may name very fine sheep, whose beautifully white wool makes very pretty coverlets, oxen, first-rate horses, donkeys, and mules.

On the 2nd August the caravan resumed its march, and Caillié arrived at Fez, where he made a short stay, and then pressed on to Rabat, the ancient Saléh. Exhausted by his long march, with nothing to eat but a few dates, obliged to depend on the charity of the Mussulmans, who as often as not declined to give him

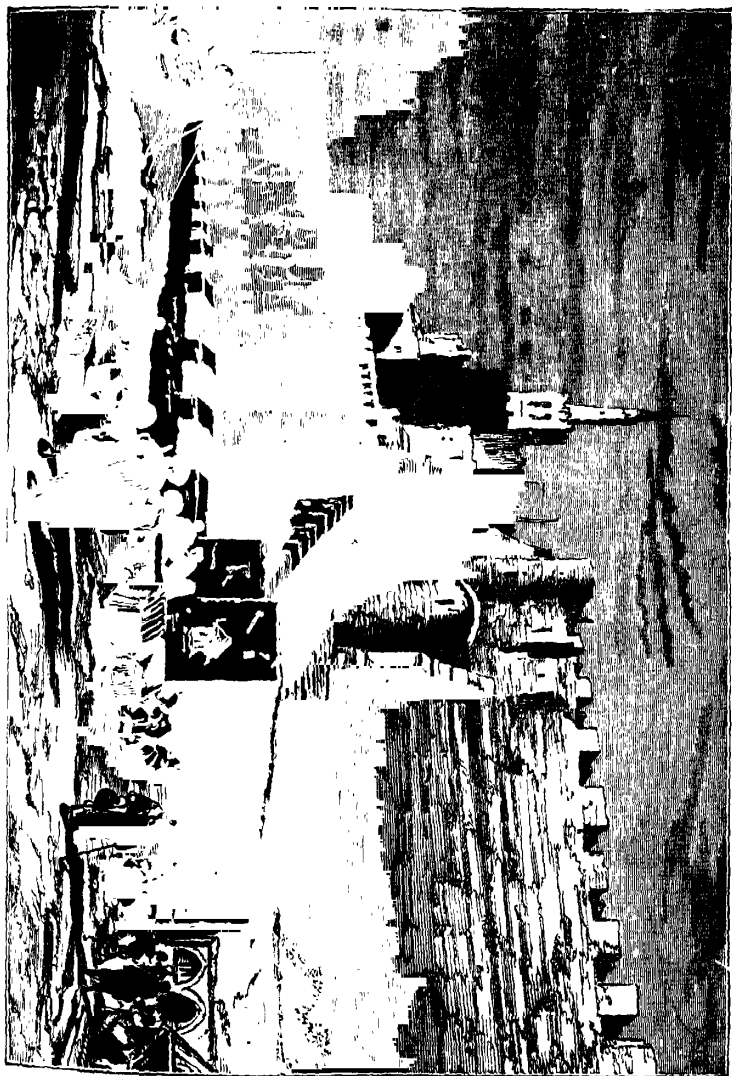
anything, the traveller eagerly availed himself of a fortunate chance for going to Tangiers. There he was kindly received, and sent off bound to Cadiz, disguised as a sailor, in a corvette.

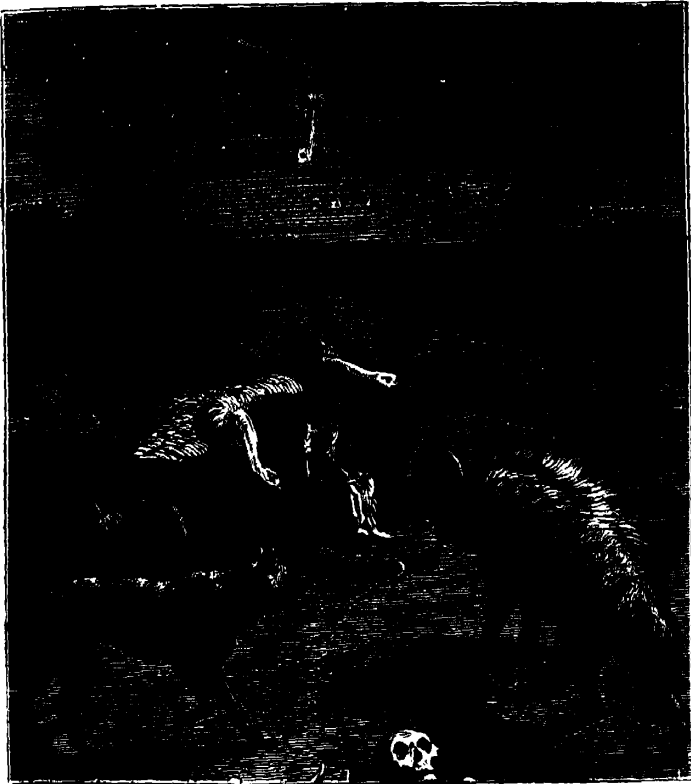
The landing at Toulon of the young Frenchman fresh

A MOORISH VILLAGE.

from Timbuctoo, was a very unexpected event in the scientific world. With nothing to aid him but his own invincible courage and patience, he had brought to a satisfactory conclusion an exploit for which the French and English Geographical Societies had offered large rewards. Alone, without any resources to speak of,

Vol. I.

TANGIERS

without the aid of Government or of any scientific society, by sheer force of will, he had succeeded in throwing a flood of new light on an immense tract of Africa.

Caillié was not indeed the first European who had visited Timbuctoo. In the preceding year, Major

SOME HORRORS OF THE DESERT.

Laing had penetrated into that mysterious city, but he had paid for his expedition with his life, and we shall relate the touching details of his fatal expedition.

Before giving our necessarily brief account of the expedition which cost Alexander Gordon Laing his life, for his journals were all lost, we must say a few words

about his early life and an interesting excursion made by him to Timmannee, Kouran and Soolimana, when he discovered the sources of the Niger.

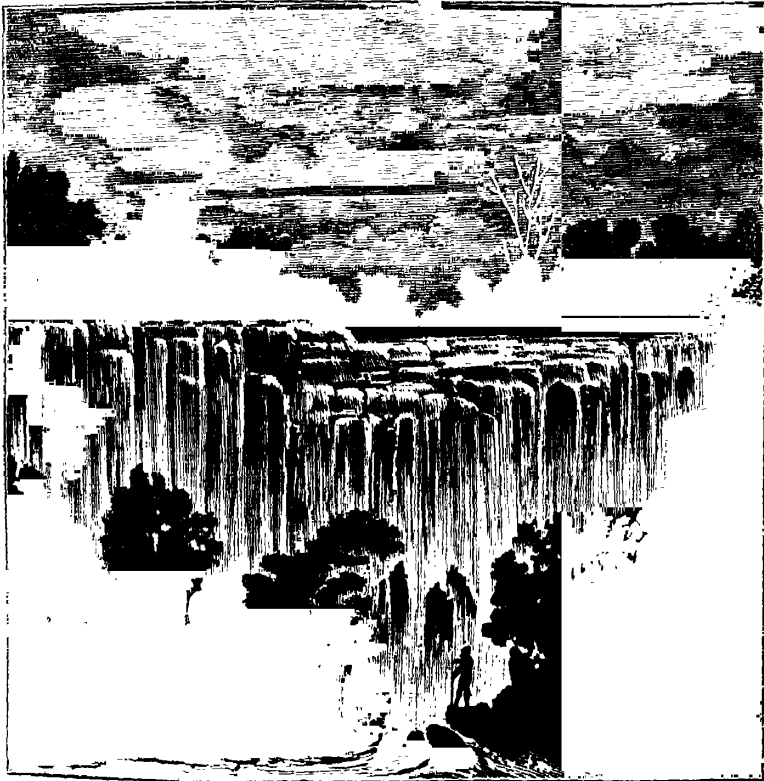
Laing was born in Edinburgh in 1794, entered the English army at the age of sixteen, and soon distin-

IN FULL DRESS.

guished himself. In 1820 he had gained the rank of Lieutenant, and was serving as aide-de-camp to Sir Charles MacCarthy, then Governor-General of Western Africa.

After a few preliminary excursions, Laing obtained permission to explore the districts to the east of the

colony, with a view to increasing the trade of Sierra Leone by admitting their productions.

Laing left Sierra Leone on the 16th April, 1824, and rowed up the Rokelle river to Rokon, the chief town of Timmannee. In Timmannee Laing made acquaintance with a singular institution, a kind of freemasonry,

FALLS OF AN AFRICAN RIVER.

known as "Purrah," the existence of which on the borders of the Rio Nuñez had been already ascertained by Caillié.

"Their power" [that of the "Purrah"], says Laing, "supersedes even that of the headmen of the districts, and their deeds of secrecy and darkness are as little called in question, or inquired into, as those of the Inquisition were in Europe in former years. I have

endeavoured in vain to trace the origin or cause of formation of this extraordinary association, and have reason to suppose that it is now unknown to the generality of the Timmannees, and may possibly be even so to the Purrah themselves, in a country where no traditionary records are extant, either in writing or in song."

So far as Laing could ascertain, Timmannee is divided into three districts. The chief of each arrogates to himself the title of king. The soil is fairly productive, and rice, yams, guavas, earth-nuts, and bananas might be grown in plenty, but for the lazy, vicious, and avaricious character of the inhabitants, who vie with each other in roguery.

Things have not changed since his time. The negroes are just as fond of intoxicating drinks, and their petty kings still go about wearing on grand occasions hats the shape of an accordion, and blue coats with copper buttons, with no shirts underneath. The maternal sentiment did not seem to Laing to be very fully developed amongst the people of Timmannee, for he was twice roundly abused by women for refusing to buy their children of them. A few days later there was a great tumult raised against Laing, the white man who had inflicted a fatal blow on the prosperity of the country by checking its trade. The first town entered in Kouranko was Maboum, and it is interesting to note *en passant* what Laing says of the activity of the inhabitants.

"I entered the town about sunset, and received a first impression highly favourable to its inhabitants, who were returning from their respective labours of the day, every individual bearing about him proofs of his industrious occupation. Some had been engaged in preparing the fields for the crops, which the approaching rains were to mature; others were penning up cattle, whose sleek sides and good condition denoted the richness of their pasturages; the last clink of the blacksmith's hammer was sounding, the weaver was measuring the quantity of cloth he had woven during the day, and the gaurange, or worker in leather, was

tying up his neatly-stained pouches, shoes, knife-scabbards, &c. (the work of his handicraft), in a large kotakoo or bag; while the crier at the mosque, with the melancholy call of 'Alla Akbar,' uttered at measured intervals, summoned the dévots Moslems to their evening devotions."

The traveller now passed through Koufoula, where he was very kindly received, crossed a pleasant undulating district shut in by the Kouranko hills, and halted at Simera, where the chief ordered his "guiriot" to cele-

NATIVE BLACKSMITHS.

brate in song the arrival of his guest, a welcome neutralised by the fact that the house assigned to Laing let in the rain through its leaky roof and would not let out the smoke, so that, to use his own words, he was more "like a chimney-sweeper," than the white guest of the King of Simera.

Laing afterwards visited the source of the Tongolelle, a tributary of the Rokelle, and then left Kooranko to enter Soolimana. Komia, N. lat. 9° 22′, is the first town in Soolimana. Laing then visited Semba, a wealthy and populous city, where he was received by a band of musicians, who welcomed him with a deafen-

ing if not harmonious flourish of trumpets, and he finally reached Falaba, the capital of the country.

The king received Laing with special marks of esteem. He had assembled a large body of troops whom he passed in review, making them execute various manœuvres accompanied by the blowing of trumpets, beating of tambourines, and the playing of violins and other native instruments. This "fantasia" almost deafened the

BIG GAME.

visitor. Then came a number of *guiriots*, who sang of the greatness of the king, the happy arrival of the major, with the fortunate results which were to ensue from his visit for the prosperity of the country and the development of commerce.

Laing profited by the king's friendliness to ask his permission to visit the sources of the Niger, but was answered by all manner of objections on the score of the danger of the expedition. At last, however, his majesty

yielded to the persuasions of his visitor, telling him that "as his heart panted after the water, he might go to it."

The major had not, however, left Falaba two hours before the permission was rescinded, and he had to give up an enterprise which had justly appeared to him of great importance.

A few days later he obtained leave to visit the source of the Rokelle or Sale Kongo, a river of which nothing

NATIVE WOMEN AT WORK IN THE FIELDS.

was known before his time beyond Rokon. From the summit of a lofty rock Laing saw Mount Loma, the highest of the chain of which it forms part. "The point," says the traveller, "from which the Niger issues, was now shown to me, and appeared to be at the same level on which I stood, viz., 1600 feet above the level of the Atlantic; the source of the Rokelle, which I had already measured, being 1470 feet. The view from this hill amply compensated for my lacerated feet. . . . . Having ascertained correctly the situation of Konkodoo-

gore, and that of the hill upon which I was at this time, the first by observation, and the second by account, and having taken the bearings of Loma from both, I cannot err much in laying down its position in 9° 25′ N. and 9° 45′ W."

Laing had now spent three months in Soolimana, and had made many excursions. It is a very picturesque country, in which alternate hills, valleys, and fertile plains, bordered by woods and adorned with thickets of luxuriant trees.

On the 17th September Laing started on his return journey to Sierra Leone bearing presents from the king, and escorted for several miles by a vast crowd. He finally reached the English colony in safety.

Laing's journey through Timmannee, Kooranko, and Soolimana was not without importance. It opened up districts hitherto unknown to Europeans, and introduced us to the manners, occupations, and trade of the people, as well as to the products of the country. At the same time the course was traced and the source discovered of the Rokelle, whilst for the first time definite information was obtained as to the sources of the Niger, for although our traveller had not actually visited them, he had gone near enough to determine their position approximately.

The results obtained by Laing on this journey, only fired his ambition for further discoveries. He, therefore, determined to make his way to Timbuctoo.

On the 17th June, 1825, he embarked at Malta for Tripoli, where he joined a caravan with which Hateeta, the Tuarick chief who had made such friends with Lyon, was also travelling as far as Ghât. After two months' halt at Ghadames, Laing again started in October and reached Insalah, which he places a good deal further west than his predecessors had done. Here he remained from November, 1825, to January, 1826, and then made his way to the Wâdy Ghât, intending to go from thence at once to Timbuctoo, making a tour of Lake Jenneh or Debbie, visiting the Melli country, and tracing the Niger to its mouth. He would then have retraced

Vol. I. *To face* p. 184.

FROM THE SUMMIT OF A LOFTY ROCK LAING SAW MOUNT LOMA.

his steps as far as Sackatoo, visited Lake Tchad, and attempted to reach the hill.

Outside Ghât the caravan with which Laing was travelling was attacked, some say by Tuaricks, others by Berber Arabs, a tribe living near the Niger.

"Laing," says Caillié, who got his information at Timbuctoo, "was recognised as a Christian, and horribly ill-treated. He was beaten with a stick until he was

THE ANTELOPE.

left for dead. I suppose that the other Christian whom they told me was beaten to death, was one of the major's servants. The Moors of Laing's caravan picked him up, and succeeded by dint of great care in recalling him to life. So soon as he regained consciousness he was placed on his camel, to which he had to be tied, he was too weak to be able to sit up. The robbers had left him nothing, the greater part of his baggage had been rifled."

Laing arrived at Timbuctoo on the 18th August, 1826,

and recovered from his wounds. His convalescence was slow, but he was fortunately spared the extortions of the natives, owing to the letters of introduction he had brought with him from Tripoli and to the sedulous care of his host, a native of that city.

According to Caillié, who quotes this remarkable fact from an old native, Laing retained his European costume, and gave out that he had been sent by his master, the king of England, to visit Timbuctoo and describe the wonders it contained.

"It appears," adds the French traveller, "that Laing drew the plan of the city in public, for the same Moor told me in his naive and expressive language, that he had 'written the town and everything in it.'"

After a careful examination of Timbuctoo, Laing, who had good reason to fear the Tuaricks, paid a visit by night to Cabra, and looked down on the waters of the Niger. Instead of returning to Europe by way of the Great Desert, he was very anxious to go past Jenneh and Sego to the French settlements in Senegal, but at the first hint of his purpose to the Foulahs who crowded to stare at him, he was told that a Nazarene could not possibly be allowed to set foot in their country, and that if he dared attempt it they would make him repent it.

Laing was, therefore, driven to go by way of El Arawan, where he hoped to join a caravan of Moorish merchants taking salt to Sansanding. But five days after he left Timbuctoo, his caravan was joined by a fanatic sheikh, named Hamed-ould-Habib, chief of the Zawat tribe, and Laing was at once arrested under pretence of his having entered their country without authorisation. The major being urged to profess Mohammedanism refused, preferring death to apostasy. A discussion then took place between the sheikh and his hired assassins as to how the victim should be put to death, and finally Laing was strangled by two slaves. His body was left unburied in the desert.

This was all Caillié was able to find out when he visited Timbuctoo but one year after Major Laing's death. We have supplemented his accounts by a few

details gathered from the reports of the Royal Geographical Society, for the traveller's journal and the notes he took are alike lost to us.

We have already told how Laing managed to fix pretty accurately the position of the sources of the Niger. We have also described the efforts made by Mungo Park and Clapperton to trace the middle portion of the course of that river. We have now to narrate

NATIVE REVELRY.

the journeys made in order to examine its mouth and the lower part of its course. The earliest and most successful was that of Richard Lander, formerly Clapperton's servant.

Richard Lander and his brother John proposed to the English Government that they should be sent to explore the Niger to its mouth. Their offer was accepted, and they embarked on a government vessel for Badagry, where they arrived on the 19th March, 1830.

The king of the country, Adooley, of whom Richard Lander retained a friendly remembrance, was in low spirits. His town had just been burnt, his generals and his best soldiers had perished in a battle with the people of Lagos, and he himself had had a narrow escape when his house and all his treasures were destroyed by fire.

He determined to retrieve his losses, and to do so at the expense of the travellers, who could not get permission to penetrate into the interior of the country until they had been robbed of their most valuable merchandise, and compelled to sign drafts in payment for a gun-boat with a hundred men, for two puncheons of rum, twenty barrels of powder, and a large quantity of merchandise, which they knew would never be delivered by this monarch, who was as greedy of gain as he was drunken. As a matter of course the natives followed the example of their chief, vied with him in selfishness, greed, and meanness, regarded the English as fair spoil, and fleeced them on every opportunity.

At last, on the 31st March, Richard and John Lander succeeded in getting away from Badagry; and, preceded by an escort sent in advance by the king, arrived at Katunga on the 13th May, having halted by the way at Wow-wow, a good-sized town, Bidjie, where Pearce and Morrison had been taken ill, Jenneh, Chow, Egga, all towns visited by Clapperton, Engua, where Pearce died, Asinara, the first walled city they saw, Bohou, formerly capital of Yariba, Jaguta, Leoguadda, and Itcho, where there is a famous market.

At Katunga, according to custom, the travellers halted under a tree before they were received by the king. But being tired of waiting, they presently went to the residence of Ebo, the chief eunuch, and the most influential man about the person of the sovereign. A diabolical noise of cymbals, trumpets, and drums, all played together, announced the approach of the white men, and Mansolah, the king, gave them a most hearty welcome, ordering Ebo to behead every one who should molest them.

The Landers, fearful of being detained by Mansolah

until the rainy season, acted on Ebo's advice, and said nothing about the Niger, but merely spoke of the death of their fellow-countrymen at Boussa, twenty years before, adding that the King of England had sent them to the Sultan of Yaouric to recover his papers.

Although Mansolah did not treat the brothers Lander

AN ELEPHANT ON GUARD.

quite as graciously as he had treated Clapperton, he allowed them to go eight days after their arrival.

From Katunga the Landers travelled to Borghoo, by way of Atoupa, Bumbum—a town much frequented by the merchants of Houssa, Borgu, and other provinces trading with Gonja—Kishi, on the frontiers of Yoruba, and Moussa, on the river of the same name, beyond

which they were met by an escort sent to join them by the Sultan of Borgu. Sultan Yarro received them with many expressions of pleasure and kindness, showing special delight at seeing Richard Lander again. Although he was a convert to Mohammedanism, Yarro evidently put more faith in the superstitions of his forefathers than in his new creed. Fetiches and gri-gris were hung over his door, and in one of his huts there was a square stool, supported on two sides by four little wooden effigies of men. The character, manners, and costumes of the people of Borghoo differ essentially from those of the natives of Yoruba.

"Perhaps no two people in the universe residing so near each other," says the narrative, "differ more widely . . . . than the natives of Yarriba and Borghoo. The former are perpetually engaged in trading with each other from town to town, the latter never quit their towns except in case of war, or when engaged in predatory excursions; the former are pusillanimous and cowardly, the latter are bold and courageous, full of spirit and energy, and never seem happier than when engaged in martial exercises; the former are generally mild, unassuming, humble and honest, but cold and passionless; the latter are proud and haughty, too vain to be civil, and too shrewd to be honest; yet they appear to understand somewhat of the nature of love and the social affections, are warm in their attachments, and keen in their resentments."

On the 17th June our travellers at last came in sight of the city of Boussa. Great was their surprise at finding that town on the mainland, and not, as Clapperton had said, on an island in the Niger. They entered Boussa by the western gate, and were almost immediately introduced to the presence of the king and of the midiki or queen, who told them that they had both that very morning shed tears over the fate of Clapperton.

The Niger or Quorra, which flows below the city, was the first object of interest visited by the brothers.

"This morning," writes the traveller, "we visited the far-famed *Niger* or *Quorra*, which flows by the city

about a mile from our residence, and were greatly disappointed at the appearance of this celebrated river. Bleak, rugged rocks rose abruptly from the centre of the stream, causing strong ripples and eddies on its surface. It is said that, a few miles above Boussa, the river is divided into three branches by two small, fertile

FETICHES.

islands, and that it flows from hence in one continued stream to Funda. The Niger here, in its widest part, is not more than a stone's throw across at present. The rock on which we sat overlooks the spot where Mr. Park and his associates met their unhappy fate."

Richard Lander made his preliminary inquiries respecting the books and papers belonging to Mungo Park's expedition with great caution.

"In the afternoon," says Richard Lander, "the king came to see us, followed by a man with a book under his arm, which was said to have been picked up in the Niger after the loss of our countryman. It was enveloped in a large cotton cloth, and our hearts beat high with expectation as the man was slowly unfolding it, for, by its size, we guessed it to be Mr. Park's journal; but our disappointment and chagrin were great when, on opening the book, we discovered it to be an old nautical publication of the last century."

There was then no further hope of recovering Park's journal.

On the 23rd June the Landers left Boussa. They travelled alongside of the Niger as far as Kagogie, where they embarked in a wretched native canoe, whilst their horses were sent on by land to Yaoorie.

"We had proceeded only a few hundred yards," says Richard Lander, "when the river gradually widened to two miles, and continued as far as the eye could reach. It looked very much like an artificial canal, the steep banks confining the water like low walls, with vegetation beyond. In most places the water was extremely shallow, but in others it was deep enough to float a frigate. During the first two hours of the day the scenery was as interesting and picturesque as can be imagined. The banks were literally covered with hamlets and villages; fine trees, bending under the weight of their dark and impenetrable foliage, everywhere relieved the eye from the glare of the sun's rays, and, contrasted with the lively verdure of the little hills and plains, produced the most pleasing effect. All of a sudden came a total change of scene. To the banks of dark earth, clay, or sand, succeeded black, rugged rocks; and that wide mirror which reflected the skies, was divided into a thousand little channels by great sandbanks."

A little further on the stream was barred by a wall of black rocks, with a single narrow opening, through which its waters rushed furiously down. At this place there is a portage, above which the Niger

flows on, restored to its former breadth, repose, and grandeur.

After three days' navigation, the Landers reached a village, where they found horses and men waiting for them, and whence they quickly made their way, through a continuously hilly country, to the town of Yaoorie, where they were welcomed by the sultan, a stout, dirty, slovenly man, who received them in a kind of farmyard

A TRIBUTARY OF THE NIGER.

cleanly kept. The sultan, who was disappointed that Clapperton had not visited him, and that Richard Lander had omitted to pay his respects on his return journey, was very exacting to his present guests. He would give them none of the provisions they wanted, and did all he could to detain them as long as possible.

After an imprisonment of five weeks the Landers were at last allowed to leave Yaoorie, which was now almost entirely inundated.

The explorers now ascended the Niger to the con-

fluence of the Cubbie, and then went down it again to Boussa, where the king, who was glad to see them again, received them with the utmost cordiality.

On taking leave of the King, the brothers were at a loss to express their gratitude for his kindness and hospitality, his zeal in their cause, and the protection he was ever ready to extend during their stay of nearly two months in his capital. The natives showed great regret at losing their visitors, and knelt in the path of the brothers, praying with uplifted hands to their gods on their behalf.

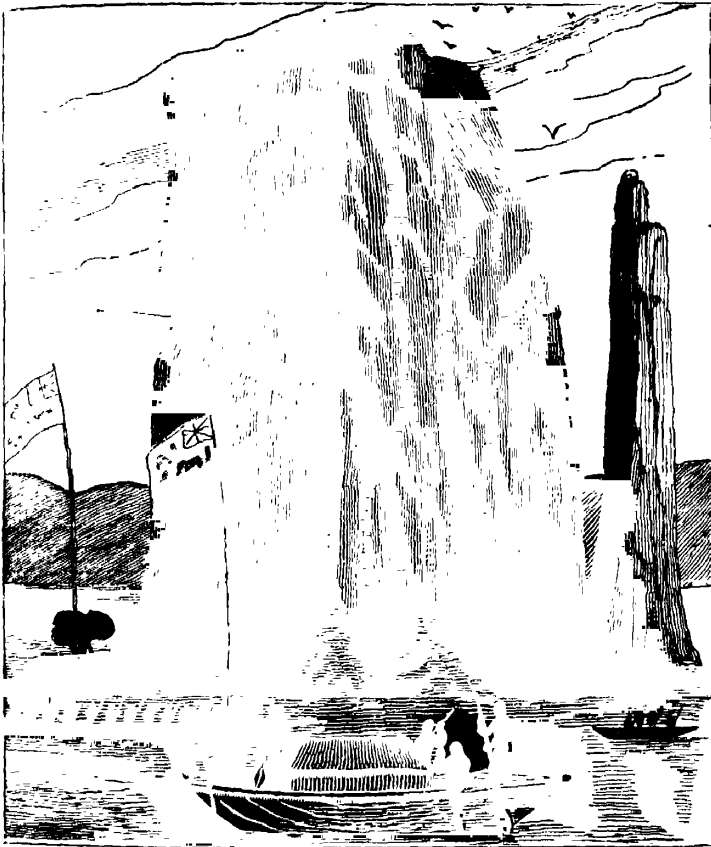
Now began the descent of the Niger. A halt had to be made at the island of Melalie, whose chief begged the white men to accept a very fine kid. We may be sure they were too polite to refuse it. The Landers next passed the large town of Congi, the Songa of Clapperton, and then Inguazilligie, the rendezvous of merchants travelling between Nouffe and the districts north-east of Borghoo. Below Inguazilligie they halted at Patashie, a large fertile island of great beauty, planted with palm groves and magnificent trees.

On the 4th October, after further delays, they resumed their course, and being carried down by the current, were soon out of sight of Lever, or Layaba, and its wretched inhabitants.

The first town the brothers came to was Bajiebo, a large and spacious city, which for dirt, noise, and confusion, could not be surpassed. Next came Leechee, inhabited by Nouffe people, and the island of Madje, where the Niger divides into three parts. Just beyond, the travellers suddenly found themselves opposite a remarkable rock, two hundred and eighty feet high, called Mount Kesa, which rises perpendicularly from the centre of the stream. This rock is greatly venerated by the natives, who believe it to be the favourite home of a beneficent genius.

At Belee, a little above Rabba, the brothers received a visit from the "King of the Dark Waters," chief of the island of Zagoshi, who appeared in a canoe of great length and unusual cleanliness, decked with scarlet cloth

and gold lace. On the same day they reached the town of Zagoshi, opposite Rabba, and the second Fellatah town beyond Socoto.

"Rabba," says Lander, ". . . . seen from Zagoshi, appears to be a large, compact, clean, and well-built

MOUNT KESA.

town, though it is unwalled, and is not otherwise fenced. It is irregularly built on the slope of a gently-rising hill, at the foot of which runs the Niger; and in point of rank, population, and wealth, it is the second city in the Fellatah dominions, Sackatoo alone being considered as its superior. It is inhabited by a mixed population

of Fellatahs, Nyffeans, and emigrants and slaves from various countries, and is governed by a ruler who exercises sovereign authority over Rabba and its dependencies, and is styled sultan or king. . . . Rabba is famous for milk, oil, and honey. The market, when our messengers were there, appeared to be well supplied with bullocks, horses, mules, asses, sheep, goats, and abundance of poultry. Rice, and various sorts of corn, cotton cloth, indigo, saddles and bridles made of red and yellow leather, besides shoes, boots, and sandals, were offered for sale in great plenty. Although we observed about two hundred slaves for sale, none had been disposed of when we left the market in the evening. . . . Rabba is not very famous for the number or variety of its artificers, and yet in the manufacture of mats and sandals it is unrivalled. However, in all other handicrafts, Rabba yields to Zagoshi."

On the 16th October, the Landers at last started in a wretched canoe, for which the king had made them pay a high price, with paddles they had stolen, because no one would sell them any. This was the first time they had been able to embark on the Niger without help from the natives. They went down the river, whose width varies greatly, avoiding large towns as much as possible, for they had no means of satisfying the extortions of the chiefs. All this time the Niger flowed in an E.S.E. direction, now eight, now only two miles in width. The current was so rapid that the boat went at the rate of four or five miles an hour.

On the 19th October the Landers passed the mouth of the Coudonia, which Richard had crossed near Cuttup on his first expedition, and a little later they came in sight of Egga. The landing-place was soon reached by way of a bay encumbered with an immense number of large and heavy canoes full of merchandise, with the prows daubed with blood, and covered with feathers, as charms against thieves.

The chief, to whom the travellers were at once conducted, was an old man with a long white beard, whose appearance would have been venerable and patriarchal

Vol. I.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

To face p. 198.

had he not laughed and played in quite a childish manner. The natives assembled in hundreds to see the strange-looking visitors, and the latter had to place three men as sentinels outside their door to keep the curious at a distance.

"The curiosity of the people to see us is so intense," writes Lander, "that we dare not stir out of doors, and

THE LANDERS ON THE NIGER.

therefore we are compelled to keep our door open all day long for the benefit of the air, and the only exercise which we can take is by walking round and round our hut like wild beasts in a cage. The people stand gazing at us with visible emotions of amazement and terror; we are regarded, in fact, in just the same light as the fiercest tigers in Europe. If we venture to approach too near the doorway, they rush backwards

in a state of the greatest alarm and trepidation; but when we are at the opposite side of the hut they draw as near as their fears will permit them, in silence and caution.

"Egga is a town of vast extent, and its population must be immense. Like all the towns on the banks of the Niger, it is inundated every year. We can but conclude that the natives have their own reasons for building their houses in situations which, in our eyes, are alike so inconvenient and unhealthy. Perhaps it may be because the soil of the surrounding districts consists of a black greasy mould of extraordinary fertility, supplying all the necessaries of life at the cost of very little trouble. Although the King of Egga looked more than a hundred years old, he was very gay and light-hearted. The chief people of the town met in his hut, and spent whole days in conversation. This company of greybeards, for they are all old, laugh so heartily at the sprightliness of their own wit, that it is an invariable practice, when anyone passes by, to stop and listen outside, and they add to their noisy merriment so much good will, that we hear nothing from the hut in which the aged group are revelling during the day but loud peals of laughter and shouts of applause."

One day the old chief wished to show off his accomplishments of singing and dancing, expecting to astonish his visitors.

"He frisked," says Lander, "beneath the burden of five-score, and shaking his hoary locks, capered over the ground to the manifest delight of the bystanders, whose plaudits, though confined, as they always are, to laughter, yet tickled the old man's fancy to that degree, that he was unable to keep up his dance any longer without the aid of a crutch. With its assistance he hobbled on a little while, but his strength failed him; he was constrained for the time to give over, and he sat himself down at our side on the threshold of the hut. He would not acknowledge his weakness to us for the world, but endeavoured to pant silently, and suppress

loud breathings, that we might not hear him. How ridiculous, yet how natural is this vanity! He made other unavailing attempts to dance, and also made an attempt to sing, but nature would not second his efforts, and his weak piping voice was scarcely audible. The singers, dancers, and musicians, continued their noisy mirth, till we were weary of looking at and listening to

ABANDONED SLAVES.

them, and as bedtime was drawing near, we desired them to depart, to the infinite regret of the frivolous but merry old chief."

On the 22nd October the explorers left Egga, firing a parting salute of three musket-shots. A few miles further down, a sea-gull flew over their heads, a sure sign that they were approaching the sea, and with it, it appeared all but certain, the end of their wearisome journey.

Several small and wretched villages, half under water, and a large town at the foot of a mountain, which looked ready to overwhelm it, the name of which the travellers could not learn, were passed in succession. They met a great number of canoes built like those on the Bonny and Calabar Rivers. The crews stared in astonishment at the white men, whom they dared not address. The low marshy banks of the Niger were now gradually exchanged for loftier, richer, and more fertile districts.

On the 25th October, the English found themselves opposite the mouth of a large river. It was the Tchadda or Binue. After a narrow escape from being swallowed up in a whirlpool and crushed against the rocks, Lander, having found a suitable spot, showing signs of habitation, determined to land. That this place had been visited a little time previously was proved by two burnt-out fires with some broken calabashes, fragments of earthenware vessels, cocoa-nut shells, staves of powder-barrels, &c., which the travellers picked up with some emotion, for they proved that the natives had had dealings with Europeans. Some women ran away out of a village which three of Lander's men entered with a view to get the materials for a fire. The exhausted explorers were resting on mats when they were suddenly surrounded by a crowd of half-naked men armed with guns, bows and arrows, cutlasses, iron barbs, and spears. The coolness and presence of mind of the brothers alone averted a struggle, the issue of which could not be dubious. "As we approached," says Lander, "we made all the signs and motions we could with our arms, to deter the chief and his people from firing on us. His quiver was dangling at his side, his bow was bent, and an arrow which was pointed at our breasts already trembled on the string, when we were within a few yards of his person. This was a highly critical moment, the next might be our last. But the hand of Providence averted the blow; for just as the chief was about to pull the fatal cord, a man that was nearest him rushed forward, and stayed his arm. At that instant we stood

before him, and immediately held forth our hands; all of them trembled like aspen leaves; the chief looked up full in our faces, kneeling on the ground; light seemed to flash from his dark, rolling eyes, his body was convulsed all over, as though he were enduring the utmost torture, and with a timorous yet undefinable expression of countenance, in which all the passions of our nature were strangely blended, he drooped his head, eagerly grasped our proffered hands, and burst into

NATIVE MUSICIANS.

tears. This was a sign of friendship; harmony followed, and war and bloodshed were thought of no more. It was happy for us that our white faces and calm behaviour produced the effect it did on these people; in another minute our bodies would have been as full of arrows as a porcupine's is full of quills. 'I thought you were children of heaven fallen from the skies,' said the chief, in explanation of this sudden change."

This scene took place in the market-town of Bocqua, of which the travellers had so often heard, whither

the people came up from the coast to exchange the merchandise of the whites for slaves brought in large numbers from Fundass, on the opposite bank.

As the Landers passed a large town called Kirree they were stopped by war-canoes, each containing forty men wearing European clothes, minus the trousers. Each canoe carried what at first sight appeared to be the Union Jack flying from a long bamboo cane fixed in the stern, a four or six pounder was lashed to each prow, and every black sailor was provided with a musket. The two brothers were taken to Kirree, where a palaver was held upon their fate. Fortunately the Mallams or Mohammedan priests interfered in their favour, and some of their property was restored to them, but the best part had gone to the bottom of the river with John Lander's canoe.

"To my great satisfaction," says Lander, "I immediately recognised the box containing our books, and one of my brother's journals; the medicine-chest was by its side, but both were filled with water. A large carpet bag, containing all our wearing apparel, was lying cut open, and deprived of its contents, with the exception of a shirt, a pair of trousers, and a waistcoat. Many valuable articles which it had contained were gone. The whole of my journal, with the exception of a note-book with remarks from Rabba to this place, was lost. Four guns, one of which had been the property of the late Mr. Park, four cutlasses, and two pistols, were gone. Nine elephants' tusks, the finest I had seen in the country, which had been given us by the kings of Wow-Wow and Boussa; a quantity of ostrich feathers, some handsome leopard skins, a great variety of seeds, all our buttons, cowries, and needles, which were necessary for us to purchase provisions with, all were missing, and said to have been sunk in the river."

This was like going down in port. Although their stolen property was partially restored to them, and the negro who had begun the attack upon them was condemned to be beheaded, the brothers were none the less regarded as prisoners, and they were marched off

to Obie, king of the country, who would decide what was to be done with them. After two days' row the canoes came in sight of Eboe, at a spot where the stream divides into three "rivers" of great width, with marshy level banks covered with palm-trees. An hour later one of the boatmen, a native of Eboe, cried, "There is my country." Here fresh difficulties awaited the travellers. Obie, King of Eboe, a young man with

A SLAVE.

a refined and intelligent countenance, received the white men with cordiality.

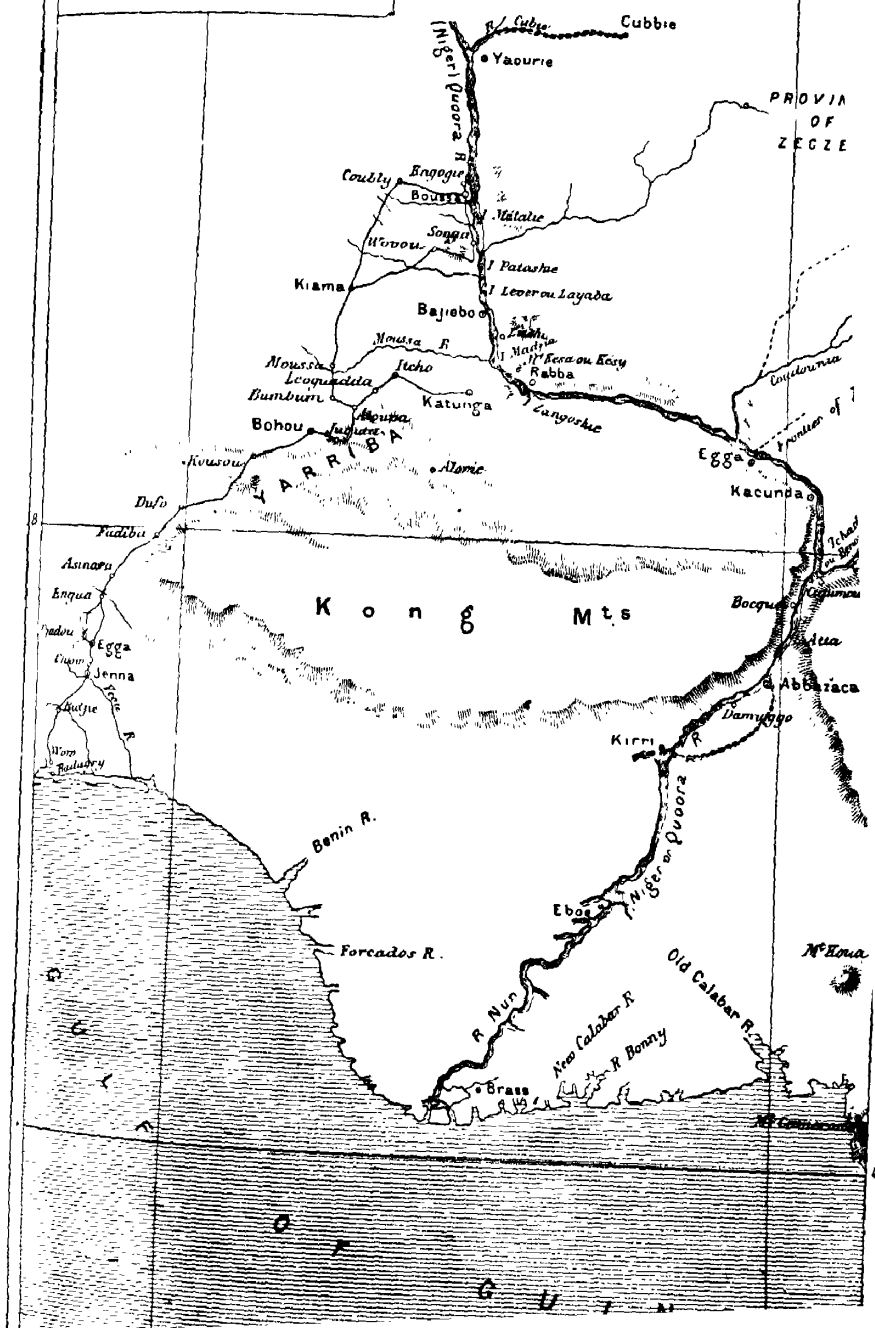
But from what the travellers could learn, it was pretty certain that Obie would not let them go without exacting a considerable ransom. A son of the Chief of Bonny, King Pepper, a native named Gun, brother of King Boy, and their father King Forday, who with King Jacket govern the whole of the Brass country, were the most eager in their demands, and produced

as proofs of their honourable intentions the testimonials given to them by the European captains with whom they had business relations.

One of these documents, signed James Dow, captain of the brig "Susan" of Liverpool, and dated from the most important river of the Brass country, September, 1830, ran thus:—

"Captain Dow states that he never met with a set of greater scoundrels than the natives generally, and the pilots in particular."

It goes on in a similar strain heaping curses upon the natives, and charging them with having endeavoured to wreck Dow's vessel at the mouth of the river with a view to dividing his property amongst them. King Jacket was designated as an arrant rogue and a desperate thief. Boy was the only one of common honesty or trustworthiness.

After an endless palaver, Obie declared that according to the laws and customs of the country he had a right to look upon the Landers and their people as his property, but that, not wishing to abuse his privileges, he would set them free in exchange for the value of twenty slaves in English merchandise. This decision, which Richard Lander tried in vain to shake, plunged the brothers into the depths of despair, a state of mind soon succeeded by an apathy and indifference so complete that they could not have made the faintest effort to recover their liberty. Add to these mental sufferings the physical weakness to which they were reduced by want of food, and we shall have some idea of their state of prostration. Without resources of any kind, robbed of their needles, cowries, and merchandise, they were reduced to the sad necessity of begging their bread. "But we might as well have addressed our petitions to the stones or trees," says Lander; "we might have spared ourselves the mortification of a refusal. We never experienced a more stinging sense of our own humbleness and imbecility than on such occasions, and never had we greater need of patience and lowliness of spirit. In most African towns and villages we have

been regarded as demi-gods, and treated in consequence with universal kindness, civility, and veneration; but here, alas, what a contrast! we are classed with the most degraded and despicable of mankind, and are become slaves in a land of ignorance and barbarism,

A TROPICAL POOL.

whose savage natives have treated us with brutality and contempt."

It was Boy who finally achieved the rescue of the Landers, for he consented to pay to Obie the ransom he demanded for them and their people. Boy himself was very moderate, asking for nothing in return for his

trouble and the risk he ran in taking the white men to Brass, but fifteen bars or fifteen slaves, and a barrel of rum. Although this demand was exorbitant, Lander did not hesitate to write an order on Richard Lake, captain of an English vessel at anchor in Brass river, for thirty-six bars.

The king's canoe, on which the brothers embarked on the 12th November, carried sixty persons, forty of whom were rowers. It was hollowed out of a single tree-trunk, measured more than fifty feet long, carried a four-pounder in the prow, an arsenal of cutlasses and grape-shot, and was laden with merchandise of every kind. The vast tracts of cultivated land on either side of the river showed that the population was far more numerous than would have been supposed. The scenery was flat, open, and varied; and the soil, a rich black mould, produced luxuriant trees, and green shrubs of every shade. At seven p.m. on the 11th November the canoe left the chief branch of the Niger and entered the Brass river. An hour later, Richard Lander recognised with inexpressible delight tidal waves.

A little farther on Boy's canoe came up with those of Gun and Forday. The latter was a venerable-looking old man, in spite of his wretched semi-European semi-native clothing, and a very strong predilection for rum, of which he consumed a great quantity, although his manners and conversation betrayed no signs of excessive drinking. That was a strange escort which accompanied the two Englishmen as far as the town of Brass.

King Forday of Brass demanded four bars before the Landers left the town, saying it was customary for every white man who came to Brass by the river to make that payment. It was impossible to evade compliance, and Lander drew another bill on Captain Lake. At this price Richard Lander obtained permission to go down in Boy's royal canoe to the English brig stationed at the mouth of the river. His brother and his servants were not to be set free until the return of the king. On his arrival on the brig, Lander's astonishment and shame was extreme when he found that Lake refused to give

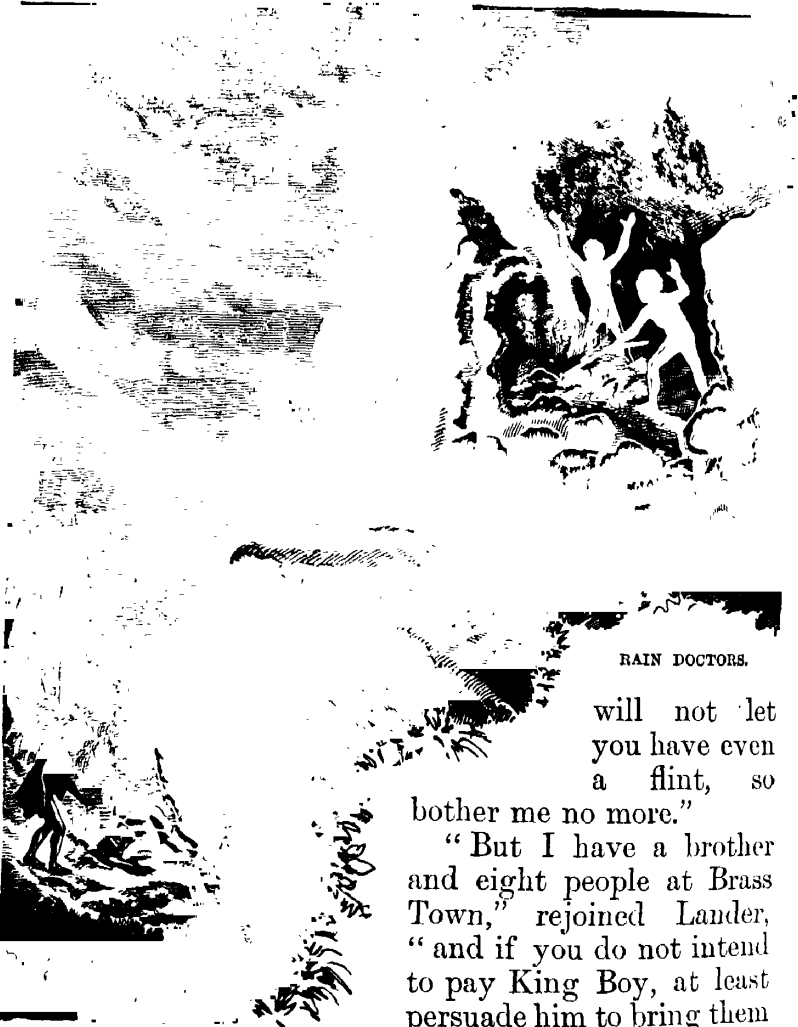
him any help whatever. The instructions given to the brothers from the ministry were read, to prove that he was not an impostor; but the captain answered :—

"If you think that you have a —— fool to deal with, you are mistaken; I'll not give a —— flint for your bill. I would not give a —— for it."

Overwhelmed with grief at such unexpected behaviour

KING OBIE'S CANOE.

from a fellow-countryman, Richard Lander returned to Boy's canoe, not knowing to whom to apply, and asked his escort to take him to Bonny, where there were a number of English vessels. The king refused to do this, and the explorer was obliged to try once more to move the captain, begging him to give him at least ten muskets, which might possibly satisfy Forday.

"I have told you already," answered Lake, "that I

RAIN DOCTORS.

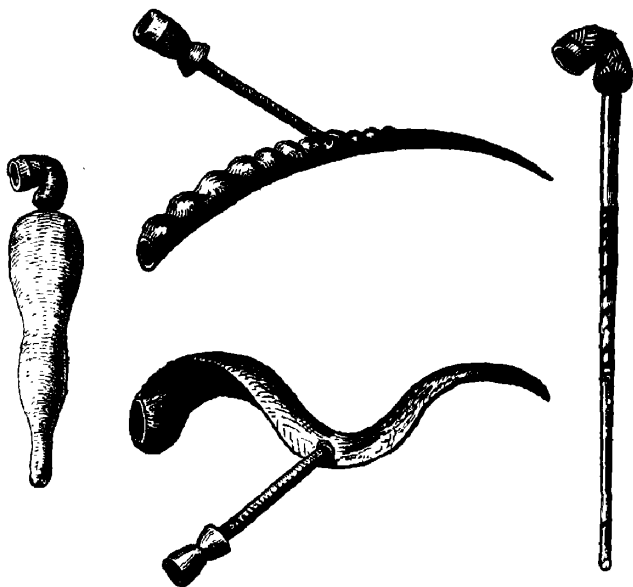
will not let you have even a flint, so bother me no more."

"But I have a brother and eight people at Brass Town," rejoined Lander, "and if you do not intend to pay King Boy, at least persuade him to bring them here, or else he will poison or starve my brother before I can get any assistance from a man-of-war, and sell all my people."

"If you can get them on board," replied the captain, "I will take them away; but, as I have told you before, you do not get a flint from me."

At last, on the 24th November, after weathering a strong breeze, which made the passage of the bar very rough and all but impossible, John Lander arrived on board.

Thus ended the vicissitudes of the Landers' journey. On the 9th June they disembarked at Portsmouth.

Thus was completely and finally solved the geographical problem which had for so many centuries occupied the attention of the civilised world, and been the subject of so many different conjectures. The Niger, or as the natives call it, the Joliba, or Quorra, is not connected with the Nile, and does not lose itself in the desert sands or in the waters of Lake Tchad ; it flows in

NATIVE PIPES.

a number of different branches into the ocean on the coast of the Gulf of Guinea, at the point known as Cape Formosa. The entire glory of this discovery, foreseen though it was by scientific men, belongs to the Brothers Lander. The vast extent of country traversed by the Niger between Yaoorie and the sea was completely unknown before their journey.

So soon as the discoveries made by Lander became known in England, several merchants formed themselves into a company for developing the resources of the new districts. In July, 1832, they equipped two steamers,

the *Quorra* and *Alburka*, which, under the command of Messrs. Laird, Oldfield, and Richard Lander, ascended the Niger as far as Bocqua. The results of this commercial expedition were deplorable. Not only was there absolutely no trade to be carried on with the natives, but the crews of the vessels were decimated by fever. Finally, Richard Lander who had so often gone up and down the river, was mortally wounded by the natives, on the 27th January, 1834, and died on the morning of 5th February, at Fernando Po.

To complete our account of the exploration of Africa during the period under review, we have still to speak of the various surveys of the valley of the Nile, the most important of which were those by Cailliaud, Russegger, and Rüppell.

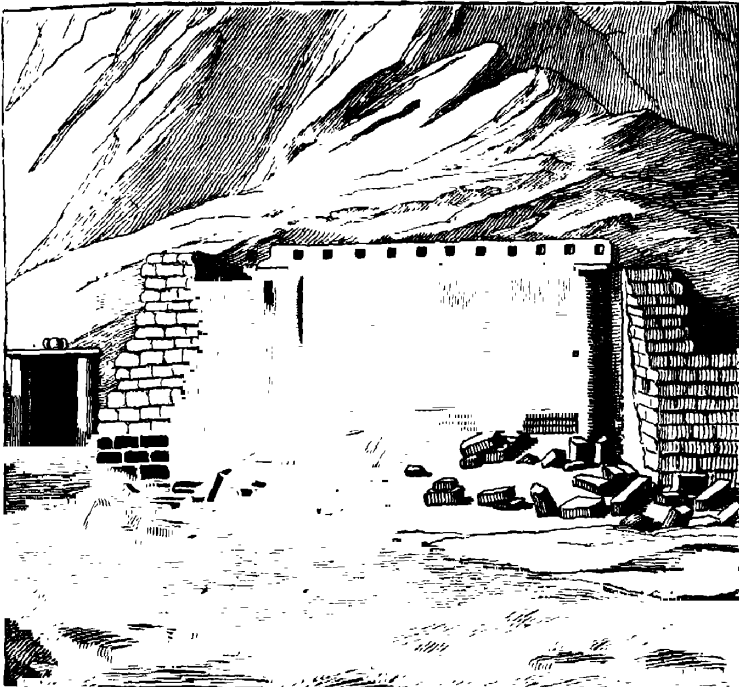
Frederic Cailliaud was born at Nantes in 1787, and arrived in Egypt in 1815, having previously visited Holland, Italy, Sicily, part of Greece, and European or Asiatic Turkey, where he traded in precious stones. His knowledge of geology and mineralogy won for him a cordial reception from Mehemet Ali, who immediately on his arrival commissioned him to explore the course of the Nile and the desert.

This first trip resulted in the discovery of emerald mines at Labarah, mentioned by Arab authors, which had been abandoned for centuries. In the excavations in the mountain Cailliaud found the lamps, crowbars, ropes, and tools used in working these mines by men in the employ of Ptolemy. Near the quarries the traveller discovered the ruins of a little town, which was probably inhabited by the ancient miners. To prove the reality of his valuable discovery he took back ten pounds' weight of emeralds to Mehemet Ali.

Another result of this journey was the discovery by the French explorer of the old road from Coptos to Berenice for the trade of India.

From September, 1819, to the end of 1832, Cailliaud, accompanied by a former midshipman named Letorzec, was occupied in exploring all the known oases east of Eygpt, and in tracing the Nile to 10° N. lat. On his

first journey he reached Wady Halfa, and for his second trip he made that place his starting-point. A fortunate accident did much to aid his researches. This was the appointment of Ismail Pacha, son of Mehemet Ali, to the command of an expedition to Nubia. To this expedition Cailliaud attached himself.

Leaving Daraou in November, 1820, Cailliaud arrived, on the 5th January in the ensuing year, at Dongola, and

RUINS IN UPPER EGYPT.

reached Mount Barka in the Chaguy country, where are a vast number of ruins of temples, pyramids, and other monuments. The fact of this district bearing the name of Merawe had given rise to an opinion that in it was situated the ancient capital of Ethiopia. Cailliaud was enabled to show this to be erroneous.

The French explorer, accompanying Ismail Pacha in the character of a mineralogist beyond Berber, on a

quest for gold mines, arrived at Shendy. He then went with Letorzec to determine the position of the junction of the Atbara with the Nile; and at Assour, not far from 17° N. lat., he discovered the ruins of an extensive ancient town. It was Meroë. Pressing on in a southerly direction between the 15th and 16th degrees of N. lat., Cailliaud next identified the mouth of the Bahr-el-Abiad, or White Nile, visited the ruins of Saba, the mouth of the Rahad, the ancient Astosaba, Sennaar, the river Gologo, the Fazocle country, and the Toumat, a tributary of the Nile, finally reaching the Singue country between the two branches of the river. Cailliaud was the first explorer to penetrate from the north so near to the equator; Browne had turned back at 16° 10′, Bruce at 11°.

The two Frenchmen had preluded their discoveries by an excursion to the oasis of Siwah. At the end of 1819 they left Fayum with a few companions, and entered the Libyan desert. In fifteen days, and after a brush with the Arabs, they reached Siwah, having on their way taken measurements of every part of the temple of Jupiter Ammon, and determined, as Browne had done, its exact geographical position. A little later a military expedition was sent to this same oasis, in which Drovetti collected new and very valuable documents supplementing those obtained by Cailliaud and Letorzec. They afterwards visited successively the oasis of Falafre, never before explored by a European, that of Dakel, and Khargh, the chief place of the Theban oasis.

A few years later Edward Rüppell devoted seven or eight years to the exploration of Nubia, Sennaar, Kordofan, and Abyssinia; in 1824 he ascended the White Nile for more than sixty leagues above its mouth.

Lastly, in 1836 to 1838, Joseph Russegger, superintendent of the Austrian mines, visited the lower portion of the course of the Bahr-el-Abiad. This official journey was followed by the important and successful surveys afterwards made by order of Mehemet Ali in the same regions.

Vol. I. EGYPTIAN TEMPLE. *To face* p. 212.

Into the valuable work accomplished by the immediate successors of these pioneers in North Africa, Richardson, Barth, Oberweg, and their companions, we need not at

THE NILE.

present enter. To Barth especially we are indebted for much of the knowledge we have of the Sahara, and the region around Lake Tchad and the Niger.

CHAPTER VI.

LIVINGSTONE.

As David Livingstone initiated the new era of African exploration, and has influenced all who have come after him, it is right and proper to devote a brief chapter to his work. It is unnecessary to detail the explorations in South Africa before he began. During the early part of the century, missionaries, traders and hunters pushed their way northwards from the Cape, while the Boers "trekked" into Natal, the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal. But when Livingstone began his work, some fifty years ago, not much was known beyond the station occupied by his father-in-law, Robert Moffat. Moffat himself travelled about a great deal, and went as far as Namaqualand; but his object was mission work and not exploration.*

David Livingstone was born on March 19, 1813, at the village of Blantyre Works, in Lanarkshire, Scotland. David was the second child of his parents, Neil Livingston (for so he spelled his name, as did his son for many years) and Agnes Hunter. Neil's ancestors belonged to the island of Ulva, and David used to tell how his great-grandfather fell at Culloden fighting on behalf of Prince Charlie. The mother was a Lanarkshire woman, and counted a doughty Covenanter among her ancestry. Thus Livingstone inherited some of the best qualities of his countrymen on both sides—the fire, and dash, and sentiment of the highlander, with the coolness and sternness of purpose of the covenanting lowlander.

* The following account of Livingstone's life and work is mainly reproduced from the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' by permission of Messrs. Black.

What was of much more consequence, however, was the excellent home influence under which he grew up. His parents were poor and self-respecting, typical examples of all that is best among the humbler families of Scotland. They were too poor to give their family more than an elementary education, but that was good so far as it went, and quite adequate in David's case to enable him to do all the rest for himself. At the age of ten years he left the village school for the neighbouring cotton-mill, but from the first he must have aimed at a lot somewhat higher than that of a mill-worker, as with

MOFFAT'S MISSION-HOUSE.

part of his first earnings he bought a copy of Ruddiman's 'Latin Rudiments,' and by strenuous efforts he qualified himself at the age of twenty-three to undertake a college curriculum. His reading during these thirteen years of hard work was not confined to text-books; he eagerly devoured books of all kinds, literary and scientific, that came in his way. He was, moreover, fond of rambling from his early years, and collected specimens in all departments of natural history—geology, zoology, and botany. In his twentieth year, he tells us, he underwent the change known in certain religious circles as "conversion." Livingstone never seems to have been

troubled with anything like scepticism, and in his case conversion meant more a change of consciousness than of conduct; what was before instinctive and unconscious action, became thenceforth inspired and motived life. Livingstone never gave much prominence to doctrinal Christianity; religion with him was a matter of the deepest feeling, of a realistic sense of the divine presence and influence, combined with sterling righteousness of conduct. He was brought up in the Independent Church, but in after years his practical creed became wonderfully liberalised; he had little but good to say even of the old Jesuit missionaries of Africa. It was in his twenty-first year that Livingstone decided upon the career of a missionary, moved thereto by the appeal of Gutzlaff on behalf of China. From that time his "efforts were constantly directed towards that object without any fluctuation." When he went to college in Glasgow it was with a view to qualify himself for a medical missionary, and it was only in deference to the wishes of his friends and the London Missionary Society that he ultimately consented to ordination. He attended the medical and the Greek classes in Anderson's College, and also a theological class. Livingstone was only two sessions at Glasgow, returning at the end of the first to the mill at Blantyre to earn the means of continuing his college work. As the result of an application during his second session, 1837–38, Livingstone went up to London in September, 1838, and was accepted by the London Missionary Society as a candidate. During the next two years he resided mostly in London, diligently attending medical and science classes. He took his medical degree in the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons in Glasgow, in November, 1840. Livingstone had from the first set his heart on China, and it was a great disappointment to him that, partly owing to the Opium War, and partly owing to his supposed deficiencies in the gift of preaching, the Society finally decided to send him to the "lower" field of Africa. In London he made the acquaintance of Moffat, who was home at the time from South Africa, and the experienced

missionary instigated the young candidate to go to Africa and "advance to unoccupied ground."

Thus at the outset Livingstone was unusually well equipped for the work which lay before him. Besides the ordinary qualifications of a missionary, his knowledge of medicine was calculated to be of the highest service, and would enable him to win his way where the ordinary missionary would not dare to venture; his experience as a working man had inured him to hardship, and combined as it was with a knowledge of various handicrafts, rendered him independent of all mechanical assistance. He had a knowledge of the

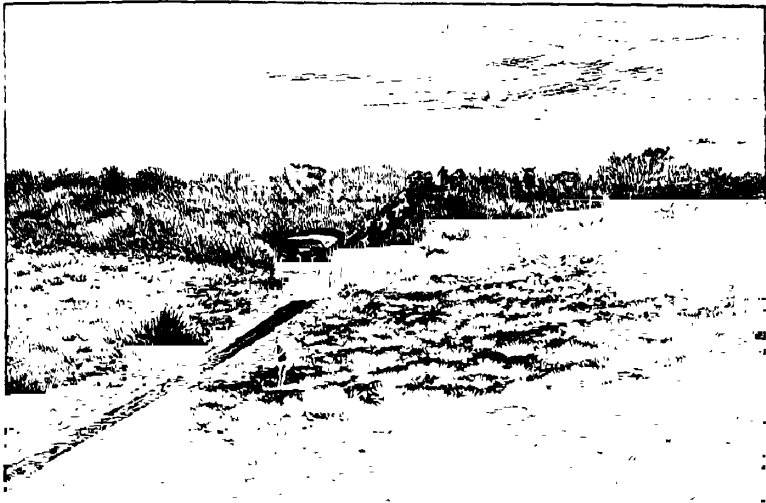
HOUSE WHERE LIVINGSTONE FIRST MET MARY MOFFAT.

natural sciences rare even now among missionaries, and ere he quitted the limits of civilisation he qualified himself to take observations that would be of service to the geographer.

To an exterior in these early years somewhat heavy and uncouth, he united a manner which, by universal testimony, was irresistibly winning, with a fund of genuine but simple humour and fun that would break out on the most unlikely occasions, and in after years enabled him to overcome difficulties and mellow refractory chiefs when all other methods failed.

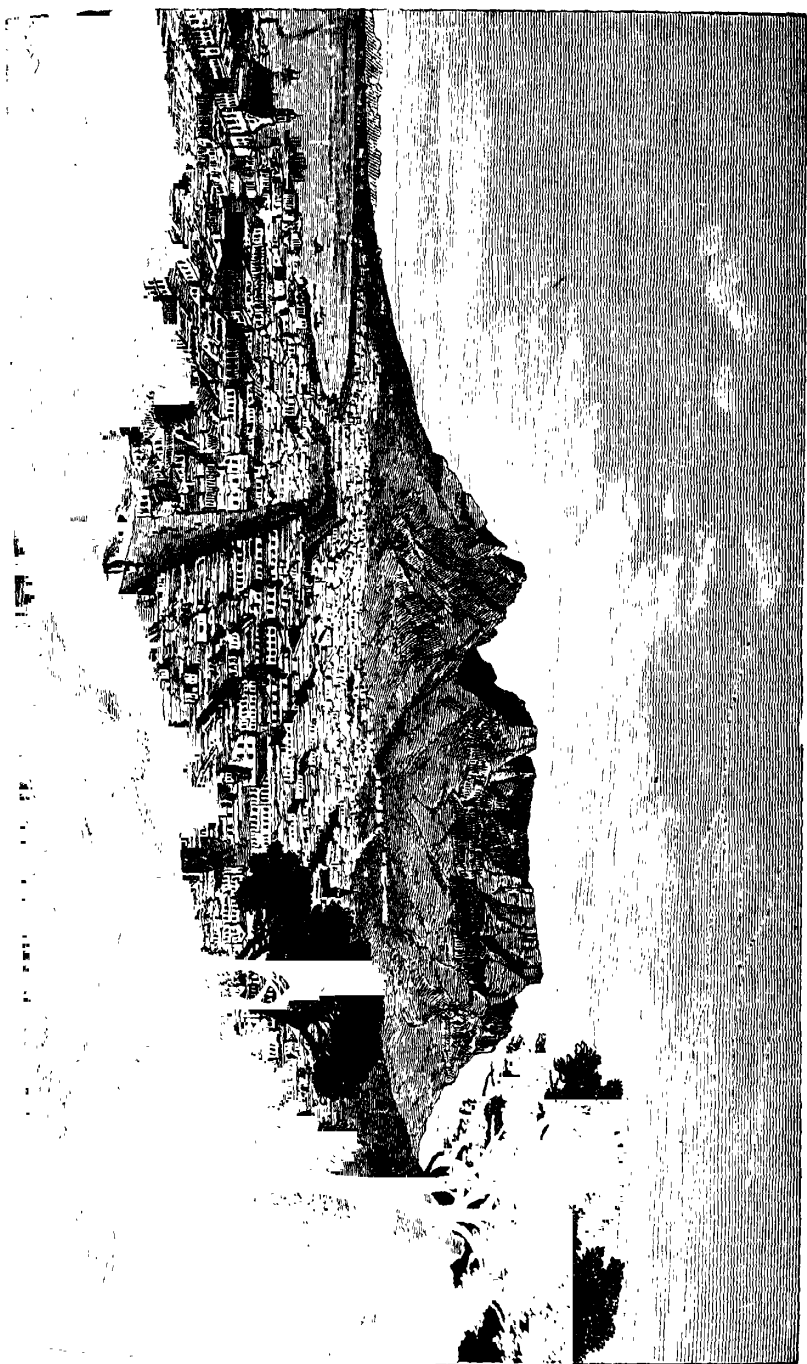
Livingstone sailed from England on December 8, 1840. From Algoa Bay he made direct for Kuruman,

the mission station, 700 miles north, established by Hamilton and Moffat thirty years before, and there he arrived on July 31, 1841. The next two years Livingstone spent in travelling about the country to the northwards in search of a suitable outpost for settlement. During that time he travelled many hundred miles, reached to within ten days of Lake Ngami, and secured the friendship and good will of people and chiefs, including Sekomé and Sechelé. Throughout his career in Africa his frank and genial way of dealing with the natives, the method of the "true gentleman" as he afterwards defined it, proved of far more avail than if he had been backed by a host of armed followers. As the result of his pioneering, he selected the valley of Mabotsa, on one of the sources of the Limpopo river, 200 miles north-east of Kuruman, as his first station, with the distinct intention of staying only a few years and then moving on to open up fresh ground. With a brother missionary, Livingstone arrived at Mabotsa in August, 1843. The people among whom Livingstone fixed his first station were the Bakhotla tribe of the Bechuanas. It was shortly after his settlement here that he was attacked by a lion, which crushed his left arm, and nearly put an end to his career. The arm was imperfectly set, and it was a source of trouble to him at times throughout his life, and was the means of identifying his body after his death. To a house mainly built by himself at Mabotsa, Livingstone in 1844, brought home his wife, Mary Moffat, the daughter of Moffat of Kuruman. Here he laboured till 1846, doing his best to train native agents, teaching the people the arts of civilisation, commending his religion more by example than by precept, though he did not neglect the common means of teaching Christianity. A misunderstanding with his fellow missionary induced Livingstone in 1846 to remove to Chonuane, forty miles further north, the chief place of the Bakwain tribe under Sechelé. In 1847 he again removed to Kolobeng, about forty miles westward, the whole tribe following their missionary. Shortly after his removal to Kolo-

beng, he felt authorised to receive Sechelé into the Church; the old chief is still alive, and he now rules over what is virtually a native Christian state. Hospitable was Livingstone, and his house became a rendezvous for English hunters. With the help of, and in the company of one of these, Mr. Oswell, he was able to undertake a journey of great importance to Lake Ngami, which had never yet been seen by a white man. Livingstone's ultimate object was to visit the great Sebituane, who lived 200 miles beyond the lake. They

CROSSING THE KALAHARI DESERT.

started on June 1, 1849, and crossing the Kalahari Desert, of which Livingtone gave the first detailed account, reached the lake on August 1. This excursion revolutionised Livingstone's ideas as to the nature of inner Africa. He found it not the vast sandy uninhabited desert of map-makers, but, notwithstanding the Kalahari, on the whole a rich and well-watered country supporting a large population. The hydrography of the Ngami region he made himself well acquainted with, exhibiting that sure geographical instinct which was seldom at fault. In April next year he made another attempt to reach Sebituane, this time in company with

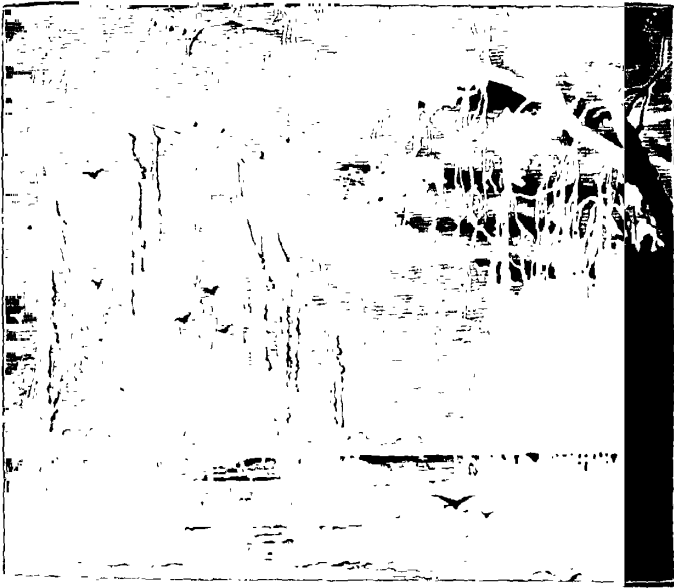
his wife and their children, but again got no further than the lake, as the children were seized with fever. A year later, April, 1851, Livingstone, again accompanied by his family and Mr. Oswell, set out, this time with the intention of settling among the Makololo for a period. At last he succeeded, and reached the Chobe, a southern tributary of the Zambesi, where he found Sebituane, "unquestionably the greatest man in all that country," who gave him a hearty welcome. Unfortunately, he died shortly after Livingstone's arrival, and was succeeded by his daughter, who gave Livingstone liberty to move about as he chose. Availing themselves of the permission, he and Oswell, in the end of June, discovered the Zambesi at the town of Sesheke, which no one had suspected to reach so far into the heart of the continent. As Livingstone could find no spot between the Chobe and Zambesi suitable for a settlement, he resolved, at a severe cost to his feelings, to send his family to England, and return to pursue his pioneering work by himself. Leaving the Chobe on August 13, the party reached Capetown in April, 1852. Here Livingstone found himself in bad odour as a friend of the Kaffirs, with whom a war was at the time being carried on, and was in some danger of being arrested. He had a good friend, however, in Sir (then Mr.) Thomas Maclear, the Cape astronomer, who gave him lessons in taking astronomical observations that were of the greatest service to him afterwards.

Livingstone may now be said to have completed the first period of his career in Africa, the period in which the work of the missionary had the greatest prominence. Henceforth he appears more in the character of an explorer, but it must be remembered that he regarded himself to the last as a pioneer missionary, whose work was to open up the country to others. Moreover, during his last visit to the Makololos he got a glimpse of the horrors of the slave trade, and in his subsequent wanderings the suppression of that iniquitous traffic became an increasingly important object, in the end indeed an object of the first importance.

Having seen his family off to England, Livingstone left the Cape on June 8, 1852, and proceeding slowly northwards, reached Linyanti, the capital of the Makololo, on the Chobe, on May 23, 1853, received in royal style by Sekeletu, and welcomed by all the people. His first object in this journey was to seek for some healthy high land in which to plant a station. Obtaining a large

ZAMBESI RAPIDS.

fleet of canoes, he ascended the Zambesi, which he found much obstructed by rapids, as far as its confluence with the Leeba. He, however, found no place free from the destructive tsetse insect, and therefore returned to Linyanti, after a journey of nine weeks, resolved to carry out the second part of his scheme, which was to discover a route to the interior from either the west or east coast. To accompany Livingstone in his hazardous

undertaking twenty-seven men were selected from the various tribes under Sekeletu, partly with a view to open up a trade route between their own country and the coast. Livingstone had done his best to show them the advantages of legitimate trade; believing that by this means a powerful check would be given to the slave trade, and that there "can be no permanent elevation of a people without commerce." The start was made from Linyanti on November 11, 1853, the confluence of the Leeba and Zambesi was reached on December 26, and this was the limit of the Barotse territory. Ascending the Leeba, Lake Dilolo was reached on February 20, 1854, when the route was changed to the westward. In passing through the territory of Chiboque, between Lake Dilolo and the Coango, the party had considerable trouble with the chiefs, and had it not been for Livingstone's tact and patience, the results might have been disastrous. On April 4, the Coango was crossed, and the expedition was now in the territory claimed by the Portuguese. They had not got this length without much suffering. They were often on the brink of starvation, and rarely had enough to eat; it was the rainy season, most of the country was flooded, and Livingstone had often to sleep on the wet ground. Here for the first time he met with that oozy "sponge" which he found to be so important a feature in his last journeys. He was rarely free from fever, and suffered cruelly from dysentery, and although the "Makololos" were the best men he ever had, he was often sorely tried by their conduct. Nothing, however, daunted him, and he continued faithfully to take his observations, and collect copious notes on the country and the people. After crossing the Coango, his difficulties were not left behind, notwithstanding the assistance rendered him by the native Portuguese officials. On May 31 the town of Loanda was entered, much to the joy of the men; their leader, however, being all but dead from fever and dysentery. The Makololo were astonished and delighted; they managed to earn a good deal of money in various ways, and were loaded with presents. Livingstone himself was furnished with a letter

of recommendation to the officials on the east coast, and speaks in the warmest terms of the generosity of the Portuguese merchants and officials. From Loanda Livingstone sent his astronomical observations to Maclear at the Cape, and an account of his journey to the Royal Geographical Society, which in May, 1855, awarded him its highest honour, their gold medal. Loanda was left on September 20, 1854, but Livingstone lingered long about the Portuguese settlements, visiting the Coanza, and

LIVINGSTONE ON THE ZAMBESI.

examining the country and its resources. Making a slight detour to the north to Cabango, the party reached Lake Dilolo on June 13. Here Livingstone made a careful study of the watershed of the country in what is perhaps the most complicated river system in the world. He "now for the first time apprehended the true form of the river systems and the continent," and the conclusions he came to have been essentially confirmed by subsequent observations. The return journey from Lake Dilolo was by the same route as that by which the party

came. Their reception all along the Barotse valley was an ovation, and they were welcomed as if received from the dead. At last Linyanti was reached in the beginning of September, where the party met with a grand reception from Sekeletu and his people, and where Livingstone's men gave the most wonderful report of their experiences. A party of natives was soon sent west with another load of ivory, though it does not seem that trade was carried on with much vigour afterwards, probably owing to the baneful influence of the slave trade along the route.

For Livingstone's purposes, however, the route to the west was unavailable, and he meant now to test the practicability of the route from the east coast. At first he had some idea of crossing the country to Zanzibar, but finally decided to follow the Zambesi to its mouth. Accompanied by Sekeletu and a numerous following, Livingstone left Linyanti on November 8, 1855. A fortnight after he made the great discovery with which, in popular imagination, his name is more intimately associated than with anything else he did—the famous "Victoria" falls of the Zambesi, which, after a second examination in his subsequent journey, he concluded to be due to an immense fissure or fault right across the bed of the river, which was one means of draining off the waters of the great lake which he supposed must have at one time occupied the centre of the continent. He had already formed a true idea of the configuration of the continent as a great hollow or basin-shaped plateau, surrounded by a ring of mountains. On November 20 he bade adieu to Sekeletu, and, accompanied by 114 men, set out again on what proved a weary journey, and rendered more difficult in the region to which the Portuguese slave traders had penetrated by the suspicions of the natives. Livingstone reached the Portuguese settlement of Tette on March 2, 1856, in a very emaciated condition, and, after six weeks, left his men well cared for, and proceeded to Kilimane, where he arrived on May 20, thus having completed in two years and six months one of the most remarkable

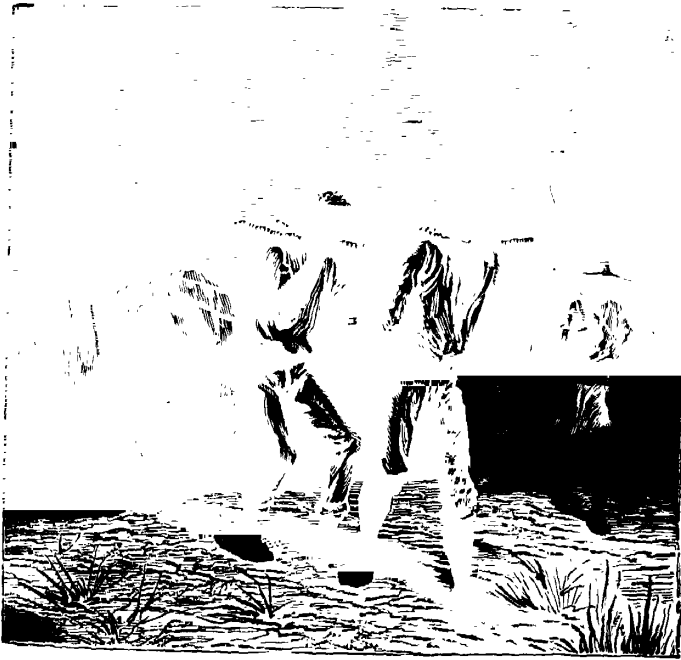
and fruitful journeys on record. The results in geography and in natural science in all its departments were abundant and .accurate; his observations necessitated a reconstruction of the map of central Africa. Men of the highest eminence in all departments of science testified to the high value of Livingstone's work. In later years, it is true, the Portuguese, embittered by his unsparing denunciations of their traffic in slaves, attempted to depreciate his work, and to maintain that much of it had already been done by Portuguese explorers. We know that native Portuguese traders had early in the century crossed the continent, but their observations were of little more value than those of the natives themselves. Livingstone himself testified to the value of Lacerda's work, but as for the rivers and lakes which one finds laid down in some maps of Africa of the sixteenth century, they were little better than guesses, and were probably the result of mere hearsay. As well might Baker and Speke be deprived of the merit of discovering Albert and Victoria Nyanza, because in Ptolemaic maps the Nile is shown to issue from two lakes. When Livingstone began his work in Africa it was virtually a blank from Kuruman to Timbuctoo, and nothing but bitter envy or pedantic ignorance can throw any doubt on the originality of his discoveries.

On July 12, 1856, H.M.S. *Frolic* called at Kilimane for Livingstone, and conveyed him to Mauritius, where he stayed six weeks to recover his greatly shattered health. On December 12 he arrived in England, after an absence of sixteen years, and met everywhere with the welcome of a hero. The honours that were showered upon him he bore with modesty, and indeed shrank from public demonstrations, delighting in the companionship of his wife and children, and to tell his mother of his adventures. He told his story in his 'Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa' (1857) with straightforward simplicity, and with no effort after literary style, and no apparent consciousness that he had done anything extraordinary; the undoubted interest of the narrative was testified to by its immense circulation.

Its publication brought what he would have considered a competency had he felt himself at liberty to settle down for life. His lectures at Cambridge stirred up a missionary spirit which led to important results. In 1857 he severed his connection with the London Missionary Society, with whom, however, he always remained on the best of terms; and on February, 1858, he accepted the appointment of "Her Majesty's Consul at Kilimane for the Eastern Coast and the independent districts in the interior, and commander of an expedition for exploring Eastern and Central Africa."

The Zambesi expedition, of which Livingstone thus became commander, sailed from Liverpool in H.M.S. *Pearl* on March 10, 1858, and reached the mouth of the Zambesi on May 14, and the party ascended the river from the Kongone mouth in a steam launch, the *Ma-Robert*, reaching Tette on September 8. The expedition was received with apparent friendliness by the Portuguese authorities, who professed to have no hand in the slave trade; and the remainder of the year was spent in examining the river above Tette, and especially the Kebrabasa rapids. Most of the year 1859 was spent in the exploration of the river Shire and Lake Nyassa, which was discovered in September. All along the Shire the natives, when they were assured that the expedition was English, and abominated the slave trade, received the travellers with great good will, and generally traded freely with them. Much of the year 1860 was spent by Livingstone in fulfilling his promise to take such of the Makololo home as cared to go. Accompanied by Dr. (now Sir John) Kirk and Charles Livingstone, he left Tette on May 15, reaching Sesheke by the Victoria Falls on August 18, where he received a warm welcome, and remained a month, and Tette was reached again on November 23. In January of next year arrived Bishop Mackenzie and a party of missionaries sent out by the Universities Mission to establish a station on the Upper Shire. This was one practical result of Livingstone's appeal when in England, and he who in Africa was neither Churchman nor Dissenter, was

glad the mission was under a bishop, "he had seen so much idleness and folly result from missionaries being left to themselves."

After exploring the river Rovuma for thirty miles in his new vessel the *Pioneer*, Livingstone and the missionaries proceeded up the Shire to Chibisa's; there they found the slave trade rampant, desolating the country, and paralysing all effort. What was not long ago a

SLAVE STICKS.

peaceful and fertile region was now covered with burnt villages, terrified natives, bodies of murdered slaves, gangs of slaves in "slave-sticks" and manacles, and all kinds of lawlessness and cruelty. On July 15, Livingstone, accompanied by several native carriers, started to show the bishop the country. Several bands of slaves whom they met were liberated and attached to the mission, and it was found without doubt that the raids were authorised by the Portuguese governor of Tette.

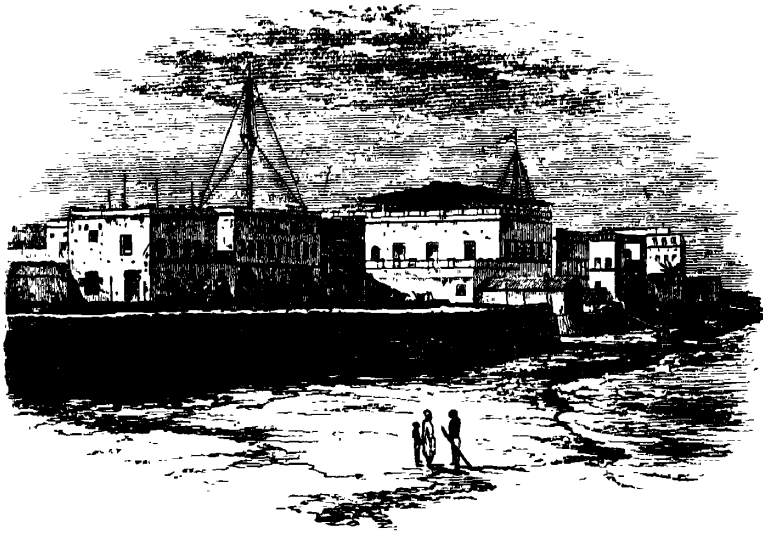
On one occasion they were surrounded by furious Ajawa or Waiyau, a tribe who carried on slave raids, who closed on the party and threatened to annihilate them. In self-defence the latter were compelled to fire, when the Ajawa fled precipitately. This was the first time Livingstone had ever to fire in self-defence, and the lives of himself and companions depended upon the course he took. He has been blamed for the subsequent misfortunes of the mission party, and was accused of instigating the bishop to resort to force. This has been amply refuted, and the whole career of Livingstone in Africa belies such an accusation. He strongly advised the bishop not to interfere in native quarrels, but subsequently admitted that no other course was open to the missionaries in some instances. The bishop and his party settled in the highlands of Magomero to the south of Lake Shirwa, and Livingstone returned to the ship. From August to November was spent in exploring Lake Nyassa. While the boat sailed up the west side of the lake to near the north end, Livingstone marched along the shore. Here they had still further evidence of the extent and horrors of the slave trade, in burned villages, wasted crops, and multitudes of dead bodies and skeletons. Moreover, as they approached the north end they found the terrible Mazitu abroad pillaging, burning, and killing, and Livingstone returned more resolved than ever to do his utmost to rouse the civilised world to put down the desolating trade. He found that the Arabs carried on a regular traffic in slaves between the interior and the coast by way of the lake, those reaching their destination being but a small part of all captured; the rest died or were slaughtered by the way. On January 30, at the Zambesi mouth, Livingstone welcomed his wife and the ladies of the mission, with whom were the sections of the *Lady Nyassa*, a river steamer which Livingstone had had built at his own expense, absorbing most of the profits of his book, and for which he never got any allowance. When the mission ladies reached the mouth of the Ruo tributary of the Shire, they were stunned to hear of the bishop's death and that of Mr. Burrup. This was a sad blow to Living-

Vol. I.

SLAVE DEALER.

To face p. 228.

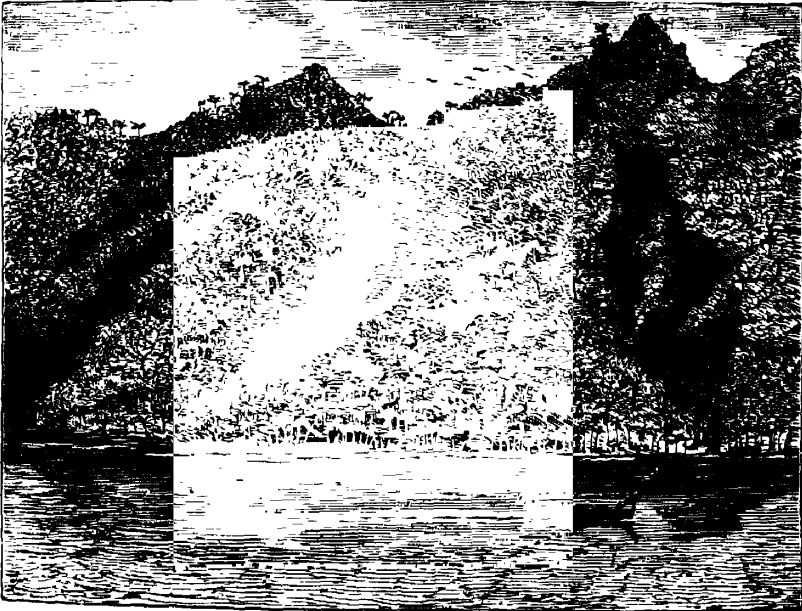
stone as well as the ladies. It seemed to have rendered all his efforts to establish a mission futile. A still greater loss to him was that of his own wife at Shupanga, on April 27, 1862.

The *Lady Nyassa* was taken to the Rovuma. Up this river Livingstone managed to steam 156 miles, once being very fiercely attacked by the natives from the banks. Further progress was arrested by rocks. Returning to the Zambesi in the beginning of 1863, Livingstone found that the desolation caused by the

ZANZIBAR.

slave trade was more horrible and widespread than ever. It was clear that the Portuguese officials were themselves at the bottom of the traffic, and when Livingstone realised this he did not fail to expose them, and of course was calumniated in return. The *Lady Nyassa* was not taken above the cataracts, but, Kirk and Charles Livingstone being compelled to return to England on account of their health, the doctor resolved once more to visit the lake, and proceeded some distance up the west side, and then north-west as far as the watershed that separates the Loangwa from the rivers that run into

the lake. Meanwhile a letter was received from Earl Russell recalling the expedition by the end of the year, and in the wisdom of this step Livingstone quite coincided, seeing that the Portuguese, by their encouragement of the slave trade, had rendered the main object of the expedition futile. In the end of April, 1864, he reached Zanzibar in the *Lady Nyassa*, and on the 30th he set out with nine natives and four Europeans for Bombay, he himself being the only one capable of navigating the ship, and at first of even attending to the engines. Bombay was reached after an adventurous voyage of a month, and on July 23 Livingstone arrived in England. Livingstone was naturally disappointed with the results of this expedition, all its leading objects being thwarted through no blame of his. For the unfortunate disagreements which occurred, and for which he was blamed in some quarters, he must be held acquitted, as he was by the authorities at home; though it is not necessary to maintain that Livingstone was exempt from the trying effects on the temper of African fever, or from the intolerance of lukewarmness which belongs to all exceptionally strong natures. Still, the results at the time, and especially those of the future, were great. The geographical results, though not in extent to be compared to those of his first and his final expeditions, were of the first importance, as were those in various departments of science. How manifold and important these were will be seen in the 'Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries,' published in 1865. More important perhaps than all was the insight he obtained into the enormities of the slave trade, his exposure of which led to more strenuous efforts on the part of England. Mackenzie's attempt to establish a mission failed, but to-day the shores of Lake Nyassa and the Shire are dotted with mission stations, which, in spite of some mismanagement, have done good work, and that too in a direction of which Livingstone would approve.

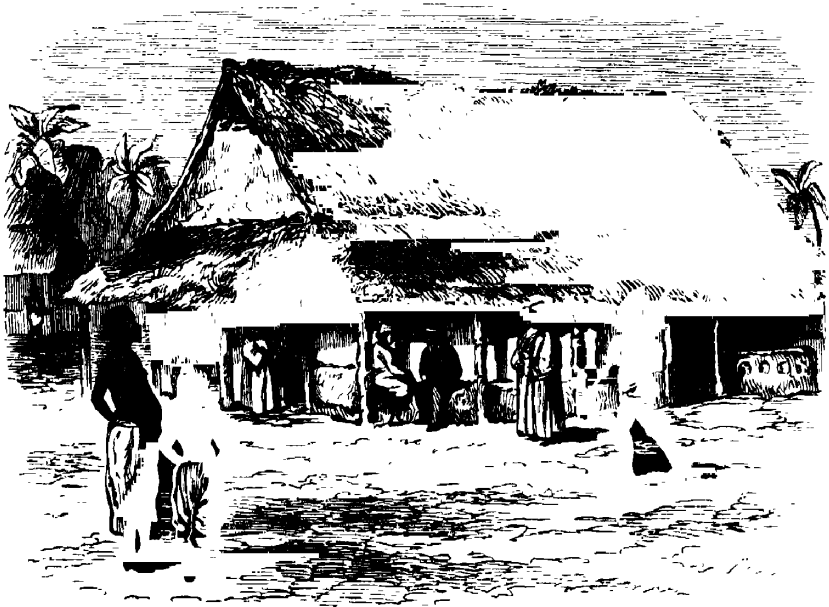
By Murchison and his other staunch friends Livingstone was as warmly welcomed as ever. When Murchison

proposed to him that he should go out again, although he seems to have had a desire to spend the remainder of his days at home, the prospect was too tempting to be rejected. He was appointed Her Majesty's Consul to Central Africa without a salary, and Government contributed only £500 to the expedition. True, Lord Palmerston sent him a message wishing to know what he could do for Livingstone; but the latter, entirely forgetful of self, and, unfortunately, of his family, asked

VIEW ON LAKE TANGANYIKA.

only that a treaty should be made with Portugal securing free access to the highlands by the Zambesi and Shire. The chief help came from private friends, to whom also his family had afterwards many obligations, for when Livingstone finished his work he had spent on it nearly all his available means, including the small sum for which he was able to sell the *Lady Nyassa.* During the latter part of the expedition Government granted him £1000, but that too, when he learned of it, was devoted to his great undertaking. This expenditure

on Livingstone's part was only justifiable in the belief entertained by him that his friends at home and the Government would see to his family; of this he felt assured, though his "best friend," it must be admitted, failed to fulfil the distinct promise which he made to self-sacrificing explorers. The Geographical Society contributed £500, but saddled it with instructions and conditions which were exceedingly irritating to Livingstone, and were impertinent to a man of his experience. The two main objects of the expedition were the suppression of slavery by means of civilising influences, and the ascertainment of the watershed in the region between Nyassa and Tanganyika. Consul as he was, Livingstone never lost sight of the fact that he was first of all a pioneer missionary; and he looked upon the gold-laced cap with which his last wanderings are intimately associated as only a means of helping him in his great mission of humanity. Since Livingstone's first great journey several important additions had been made to a knowledge of the lake system of Africa: Burton had discovered Tanganyika; Speke, Victoria Nyanza and the great outlet of the Nile; and Baker, Albert Nyanza with its important Nile connection. At first Livingstone thought the Nile problem had thus been all but solved, but the idea grew upon him that the Nile sources must be sought further south, and his last journey became in the end a forlorn hope in seach of the "fountains" of Herodotus. Leaving England in the middle of August, 1865, for Bombay, where he stayed some time, Livingstone arrived at Zanzibar on January 28, 1866. He was landed at the mouth of the Rovuma on March 22, and started for the interior on April 4. His company consisted of thirteen sepoys, ten Johanna men, nine African boys from Nassick school, Bombay, and four boys from the Shire region, besides camels, buffaloes, mules, and donkeys. This imposing outfit soon melted away to four or five boys. Lake Nyassa was reached well down its east side on August 8. Before this he had to send his Sepoys back; the Johanna men, once they were well round the lake, deserted, and returned with a story of

Livingstone's murder, which caused a search expedition to Nyassa under Mr. E. D. Young in 1868. Rounding the lake, Livingstone struck in a north-north-west direction for the south end of Lake Tanganyika, over country much of which had not previously been explored. In this part of his route he met with those bogs or earthen sponges about which he has written so much, and which led him astray afterwards in seeking for the Nile. The Loangwa was crossed on December 15, and on Christmas Day Livingstone lost his four goats, a loss which he felt very keenly, " for whatever kind of food we had, a little milk made all right, and I felt strong and well." Indeed after this Livingstone suffered much from scarcity of food, and became greatly emaciated and weakened; and the medicine chest was stolen in January, 1868. "I felt," he sadly says, "as if I had now received the sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie." Fever came upon him, and for a time was his almost constant companion; this, with the fearful dysentery and dreadful ulcers, and other ailments which subsequently attacked him, and which he had no medicine to counteract, no doubt, told fatally on even his iron frame. The Chambeze, whose course into Lake Bangweolo Livingstone finally determined, was crossed on January 28, and the south end of Tanganyika reached March 31. Livingstone was so weak he could not walk without tottering. Here, much to his vexation, he got into the company of Arab slave-dealers, and was detained several months on account of their quarrels. One at least of them was very kind to Livingstone, but what he saw of the slave dealings, and he met them everywhere, only intensified his horror of the trade. All round the Nyassa region was nothing but desolation, partly owing to the slave-hunters, and partly to the raids of the roving Mazitu. At last he was able to proceed westwards, and on November 8 reached the north end of Lake Moero. Proceeding southwards, he reached Cazembe's town on Lake Mofwa, where he was treated with great kindness, and learned something of the visits of his predecessors, Lacerda, Pereira, and

Monteiro. Returning to Lake Moero, Livingstone visited the Lualaba, the river which, rising in Lake Bangweolo as the Luapula, and of which the Chambeze may be considered the beginning, stretches away northwards and westwards to become the Congo. But, unfortunately, the belief that this was the upper part of the Nile took a firm hold on Livingstone's mind, and he was fascinated with the idea that the so-called fountains of Herodotus lay 400 miles west of Bangweolo ; and to find

UJIJI.

those, to him sacred springs, became the ultimate goal of his ambition, and led him on to death. Mindful of his friends and heroes, he gave the names of Webb, Lincoln, and Young (of Kelly) to various parts of this great river system. By this time all but five of his men had deserted to a slave-dealer, whom Livingstone managed to relieve from a ten years' captivity at Cazembe's. Coming south again, he, on July 18, discovered Lake Bangweolo, which he navigated for a short distance, and which he found almost surrounded by those

"sponges" out of which he believed the sources of the Nile oozed. After long detention in the company of the Arab slave-dealers, whose barbarities vexed his soul, he proceeded north-eastwards to Tanganyika, up the west coast of which he sailed, reaching Ujiji on March 14, 1869, "a ruckle of bones." His health had

LIVINGSTONE WRITING HIS JOURNALS.

suffered terribly in this journey, and its effects never left him. Supplies had been forwarded to him at Ujiji, but his misfortunes were aggravated by finding that most of them had been knavishly made away with by those to whose care they had been entrusted. The men, moreover, sent to help him from Zanzibar, turned out a parcel of demoralised slaves, who were worse than useless. Livingstone recrossed Tanganyika in July, and set out

on a new series of discoveries to the west of the lake, in a region not before visited, scarcely even by the Arabs, that of the Manyuema. His object was to reach the Lualaba, and if possible cross to the west side, still in search of the "fountains." For a whole year he tried in vain to reach the river, baffled partly by the natives, partly by the slave-hunters, and partly by his long illnesses. In July, 1870, he returned to Bambarre, where he was confined to his hut for eighty days with irritable eating ulcers on the feet. The people were on the whole kind to him, notwithstanding the brutal usage given them by the Arab slave-traders. It was not till March 29, 1871, that he succeeded in reaching the Lualaba, at the town of Nyangwe, where he stayed four months, vainly trying to get a canoe to take him across. The devilish treachery and cruelty of the Arab slavers reached its height during Livingstone's stay here. A party, without warning or provocation, assembled one day when the market was busiest and commenced shooting down the poor women, hundreds being killed or drowned in trying to escape. Livingstone had "the impression that he was in hell," but was helpless, though his "first impulse was to pistol the murderers." The account of this scene which he sent home roused indignation in England to such a degree as to lead to determined and to a considerable extent successful efforts to get the sultan of Zanzibar to suppress the trade. In sickened disgust the weary traveller made his way back to Ujiji, which he reached on October 13, narrowly escaping an attack by the enraged Manyuema, who mistook Livingstone for one of the slavers. Five days after his arrival in Ujiji he was cheered and inspired with new life, and completely set up again, as he said, by the timely arrival of Mr. H. M. Stanley, the richly-laden almoner of Mr. Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*. Mr. Stanley's residence with Livingstone was almost the only bright episode of these last sad years. With Stanley Livingstone explored the north end of Tanganyika, and proved conclusively that the Lusize runs into and not out of it. In the end of the year the two started eastward for

Vol. I. LUSIZE RIVER.—LAKE TANGANYIKA. *To face p. 236.*

Unyanyembe, where Stanley provided Livingstone with an ample supply of goods, and the latter gave instructions to make use of his own money in providing for him all that was needed. Stanley urged his going home, but although he was now inwardly yearning to return, his judgment said—"All your friends will wish you to make a complete work of the exploration of the Nile before you return." It is easy now to speak of Livingstone's idea as a sad delusion, but at that time the course of the Congo was unknown, and other eminent authorities besides him seriously maintained that the Lualaba was probably the Nile. The rest is soon told. Stanley left on March 15, 1872, and after Livingstone had waited wearily at Unyanyembe for five months, a troop of fifty-seven men and boys arrived, good and faithful fellows on the whole, selected by Stanley himself! Thus attended, he started on August 15 for Lake Bangweolo, proceeding along the east side of Tanganyika. His weakness soon found him out; his old enemy dysentery seized him, and got worse and worse, causing him fearful suffering to the bitter end. In January, 1873, the party got among the endless spongy jungle on the east of Lake Bangweolo, Livingstone's object being to go round by the south and away west to find the "fountains." Vexatious delays took place, and the journey was one constant wade below, under an almost endless pour of rain from above. The doctor got worse and worse, but no idea of danger seems to have occurred to him. At last, in the middle of April, he had unwillingly to submit to be carried in a rude litter; still in his faithfully kept journals his illness is spoken of as a mere annoying hindrance. These journals were kept up to the very last, and under the greatest difficulties and afflictions, he always took his observations and made his records. On April 29, Chitambo's village on the Lulimala, in Ilala, on the south shore of the lake, was reached. The last entry in the journal is April 27:—"Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo." On April 30 he with difficulty wound up his watch, and

early on the morning of May 1 the boys found "the great master," as they called him, kneeling by the side of his bed, dead. His faithful men preserved the body in the sun as well as they could, and wrapping it carefully up, carried it and all his papers, instruments, and other things, across Africa to Zanzibar. It was borne to England with all honour, and on April 18, 1874, was deposited in Westminster Abbey, amid tokens of mourning and admiration such as England accords only

SUSI, THE SERVANT OF LIVINGSTONE.

to her greatest sons. Government bore all the funeral expenses. His faithfully kept journals during these seven years' wanderings were published under the title of the 'Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa,' in 1874, edited by his old friend the Rev. Horace Waller. Several expeditions by the Government and the Geographical Society had been sent out to search for Livingstone, but, partly from mismanagement and partly from untoward circumstances, they were failures so far as the immediate object was concerned.

In spite of his sufferings and the many compulsory delays, Livingstone's discoveries during these last years were both extensive and of prime importance as leading to a solution of African hydrography. No single African explorer has ever done so much for African geography as Livingstone during his thirty years' work. His travels covered one-third of the continent, extending from the Cape to near the equator, and from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. Livingstone was no hurried traveller; he did his journeying leisurely, carefully observing and recording all that was worthy of note, studying the ways of the people, eating their food, living in their huts, and sympathising with their joys and sorrows. It will be long till the tradition of his sojourn dies out among the native tribes, who, almost without exception, treated Livingstone as a superior being; his treatment of them was always tender, gentle, and gentlemanly. But the direct gains to geography and science are perhaps the greatest results of Livingstone's journeys. He conceived, developed, and carried out a noble and many-sided purpose, with an unflinching and self-sacrificing energy, courage, and success, that entitle him to take rank among the great and strong who single-handed have been able materially to influence human progress, and the development of knowledge. His example and his death have acted like an inspiration, filling Africa with an army of explorers and missionaries, and raising in Europe so powerful a feeling against the slave trade that it may be considered as having received its deathblow. Personally Livingstone was a pure and tender-hearted man, full of humanity and sympathy, simple-minded as a child. The motto of his life was the advice he gave to some school children in Scotland—"Fear God, and work hard." Livingstone spent nearly all he had on Africa, and left little or nothing for his family.

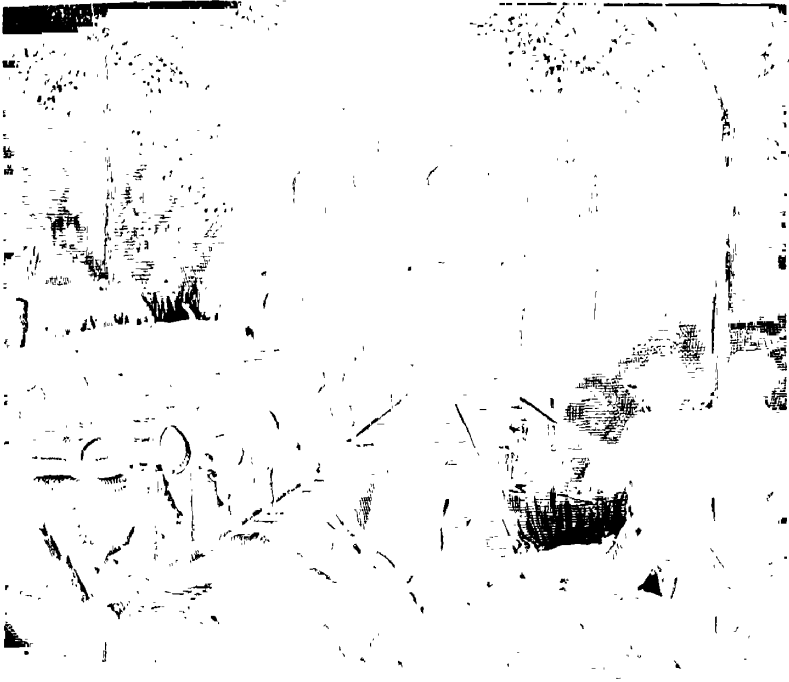
CHAPTER VII.

THE REGION SOUTH OF THE ZAMBESI.

LIVINGSTONE'S first great journey gave an immense stimulus to African exploration. One of the first to enter the field was Mr. Francis Galton, who, in 1850–51, with his companion Anderssen, penetrated into the Namaqualand interior and the Lake Ngami region from Walvisch Bay, and added greatly to our knowledge of that part of South Africa. Anderssen himself, a Dane, had already done much good work, and so did Thomas Baines, both here and elsewhere.

Further east, again, a German traveller, Karl Mauch, explored the region to the north of the Limpopo river, known as Matabeleland. In the Transvaal and elsewhere he discovered great gold fields, a discovery which caused much excitement in Europe. Much more in the way of gold discovery has been done recently, and most of the country traversed by Mauch is now British territory. One of the most important discoveries were the ruins of Zimbabye or Zembaoe, in the old kingdom of Monomatapu, to which reference has been made in an earlier chapter. Mauch found walls from 7 to 10 feet thick, and 30 feet high, and extending for 150 yards; from one portion rose a pyramidal tower 30 feet in height. The pioneers of the British South African Company's force are now investigating these ruins, so that the mystery of their origin may yet be solved. Thomas Baines also did a great deal for the exploration of this same region, and collected much important information as to its gold fields. But we shall go on to another German traveller, Edward Mohr, who has given us some delightful examples of South African life and

Vol. I. ED. MOHR. *To face p. 240.*

scenery. Mohr's journey had for its goal the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, discovered by Livingstone, and his object was partly hunting and partly exploration. Mohr's journey took place in 1869–70, and for a time he was accompanied by Baines. He landed at Durban, and stayed there and at Pietermaritzburg for a time, making preparations for his journey, which involved

ENCAMPMENT WITH BOER CARTS.

the purchase of great waggons, with about a dozen cattle for each, the engagement of drivers, and other assistants. Mohr has some interesting remarks on the South African ox-cart.

The clumsy but necessary Boer-cart is the ship of the Karroos or tablelands of South Africa; and although the best way to navigate it is not yet taught even in the most advanced naval schools of Germany, every sensible traveller will do all in his power to

keep his "vessel" in good condition, for on it depends his very existence in the vast solitudes of the wilderness. In front is a wide box-like seat, generally painted green, on which sits the coachman or driver in solitary grandeur, his long whip in his hand and his short pipe in his mouth. In the present instance I had two carts, one driven by the bastard Hottentot "Jack," the other by "Philips." As both speak a little English they consider themselves quite aristocratic, take their meals alone, make the Kaffir servants wait upon them, and expect to be addressed as "Mr. Bokkis" and "Mr. Philips." Like all men with a drop of Hottentot blood in their veins, they are first-rate oxen drivers, but incorrigibly careless. They have a decidedly good opinion of themselves, and a thorough relish for gin and whisky.

Day after day Mohr pressed on with his waggons, and generally in company with other travellers, Boers, English, and even Germans. For some days he camped on the Limpopo river, and after crossing made for Shoshong. He got fair sport, and had occasional adventures with lions. The following extract will give some idea of the sort of life travellers in this part of Africa had to lead, which was not so much overrun by Europeans as it is now. The Hübner mentioned was a companion who had been lost :—

We pressed on without a moment's rest from 5 to 10 P.M., for, after the noise made by wild beasts the night before, I was anxious about Hübner's isolated position, and would not for the world have left him alone in the forest a third night. Shortly before dusk the lions recommenced their concert, and my Kaffirs thought it well to go on in advance, carrying burning brambles fastened to poles. At last we saw a fire glimmering through the bush on the left; we fired twice, and in a few minutes Hübner and I were re-united. He had had a truly African adventure early that same day, which he would never forget as long as he lived. After he had sent my men back to the Palatje with a message that there was plenty of water

for men and animals for several days, he had set up his primitive camp near two mimosa trees, close to the right bank of the Gogwe. He wanted to see how it felt to sit alone by a fire in a howling—and, I may well add, roaring—wilderness. The first thing he did, in order to provide himself with a harbour of refuge in the last extremity, was to remove the thorns from one of the mimosa trees with a small axe for a height of twenty or twenty-five feet from the ground, so that he could easily climb into it. He soon enough had occasion to recognise the wisdom of this precaution, and had no reason to grudge the time and labour spent upon it. At midnight on the 19th of July, when everything around was hushed and the crackling of his fire alone broke the stillness, he lay down to rest, his double-barrelled gun beside him, his cartridges under his pillow. He slept peacefully and undisturbed all night, and when he awoke the sun was on the horizon and the fire burnt out. Then he suddenly heard the howling of a jackal close by, and climbing into his tree to reconnoitre the situation, he saw a lioness pass from the left bank of the Gogwe right through the stream, and land on the very spot he had just left. The lioness, scenting prey, stopped and crouched down like a cat ready to spring, but perceiving nothing, went back a few steps, as if frightened. All this time Hübner was seated in his tree unarmed, a witness of the way the poor beast was cheated of the breakfast of which he himself very nearly supplied the materials. Presently, however, a horrible roaring was heard from several points at once, and three lions and another lioness appeared on the scene, who were shortly joined by two more lions, making no less than seven in all. If only my friend had had his gun and ammunition with him, what royal sport he might have enjoyed!

The animals remained about half an hour, playing together much like cats, and rubbing their furs, wet with the night dews, dry upon the grass. Only every now and then the first lioness, who was rather lean,

came and prowled about under the tree, her eyes gleaming with a pale yellow light, as Hübner described it. At last they all went down into the water and disappeared in the bush, the hungry lioness going last of all.

We soon made ready for the night, that is to say, we flung up a hedge of branches and brambles, and the beasts of prey began their usual concert, but our fire kept them at a respectful distance.

I passed the night of the 23rd July in a tree near the drinking-place, and watched for lions; and to increase my chances of success I sent the waggons on a quarter of a mile. Nothing appeared, however, but jackals and hyænas. It was a beautiful moonlight night, the quiet was intense, the scenery looked lovely, but the hours seemed endless, and about two hours before daybreak it became very cold. Tired of watching, I tied myself to the stem of the tree with a strap I had brought with me, laid my head back, and went to sleep.

I awoke, feeling very cold about the head, and saw my cap lying on the ground. The sun was already ten degrees above the horizon, and I could hear the voices of my people in the distance, so I let my gun down by a string, and followed it myself.

I had hardly gone fifty steps when a lion came out of the jungle on the left, and pausing abruptly, glared at me for a moment; it was immediately joined by another. We gazed at each other as if petrified for a few seconds, then the animals turned tail, and I quietly went on my way; for, surprised as I was, I had no inclination to become the aggressive party.

The black-maned lion of South Africa seldom attacks men by daylight, especially in districts where there are plenty of large wild animals. But for this peculiarity, many more accidents would happen. Wandering Kaffirs and elephant hunters, when overtaken by the darkness, just light a fire and feel perfectly safe.

In uninhabited districts the king of the beasts does

not come out to drink until broad daylight. Near the Tati, on the shores of the Sacha and Ramakoban, rhinoceroses dig, or rather shovel out, deep holes, which become partly filled with clear water. These are the favourite drinking-places of lions, and they come to them after their nocturnal hunting expeditions,

WATERBUCKS.

before retiring to their lairs amongst the tall yellow reeds which grow on the river banks.

When I was encamped on the Sacha with Hübner in August, 1869, these great beasts of prey were unusually numerous; large and small antelopes, Cape buffaloes, giraffes, &c., supplying them with plenty of booty.

The sun has hardly sunk beneath the horizon before

the rolling voice of the "Bush-baas," as the Kaffirs call the lion, announces that he has left his retreat and his time is come. The lions in the neighbourhood answer the signal, and, as we have more than once had occasion to observe, they assemble and go hunting in packs. Some nights the roaring was without intermission, and on others there was absolute silence from midnight to 4 A.M.; but towards morning, as if the lions were protesting against the coming of the daylight, the fearful noise began worse than ever, now rolling away in the distance, now coming disagreeably close to the camp.

On the 20th I left the Gogwe and passed through the dry yellow sandy beds of the Katchani and Seribe streams, and the larger Schascha, all running from the south-west to the north-east, and full of the traces of countless troops of wild animals which had been down to seek for water. The banks are clothed with dense thickets of pale grey jungle edged with tall light yellow rushes, the favourite haunt during the day of lions and Cape buffaloes. Beyond stretch undulating districts, with weird-looking, rugged granite rocks rising here and there above the monotonous and apparently endless forest of mopane trees, with their rigid perpendicular branches and folded leaves, affording no more shade than a fishing net spread out in the sun. We made our way through these parched and dreary districts, and on the morning of the 26th of July arrived at the Tati settlement.

Tati, on the western border of Matabeleland was reached on July 26th. As Tati has become of some importance in connection with the gold fields, Mohr's description of it at the time it was founded, will be of interest:—

The Tati settlement was founded by Karl Mauch, who, with Hartley, an old elephant hunter of seventy-two, had discovered traces of gold in the quartz strata in 1868. The news spread like wildfire over the Cape Colony, Natal, and even reached Europe; but the miners who had hurried to the place from all parts of

Vol. I. VIEW OF THE TATI SETTLEMENT

the world had hitherto found little to reward them for their trouble.

Amongst the discontented and disappointed whites, who numbered some thirty or forty, was an English nobleman, Sir John Swinburne, who, misled by the glowing accounts in the papers, and without waiting for their corroboration, had set out, accompanied by an engineer, and provided with a steam-engine for

WAITING FOR LIONS.

crushing the quartz, and enough provisions, clothes, weapons, powder, shot, &c., to fill a magazine. The steam-engine was dragged up to Linyanti by thirty-two oxen, but as the Matabeles had a superstitious dread of it, supposing the whites meant to take possession of their country by its means, Sir John was obliged to have it brought back to the Tati.

The tents and huts of the miners were situated on the left bank of the Tati, a tributary of the Sacha. On the right, after passing the sandy bed of the stream,

we came to an unfinished powder magazine, and on the left lay a dried-up swamp, full of the footprints of elephants; the animals themselves, however, had of course disappeared on the arrival of men. In previous years, troops of them probably haunted the site of the present settlement.

On the hills near by are carefully-constructed stone walls of a considerable age, which were thrown up at the expense of a vast amount of trouble by the Machonas, now driven into the north by the Matabeles, as a protection against the sudden inroads of their enemies. These walls cannot fail to excite astonishment in a country where the largest buildings erected by the natives consist of clay, grass, and branches.

Swinburne's people told us that the Matabele country was in a very unsettled state, owing to the death of the notorious old chief Mosilikatze; so I got the outposts under old Monyama, a chief of secondary rank, to ask if I might pass through their land, sending the customary present for the acting chief or regent, whoever he might be.

Under the most favourable circumstances I could not expect an answer in less than a fortnight, which I did not regret, as rest was absolutely necessary for my exhausted oxen. We therefore resumed our ordinary occupations when on a halt; Hübner testing rocks, I taking astronomical observations. When Hübner and I arrived, Baines, with Hartley, the elephant hunter, who knew the Matabele "Indunas" well, and was highly esteemed by them, had already been allowed to penetrate into their country, and Sir John Swinburne was on the fruitless errand already alluded to.

We soon made friends with the settlers on the Tati, who included adventurers from every part of the world. Work was carried on as energetically as possible, not only all day but also all night. Most of the miners were sturdy, athletic, weather-beaten fellows, who still hoped, by perseverance and labour, to bring hidden treasures to light. Even in Africa gold is an element

which calls out the energy of the human race in a marvellous manner, and spurs them on to the greatest exertions.

Presently my old servant, Machlapean, came to me and said he could not stand it here any longer, the country was altogether too gloomy for him; it was a regular desert; the rivers had no water, only sand; it was a place for Impisis (hyænas) to live in, not for men. Then he begged me most earnestly to let him go, for he wanted to get back to his wife, his children, and his hut, to the green hills and mountains on the Tugela, where the oxen were fat and the cows gave plenty of milk.

As a Mr. Sutton, of Swinburne's party, was just about to return to England, having been suddenly enriched by the death of a wealthy uncle, I let Machlapean go with him, for the poor fellow was quite ill with home-sickness, and had lost all his bright humour and cheerfulness.

The miners were getting very short of meat when two Bushmen arrived at the camp, rejoicing in the wonderful names of Ramurpisi and Kamarana, who brought news of the presence of large herds of game on the Lower Sacha. The miners tried to persuade me to join the aborigines in a hunting expedition, and, as I was already rather tired of the monotony of camp-life, I agreed, and providing myself with weapons, provisions, bed-clothes, cooking utensils, &c., I soon set out with my strange companions; but, before doing so, I made my Kaffirs set a hearty meal before them, for the poor fellows looked as if they had fasted for months, and been well flogged into the bargain. As they understood the Bechuana language, I learnt through my servants, Sililo and Umloi, that Kamarana was unmarried, but that Ramurpisi was now living with his third wife and had several children. His first two wives and most of their children had been carried off by the Matabeles, and he himself had barely escaped with his life.

The Bushmen of these districts live like hunted game

between the Matabeles on the north and the Bechuanas on the south. The former race look upon them as outlaws, and a young warrior would think little of testing the sharpness of his spear by pinning a Bushman to the earth with it. The Bushmen may be said to be the gipsies of South Africa, for they have much the same wandering instincts as those outcasts of Europe, and never seem able to accustom themselves to a settled dwelling-place. They are very clever in the preparation of concealed pitfalls, in which they entrap game of all kinds; and when meat fails them, they live upon bulbous roots and wild honey. They can hit a partridge or a guinea hen whether running or on the wing; vultures guide them to the place where lions have brought down their prey the night before, leaving many a juicy marrow-bone for those who come after them; in a word, Bushmen can support themselves where Europeans would starve. They have to pay a tribute out of the skins of the wild animals they destroy, but it is very irregularly exacted. Ostriches and elephants, on account of their feathers and tusks respectively, are the monopoly of the chief, and Bushmen are forbidden to kill them; but the wilderness is wide and the aborigines crafty, so that these costly articles can often be bought from them.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when we finally packed up our belongings. After an hour and a half's march we came to some huts made of branches and foliage, with the smoke from the fires curling upwards; then we heard human voices, and two little black fellows, Ramurpisi's children, in costumes *au naturel*, ran out to meet their father, but seeing a white man, whom they evidently looked upon as a monster, they fled away yelling like hunted game.

The Bushman, however, soon reassured the frightened children, giving them some glass beads which he had received from me at the camp. To my surprise, Madame Ramurpisi was not nearly so ugly as I expected, in fact, she was almost good-looking, with thin lips and a slightly hooked nose; and I mentally

wondered where her husband had picked her up. Before we started again, Ramurpisi took his children in his arms and caressed them, and his wife watched him from the door of the hut till he disappeared. This leave-taking struck me as quite civilised, and reminded me of scenes at German railway stations.

The comical part of the expedition was that I did not know a word of the Bushmen's language, nor they of mine; but where there is a common interest and a common aim, people soon manage to understand each

A MASUPIA. A PANDA.

other, and so did we in this instance. My object was to have good sport, that is to say, to shoot plenty of large wild animals, so I had my best weapons with me; the Bushmen, on the other hand, wanted to eat the game when I had killed it. They knew as well how to trace it as the best trained bloodhounds, and were as familiar with the forest all round as I am with the streets of my native town. The only expressions intelligible to both parties were the Zulu words, jebo (yes), aykona (no), inyati (buffalo), monati (honey), but they served our purpose very well.

We must have marched for rather more than three hours altogether, when I brought down a koodoo with my polygonal rifle. We were then close to the Sacha, about twelve nautical miles below the spot where we had crossed this periodic stream with our waggons.

The Bushmen selected a resting-place on a gentle slope between two large trees, and after carefully examining the ground to see that there were no snake holes about, they set fire to the underwood with wisps of grass, spread a layer of loose grass over the charred remains, and laid my sleeping rug upon it.

In everything they did they manifested the greatest caution. A fire was lighted to protect us on the side of the river, but it was kept of a moderate size, to prevent the flames from rising to any great height. In front of us lay the yellow sandy bed of the Sacha, and some five hundred yards to the left was a pool of water, the borders covered with the footprints of wild animals, which we avoided approaching, lest we should frighten the game when they came to drink at night.

The fire for making our coffee and cooking our supper was between our camp and the bed of the river, but as soon as we had finished with it we smothered it, leaving only a glimmer visible. When the necessary preparations for the night were made, my companions went back to the koodoo I had shot, and having cut it up they hung the joints in a tree, to be out of the reach of beasts of prey, bringing however one leg, with the liver and kidneys, to the camp for supper. After that meal I gave them some tobacco for them to have a smoke, and then lay down to rest. Beside me, under a rug, to protect them from the dew, lay five loaded rifles, ready for use at a moment's notice.

The way a Bushman prepares a pipe is very simple and effective. He kneads earth mixed with water into a paste, moulds it into the shape required, makes an oblong hole in the top, burns the hole dry with a coal, takes a reed or grass stem, and with it bores through the stem of the pipe till the oblong hole is reached, clears the reed or stem from the bits of earth which

may have got in, and the pipe handle is ready. Cut-up tobacco is put in at the top, coal is laid upon it, and the operation of smoking may commence.

All the people of South Africa, such as Zulus, Bechuanas, Makalakas, and Matabeles, draw the smoke right into their lungs, and then cough violently with evident enjoyment. They are also all enthusiastic snuff-takers: and when two Zulus meet, the first thing they do is to offer each other a pinch of snuff.

Although the night passed over quietly enough, I

BUSHMEN LION-HUNTING.

awoke several times. The pale yellow sand of the Sacha stream glimmered in the faint moonbeams, and the forms of the antelopes, which came down almost noiselessly to drink, cast long shadows upon the ground. Their keen scent would soon make them aware of our neighbourhood, and then they would suddenly stand stock still, or, as the barking of our dogs was heard, they would start as if struck by lightning. But for these sounds and the loud snoring of my companions, who, rolled up in their karosses, lay

like dogs at full length upon the ground, all was perfectly still until an hour before daybreak, when the beasts of prey appeared to hold a gala meeting, for the noise at times was deafening, but then again everything was hushed, and it seemed as if all life were extinct.

I had just roused myself from my morning dreams, the birds were chirping in the bushes, and it was already quite light enough for shooting, when I suddenly felt a very light touch on my shoulder, and saw the old Bushman Kamarana crouching on the ground like a panther about to spring, and drawing my attention to the bank of the stream behind us. My double-barrelled gun was in my hand in an instant, and I crawled up the bank with him. Arrived there, he held me firmly and pointed to a bush; as he was in a great state of excitement, I thought he must have seen some large beast of prey creep behind it, and I peered about with my eyes close to the ground, but could discover nothing, although the man still continued to point in the same direction. But now, looking a little higher, I suddenly saw the object of his attention, for three large bastard elands with mighty horns were standing scarcely thirty-five paces from us, listening and moving their long donkey-like ears backwards and forwards. Another moment, and they will be off! Stealthily I took aim, and fired both barrels in rapid succession, and the animal immediately opposite to me stood still for a moment, and then fell down dead. The distance had been so short that the pointed bullet had passed right through the poor animal, piercing the heart, and death must have been instantaneous. A second antelope was wounded, and as soon as my big greyhound Jack heard the shots, he started in pursuit.

To this day I cannot imagine how the old Bushman got an inkling of the arrival of the game, for from our position it was impossible to see anything on the other side of the steep bank. He gave me to understand, by pointing to his ear again and again, that he had heard

a noise; and if so, all I can say is, that the ears of Bushmen must be differently constructed, or rather, very differently trained, from ours.

The booty, which had fallen into our hands so opportunely, was at once drawn and quartered, and breakfast was prepared. Then, all three working together, we dragged the heavy carcases, weighing some six hundred pounds in all, to the fire, and completely covered them with bushes. The Bushmen and Maka-

OUR GAME WAS ALARMED.

lakas, before they go hunting, always throw their magic dice, little bits of ivory marked with dots and other signs, and from the way they fall they know beforehand what will be the result of their expedition. In the present instance the dice-throwing lasted at least a quarter of an hour; then my guides got up, pointed to the right bank of the stream with their long spears, shouldered one of my reserve guns each, and we pushed on.

A hunt in this part of Africa differs from the tame

pleasures of the ordinary chase in Europe, not so much in the quantities of game to be found here, as in the excitement and suspense of wandering through endless forests haunted by all manner of wild animals, which may surprise us at any moment. On this account we notice everything, listen to every sound, and carefully examine every thicket as we advance, such as buffaloes or the dreaded little black rhinoceros love to frequent. Another source of enjoyment is the sense of absolute freedom ; we know that there are no boundaries anywhere, and that our hunting districts extend as far as we can carry our guns.

We had proceeded for about half an hour without uttering a syllable through a forest of mopane trees, growing at pretty wide intervals from each other, and alternating here and there with a denser growth of jungle, when my companions stopped, and pointed with their spears to some perfectly fresh buffaloes' spoors. They then indicated the direction I was to take and disappeared, one going to the right, the other to the left. In a quarter of an hour they rejoined me, having found the buffaloes. I followed them, and after a short march we halted ; the Bushmen removed their sandals of untanned skin, and made me take off my boots. The sharp reed-like grass and the rough ground, which seemed to be literally strewn with pointed thorns, hurt my feet dreadfully at every step. Presently I saw a herd of buffaloes standing beneath the shade of some thick trees, and so well covered, that at first I could not tell their heads from their tails. On the back of one of the animals nearest to me I noticed one of those black starling-like weaver-birds, known to naturalists as the *Textor erythrorhynchus*, which live upon the larvæ and insects infesting the skins of buffaloes, and follow them everywhere. The bird was the first to perceive us, and flew up with a shrill cry, then perched again on the buffalo, stretched out its neck, and flapped its wings.

Our game was alarmed, and raising its fierce head with its mighty horns, looked round at the spot where

e were all crouching behind a bush, but fortunately ithout seeing us. The moment had come for firing. y long heavy gun (calibre No. 10), loaded with a aden bullet pointed with tin, lay ready on my oulder; a thundering report rung out, succeeded by le rolling, crashing noise made by the buffaloes aring their way through the dry bushes; clouds of

THE HUGE BEAST FELL TO THE GROUND.

ust rising in the air, and that was all we could see t first.

The animals had scarcely disappeared when the ushmen, armed with their long spears, hurried for- ard; but I could not immediately follow, as I stopped put on my boots, not being minded to run through le jungle barefooted! I then reloaded my gun and llowed the buffalo spoors, to find that the animal red at had gone off with the others, leaving not so

S

much as a trace of blood behind him. From the wood on the south-east of the stream, however, I heard loud bellowings and cries, and after a few moments' rapid running I saw my companions cautiously keeping under the cover of a thick bush, watching the wounded buffalo at a little distance off, but not daring to approach it. Wounded *Bos Caffers* are amongst the most malignant animals of Africa, and every year some accidents happen to hunters in encounters with them. Unless they are disabled by their wounds, they make furious onsets before death, and their tenacity of life is marvellous.

I had only my heavy single-barrelled gun with me, and if the ball hit the right place death would be certain and instantaneous; but all depended on that. My appearance on the scene revived Ramurpisi's courage, and creeping to within fifty paces of the buffalo he threw stones at it, on which the wounded creature slowly turned round, lowered its head, and came a little way out of the bush, its small green eyes glaring with rage, and its breath coming in short gasps. It stood still, staring at the Bushman, and I seized the opportunity to advance within forty paces, for there was no time to be lost, as an attack might follow at any moment. I fired; the shot took effect behind the shoulder, and, as if struck by lightning, the huge beast fell to the ground—a long plaintive yell, true music to the ears of the hunter, announcing that the wound was mortal. No experienced hunter ever approaches a dying buffalo until this characteristic cry has been heard. We now examined our prey, and found the first ball embedded quite high up in the left shoulder, and a good deal of inflammation about the wound. As I was too far from my camp to be able to make any use of the carcase, I gave it to the Bushmen, who covered it with bushes, lit huge fires near it, and made marks on the trunks of the trees with their spears, to call the attention of any of their friends who might happen to be wandering about the forest. Four times more in the course of the day the unrivalled instinct

of my companions brought me within firing distance of buffaloes, and each time traces of blood were left behind. It was often as long as three-quarters of an hour before the Bushmen returned from following the spoor; but each time all they had to say was "Aykona chaya"—You have missed, or the game is gone! Now the distance had been in each case so short, that I could not have missed, and it was just possible that the men deceived me, to avoid having to carry the heavy horns to the camp for me.

It was about an hour before sunset when the Bushmen cried: "Hamba umlilo"—Let us go to the fire, that is to say, to the camp; and I agreed. They pointed out to me where it lay, and I subsequently found it was an hour's distance from us; but I should never have found my way alone through the winding paths of the wilderness, in which, however, my black guides were quite at home. We had been picking our way along for about a quarter of an hour in the cautious, suspicious manner which becomes habitual to the hunter or traveller in this country, when we reached a spot where some large animal had evidently been quite recently rolling in the sand, and from the footprints we at once recognised it to have been the dreaded Pedjami, or small black rhinoceros. We hurried on with hushed footsteps, and presently saw it trotting away at about one hundred paces from us. The natives, who were again armed with my reserve guns, wanted to run after it and send a few bullets into it, and I had great difficulty in keeping them back. But the rhinoceros, hearing a noise, instead of the pursued became the pursuer, and, snorting like a steam-engine, he made for the bush behind which we had taken shelter, as affording us some little protection.

The black rhinoceros is a singularly nervous animal. If it sees danger or an enemy, such as a man, before getting scent of it, he generally rushes snorting away; but if he gets scent of anything unusual, and his sense of smell is of extraordinary keenness, he suddenly

charges out of the bush with great vehemence. Accidents often result from this last peculiarity, as horses are so terrified by the unexpected appearance of so formidable a beast, that they cannot be made to stir from the spot. Oswell, the former hunter and companion of Livingstone, when hunting with Edwards in the Matabele land, had a horse killed under him by the charge of a Pedjami on one occasion, and on another his own leg was pierced through, his life being only saved by the opportune appearance of Edwards. Dubois, a colonist living in Natal, relates that when hunting on the Amatonga Plain, near Lucia Bay, three of his Kaffirs were killed by a furious black rhinoceros in as many minutes.

Fortunately, the animal does not see well, and can easily be eluded in the forest by anyone with ordinary activity and presence of mind, although it must always produce a certain feeling of nervousness to have a snorting Pedjami at one's heels.

In my African hunting expeditions I have shot at fifteen rhinoceroses and brought down seven. On the open plains, however, I am careful to avoid them, although John Dun, of the Tugela, will grapple with them even there ; but then he is a perfect veteran in hunting.

When our enemy was about fifty paces from the bush he halted a moment and listened, moving his long hog-like ears up and down. I was standing, ready to fire, a little in advance of the two Bushmen, who waited one on each side of me with the reserve guns in their hands.

The mighty animal advanced briskly but with marvellous caution. Probably it was not even now quite sure of our exact whereabouts, for when only twenty paces from us it hesitated and raised one leg like an expectant spaniel. Then it bent its head, showing its short smooth horn, and I fired as well as I could from my oblique position at the left shoulder, immediately springing aside four or five paces. A cloud of dust, a smell of smoke, a loud grunting, and

the crashing of bending and breaking branches, were all we could see or hear. I looked for the Bushmen; they were in full flight, fifty paces from me, but when they saw the Pedjami was in retreat, they turned round and set off in pursuit. It was already so late, that, although the bushes and sand were plentifully sprinkled

A DOOMED RHINOCEROS.

with blood, we were soon obliged to give up following our wounded prey, and it was not till a few days later that the Bushman found the dead body. He brought the short horn to me on the Tati, as a trophy.

Before we got back to the camp we saw a herd of some hundred buffaloes on a rising ground, wending their way to the right bank of the Sacha. They were marching in closely serried ranks, and every now and

then some old bulls with mighty horns, which seemed to act as a rear-guard, stopped and looked back over the road they had traversed. When we reached the bed of the Sacha I fired off my weapon, without taking aim, just to frighten them. Clouds of dust and a great uproar ensued, that was all.

The Bushmen thought from the movements of the animals that they were pursued by lions. We did not, however, catch sight of any; probably the noise of the firing drove them away.

We were only some thousand paces from our camp when I succeeded in bringing down a fine Impallah-bok. Arrived at the site of our fire I found, according to agreement, a buck-waggon belonging to the miners, some of my own people, and my big greyhound Jack, waiting for me. The bastard eland and the koodoo of yesterday were already packed in the cart, but as it was so late my servants remained with me for the night, starting very early the next morning.

The next day I again went hunting with the Bushmen, who were very anxious that I should shoot a zebra, as they, together with the Makalakas and Matabeles, consider the flesh of that animal a delicacy. I found its sweet taste repulsive, except in soup, with plenty of pepper, but I have known Boers and even Englishmen who prefer it to every other game.

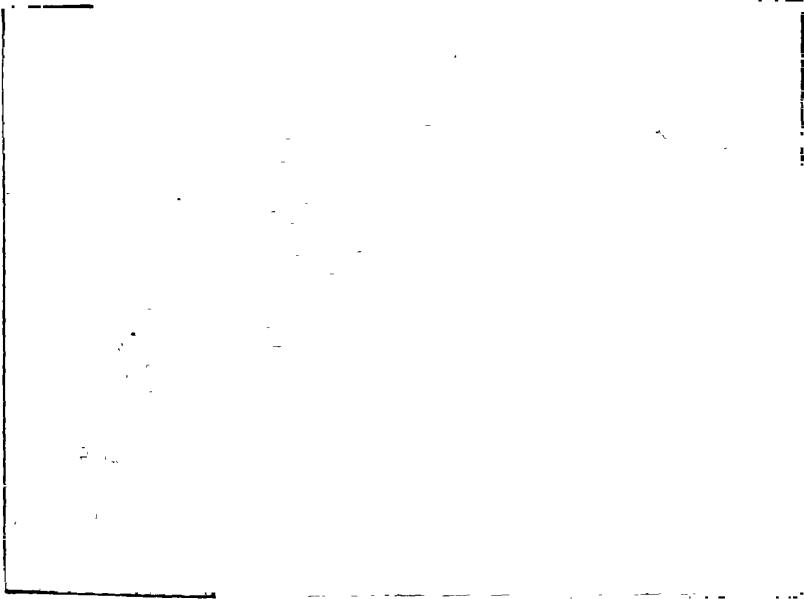
A few hours' march, during which I shot one quagga, a blue gnu, and two Impallah-boks, brought us close to the huts of the Bushmen, and I then directed my course back towards the settlement on the Tati.

In this day's hunting the Bushmen, by following the flight of some bees, had discovered a nest full of honey, of which they took possession. These bees are scarcely so large as common house-flies, and they have dark bodies with dingy brown stripes. They are stingless, and build their nests in the ground. The honey is clear and has a pleasant taste. It is not stored in cells, but in loose grey bags, some of which are as large as a grape, or even a walnut.

We probed the nest with a flexible stick to see if it

contained honey, and once convinced of that fact, it was quickly dug out with the spears of the Bushmen.

Arrived at the Tati, I learned that Monyama would not admit any one into the Matabele land; and it was evident that, if I wished to effect anything among its people, I must go myself.

A stranger visiting the Zulu or Matabele lands in time of peace, when the chief is reigning in his capital, surrounded by his Indunas, is as safe in life and

MIDNIGHT VISITORS.

property, if he complies with the customs of the country, as he would be in the best governed parts of Europe; I might almost say safer, as the dirt and crowding in the narrow streets of our over-populated towns are as yet unknown amongst the "barbarian" natives of Africa.

When I was hunting in Zululand in 1866, during the reign of Panda, my carts full of all sorts of things stood quite unprotected at the Makameny Kraal, near the Shlue Shlue, for six weeks, and not so much as a nail was stolen. But now the common people stole

everything they could : there was no king, and saying that we have said all.

When angry or excited, the Kaffirs, whether Zulus or Matabeles, can be regular wild beasts ; but those who know how to manage them can get on with them very well, and I have often found them as obedient and docile as children.

When travelling in these countries it is customary to make a present to the chief of the district about to be traversed, and to send messages to announce one's arrival. The value of the gift determines the rank of the stranger or the nature of his business.

It seems to me that the chief does not care so much for the actual present, as for the honour of receiving it from a white man. His subjects talk about it, and it gives them a more exalted notion of the rank of their ruler and the estimation in which he is held by foreigners. The chief always sends a present in exchange, and daily gifts of meat, Kaffir beer or anasi, &c., arrive at the camp.

A traveller anxious to shoot elephants must pay a tribute of weapons, arms, &c., for which he will receive permission to hunt for one season, from May to October, for instance. The king assigns him a district, in which no one is allowed to compete with him. "The elephants await thee !" is the formula by which permission to hunt is announced. The necessary contingent of men for arranging the encampment, tracking and carrying the game, &c., are also supplied by the king, the European paying for their services in woollen wrappers and glass beads. The rewards agreed upon are deposited with the king, and not given away until the contract is fulfilled.

When I made the tedious Guay march with Hübner in the beginning of the rainy season, I showed each of the natives their rewards in beads and calico in the presence of their chief, N'Umkaniula, and in token of their complete satisfaction and readiness to go with me, they laid their shields and spears down beside them. The contract was thus formally ratified, and come what

might they could not evade it, and would have been bound to go with us to the Victoria Falls, if we could have got as far. I confess, however, that I had my own fears of a breach of contract, and I expressed them to the chief, who laughed heartily at the very idea,

MARCH FROM TATI TO LINYANTI.

shook his spear, and made a very intelligible gesture of incredulity.

The Matabeles were originally a branch of the Zulu race, a lineage of which they are still very proud; and when driven from Zululand by the tyranny of the chief Chaka, they are said to have numbered some twenty thousand souls, including women and children. They made their way over the Drachenberg Mountains, but were pursued and overtaken by the Zulu despot and

his warriors. A fierce battle ensued, and the Matabeles —whose very existence was at stake—fought so desperately as to completely defeat the hitherto victorious Chaka, and slay more than half his warriors. The Matabeles, led by the renowned Mosilikatze and his general N'Umbaze, then pursued their course in a north-westerly direction, driving all the Bechuana hordes in their path before them, till they settled down in a very fruitful district near the Magaliesberg Mountains, where they lived undisturbed till the Boers made their way over the Vaal River, and the interests of the two races clashed, after which ensued a long desultory struggle, the Matabeles being finally driven away by the whites, whose firearms gave them an unfair advantage. Mosilikatze then led his people to the district named after them, which begins a little to the north of the Transvaal Republic, at about 22°, and extends to the Zambesi. The former inhabitants of these lands were the Machonas, who are gradually being exterminated by the stronger Matabeles.

As I said before, no successor to Mosilikatze had been appointed on my arrival at the Tati, for although the Indunas met daily in council at Umchlauchlausela, they seemed unable to come to a decision. Hundreds of oxen were slain and devoured, and rivers of joalla or durra beer consumed with no result. Such was the state of things when circumstances rendered it necessary for me to pass through the land of the Matabeles, as the quickest way to accomplish the aim of my journey.

We left the Tati and started in a northerly direction for the Ramakoban, a tributary of the Sacha, arriving there at four o'clock in the afternoon, when we halted and cooked our meal.

The entire march from the Tati to Linyanti is over a rocky plateau with an inclination to the north-west and south-east, and our course led us between the sources of the periodical streams and rivers which—on the left—run from the south-east to the north-west, and flow first into the Guay, discovered by James Chapman (which also, as I ascertained later in 1870,

receives the Tchangani), and then into the Zambesi, and on the right, those of the streams running from the north-west to the south-east, and belonging to the system of the Limpopo or Crocodile River, which flows to the Indian Ocean through the comparatively unknown coast districts of Inhambane in S. lat. 25.

We had hardly set up our camp before I went down to the right bank of the stream, still partially filled with water, and turning to the left I cut across the bed, which at this point is six hundred feet broad. The numerous and recent footprints convinced me that there were plenty of large animals, such as buffaloes, rhinoceroses, and giraffes, in the neighbourhood, so the next morning I had both the waggons taken some miles further down the stream, and decided to give up a day to hunting, in the hope of bringing down a buffalo.

Before I left the Tati I had engaged a young Makalaka, about nineteen years old, of a modest and winning appearance, in fact, the best looking native I ever saw in South Africa. His figure was of wonderful symmetry, and he was so fleet and indefatigable a runner that none of the Kaffirs could come anywhere near him, and he could keep even an unwounded buffalo in sight as long as he chose. He was equally expert in throwing the spear, wrestling, and all manly exercises.

This black Apollo, in whom I was much interested, was named Monyama, and was a son—although I did not know it at the time—of the crafty old guardian of the Matabele frontier of the same name already referred to. Young Monyama's only reason for taking services with us was to spy upon us undisturbed; and he found means, unknown to me, of keeping his father supplied with almost daily reports of our very slightest movements. This mode of ascertaining the actions, wishes, amusements, &c., of visitors to their country is very characteristic of the Matabeles, who do not consider espionage at all derogatory to their dignity, but rather a necessary attribute of a superior man. In the present

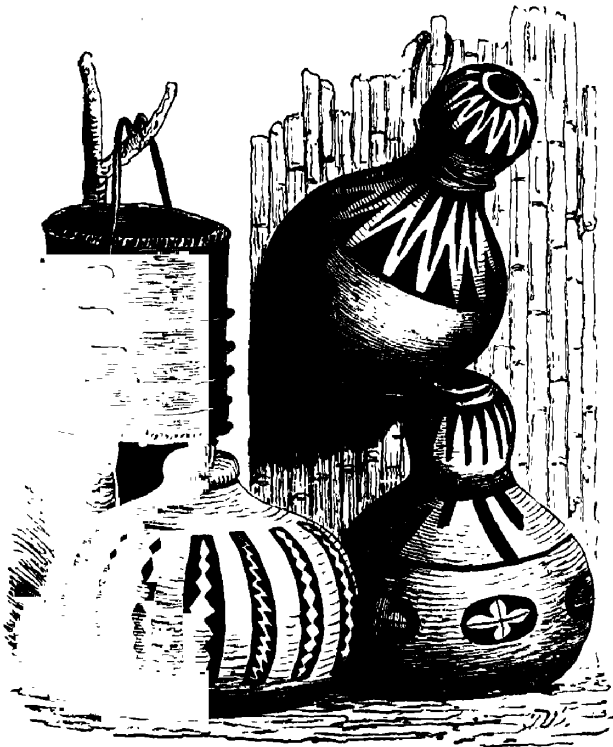
instance they were chiefly anxious to find out if we were on a search for gold, and as Monyama saw Hübner collecting, examining, and testing stones every day, he made sure we were. This information was important to old Monyama and the Matabeles, because they thought, as the whites value that metal above everything, they would be able to exact a larger tribute or Tusa.

On the morning of the 18th August I took young Monyama and my Bechuana servant Umloi out hunting with me, giving them my guns to carry, that I might make my way more quickly through the forest unencumbered with weapons. After following a spoor with first-rate success for about an hour and a half, I came upon buffaloes, fired, and brought down a beautiful young cow.

A little before this Mosilikatze, king of Matabeleland, died, and there was an interregnum before his successor could fill the throne. Mohr several times came across Lobengula (he calls him Lumpengula), who ultimately succeeded. He thus describes a visit paid him by the future king :—

On the morning of the 6th of October I wanted to make an attempt to resume my march to the Mangwe, and had already begun harnessing the oxen when I suddenly saw a rider approaching followed by several spear-bearers. It was Lumpengula, the future king of the Matabeles, and it at once struck me that I should be asked for more presents; but in this I did the princely barbarian injustice, for he behaved with the greatest courtesy, expressing his deep regret that he had been unable to further my wishes, &c., and offering me two saddle-horses, as I was unmounted, to take me to the Mangwe. Some of his spearmen should go with me as an escort, and bring them back.

I declined his kind offer, and presented him with two pounds of shot, half a pound of powder, and a box of matches. As we were dining together in my tent he noticed a gold medallion, containing a coloured portrait of my deceased mother, which I wore round my neck.

He asked to look at the picture, and talked a great deal about it to my driver, who told me the prince saw a likeness to some one in it; and when he heard that the lady it represented had long been dead, he said: "Oh, you white men are fortunate; your art is so great that you can still see those who are gone: your hearts need never be sad." No civilised person could

BARK BASKET AND CALABASHES FOR HOLDING CORN.

have expressed himself with more tact. My visitor took leave at five o'clock, with all the politeness of a chivalrous knight; and as he mounted his horse he saluted me with the well-known expression, "Hamba gushli"—Go in peace.

Mohr had to return to Tati, but after various delays he at last was able to start for the Zambesi. On his way he came upon some small lakes frequented by

hippopotami, which gave him some good sport, which he thus describes :—

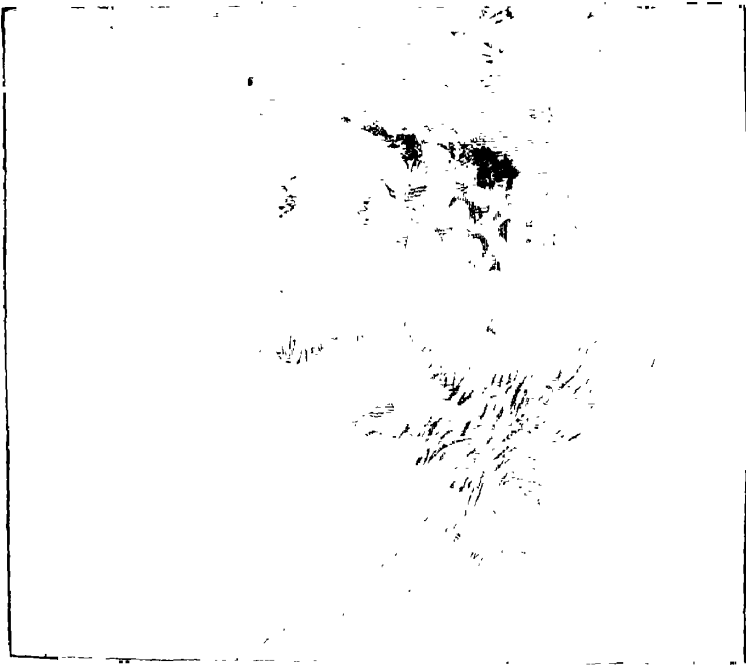
One of the most remarkable animals of Africa is certainly the hippopotamus, and I will therefore add a few words on the mode of hunting this animal monstrosity.

In the early days of the Cape Colony there were hippopotami in nearly all the rivers, lakes, swamps, and ponds of Natal, but they were soon frightened away by the constant firing, and now, except near the mouth of the Tugela River, they are seldom met with.

The colonists of Natal call the hippopotamus the sea-cow, and the Zulu name for it is Impovu. Its flesh, which is streaked with white fat, is considered a great delicacy. It is extremely tender, and has a pleasant taste, something between that of beef and pork.

In spite of its clumsy, massive form, it is wonderfully active in the water, and is extremely dainty about its food. At night it leaves the swamps and lakes to wander for miles over hill and mountain in search of its favourite diet, a very tender grass, called sea-cow grass by Dun. The ground where one of these huge beasts has been feeding always looks as if it had been mown with a machine. It is as smooth as a carpet, and it is difficult to understand how such a monstrous mouth can cut so cleanly. All about the large lakes in Zululand pits had been dug by the natives, for a visit from a hippopotamus in a maize or durra plantation is very bad for the harvest. Where these destructive creatures are numerous, watch is kept all night in huts constructed for the purpose, and efforts are made to frighten them away by means of noise and fire.

In 1866 I became acquainted with Dun, and accompanied him on one of his great hunting expeditions. He is now in the service of the Government, and has almost given up hunting, and I am living peacefully on the banks of the Weser; but I shall never forget the scenes we witnessed together on Lakes Musingasi and Inchlabani. In 1870, Dun and his Kaffirs brought down no less than one hundred and four hippopotami.

Our way of going to work was as follows: As soon as the day began to break we manned our whaling sloop, which was rowed by five sturdy natives. This boat had been brought from D'Urban, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, in an ox-cart, and had arrived safely after many details and vicissitudes. As we cautiously rowed along the reed-covered shores of the lake we often came suddenly upon the hippopotami,

CROCODILES ATTACKING NATIVES.

which would swim round our little bark, snorting, growling and grunting. As these lakes had never before been visited by hunters, the animals showed very little shyness, and sometimes came within a few yards of the boat, much to the terror of the natives, who are bad sailors and never feel at home on the water.

And now crack go the guns, the water heaves, and down dive the animals; but as they dash along at the

bottom of the lake, the bubbles rising to the surface betray their whereabouts, so that we are able to follow them. Presently a huge head appears above the surging waters, and aiming as nearly behind the ear as possible, another murderous salute rings out. Round whirls the blood-stained foam, and the dying prey sinks, to rise to the surface half an hour after death, so that the hunter is sure not to lose his booty.

Hippopotamus hunting is not at all dangerous; only once in twenty-two excursions were we at all in a critical situation, and that was owing to a leak being made in our boat by the sudden charge of a female, with a young one beside her. We stopped the leak with a felt hat, and got safely to the land.

These lakes abound with crocodiles, and the blood of a wounded hippopotamus generally attracts them. Many an old fellow did we bring down with our rifles. When Dun and I were hunting on the Inchlabani, we must have catered entirely for these huge reptiles, for we only carried away the skin, teeth, and fat of our victims, leaving the huge carcases near the lake. Then, when all was quiet, and the natives had drawn off, crowds of crocodiles would come up, and feast on the remains. The skin of one of the hippopotami we killed in Zululand weighed five hundred and ten pounds when fresh.

Although very sociable animals, the male hippopotami often have skirmishes with each other, as is proved by the fearful scars found on their skins. Ordinary leaden bullets, though they penetrate the hide of these animals, become flattened or broken when they strike the huge bones, and do not inflict mortal wounds. It is therefore usual, as in buffalo, elephant, and rhinoceros hunting, to employ guns of very heavy calibre, and bullets hardened with tin or quicksilver—four parts of lead to one of tin, for instance—and to fire at as short a distance as possible. Amongst the Dutch elephant hunters I have seen bullets so large, that four of them together weighed a pound.

After a variety of adventures, Mohr and his party at

last reached the Zambesi. On the 12th of June, 1870, he tells us :—

After a good rest we packed up our bundles again early the next morning. Cluley and I enjoyed a cup of tea and some cold guinea-hen, and the natives received the last of the durra. When we started, Debgué begged me to go on in advance, for he had suddenly conceived a great horror of my sextant, being unable to understand how a white man, in a country in which he had never been before, could tell what direction to take, and where to look for the village of Wanki, the rivers, &c.

I went on then at the head of my little party, and as the country was freer from jungle, &c., I was able to maintain a more northerly course. The vegetation, especially the grass, seemed fresher and more luxuriant. After we had walked an hour and a half by my watch, Sililo suddenly stood still, and pointing to the ground, exclaimed in great surprise, "M'Abantu!" (men). All the Kaffirs hurried up, and then dividing, examined every thicket, for as we came from the direction of the dreaded Matabeles, who had driven Wanki out of his old home some time ago, they were afraid of falling into an ambush of his spies. The footprints of men, therefore, which we had sought for in vain in the great wilderness for weeks, now only caused fear and anxiety.

We went on cautiously, and presently we got an uninterrupted view towards the north, and caught sight of the flourishing maize plantations and huts of the long-desired village of Wanki; but even now we could not see the great river, though we could hear its roar far beneath us. Soon, however, we came to an old well-worn footpath leading abruptly down towards the north; we followed it, and at ten minutes past nine on Sunday morning, the 12th of June, 1870, I at last stood on the banks of the Zambesi.

To announce our arrival to the inhabitants of the village, I fired several shots in rapid succession, and it was not long before the astonished people ran down to

the opposite bank. Then a canoe was manned and pushed into the water, but after approaching to within fifty paces of our party it lay to.

Persecution and experience had made the people of Wanki cautious, and they now ordered my men to stand back, whilst I had to go to the edge of the water and strip to the waist, to prove it was not only my face which was white, but that I was a true European.

WANKI.

I did as they wished, and their fears seemed allayed: but they were still more satisfied when one of the Makalakas spoke to them in their own language. Henceforth all suspicion was at end; they landed: I gave them a few small presents for their chief, and begged them to bring me some sheep, goats, gourds, durra, and joalla beer. They promised to do so, and rowed back in a very contented humour. Wanki keeps large flocks of doves in his village, which I mention

here as I never met with these birds domesticated amongst any other people of Africa. When the canoe was gone, I got out my pocket compass and a book, and went to a neighbouring village to take our bearings. As I climbed the hill a strange sensation came over me, for I saw a tumble-down hut, some broken colour pots, part of the contents of which were still in good preservation, empty pickle bottles, and old oars, proving beyond a doubt that I was on the famous Logier Hill, so well known from the description of Baines and Chapman. Near at hand, too, lay the boat, which had been constructed with so much skill and at the expense of so much trouble, in the hope of exploring the Zambesi in it to its very mouth.* The natives in their superstitious fear had not touched these relics of the white man. Time alone, which is fatal to all the productions of human skill, had brought about their decay.

What heroic endurance, what steadfast adherence to the plan resolved on, and what a melancholy overthrow of bold hopes, had this little corner of the world witnessed! I trod carefully, that I might not injure these venerable memorials.

After I had made a rough plan of the surrounding districts, I returned to my people. The canoe had arrived with the provisions, and the wearisome haggling inseparable from dealings with the natives was at its height. To get the business settled as quickly as possible I paid a good price, and got four goats, three sheep, twenty gourds, and two bottles of joalla beer. I pitched my camp at the foot of Logier Hill, from the summit of which the German colours now waved for the first time.

The Zambesi is here one mile wide, and is dotted with pretty little islands covered with evergreen trees. The banks are hilly and overgrown with bush. On the north an extensive view is obtained, with a distant

* This project was abandoned, owing to the sudden outbreak of deadly fever amongst Baines's men compelling him to retreat to the high lands of the desert.—Tr.

background of lofty mountains. The current of the river is noisy and rapid, running at a pace of three knots an hour, and its waters are clear, transparent, and of a greenish-blue colour. There is plenty of fish to be had, and almost every minute a gigantic crocodile or hippopotamus rises to the surface, to disappear as quickly as it came.

After taking several meridian altitudes of the sun, I found the latitude of my camp to be 18° 2′ 30″ S.

We had a most luxurious meal considering our circumstances, and in the afternoon I made a grand toilet and set out to pay Wanki a formal visit, in a boat sent by him for my use. It was specially stipulated that only Cluley and one native should accompany me, and that as many shots should be fired as possible on our way across the river. These conditions were fulfilled to the best of our ability, and when we landed on the northern bank we found about sixty people awaiting us, but Wanki himself had not yet appeared. Soon afterwards a long procession of men moved out of the village, amongst whom Wanki was easily recognisable a long way off, for he wore a high woollen nightcap, of which he seemed not a little proud; behind him marched musicians with drums and flutes. My own costume was somewhat fantastic, part of it dating from a Leipzig carnival; and what with it, my high riding boots and spurs, and above all my silver epaulettes, which had belonged to my late father, the effect on my host was almost overpowering, and he must have thought me a very great Induna amongst the whites. I made a formal bow in European style, and, at first, surprise kept the natives silent. The ice was broken, however, as it often is with us by the circulation of wine; the joalla bottle was passed round freely, and we soon came to the point. The result of the interview, which lasted about an hour, was that for a payment of white glass beads—with blue ones they would have nothing to do here—I obtained five men as guides and bearers to go with me to the Victoria Falls, three hundred pounds of durra, and five goats.

As a parting present I gave the chief a pocket-knife with five blades, receiving in return a few spears and a battle-axe. Both parties separated well satisfied, and I rowed back to the southern bank with my people and part of my newly-acquired possessions.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the 15th of June I started for the Falls with some of my people, including Cluley, whom I would gladly have left to look after those I was obliged to leave behind, but that his

PAPYRUS THICKETS.

services were indispensable to me in my astronomical observations. I therefore set Induke over the other natives, and impressed upon him the necessity of caution and economy. He fulfilled his office to my entire satisfaction.

I had scarcely marched two hours when I met a trader of the name of Martin, who had made his way to the Upper Matietsie River with a certain Mr. Kirton and his cart. They had lost two of their followers from fever, and now hoped to barter some ivory with Wanki. I gave them some quinine, and received in exchange a box of matches and some powder and shot. They were

accompanied by other traders, who wished to purchase all the things I did not require on the return journey. They had been almost daily informed of my movements by Bushmen spies. Their names were C. W. Broderson, from Copenhagen; O. Anderson, from Drontheim; George Knüttel, a worthy fellow countryman of my own; and Henry Colville, an Englishman from the Cape Colony, who had been brought very low by fever. Four days before our meeting, poor Anderson had been suddenly seized and tossed by a black rhinoceros. He had an open wound on the left ribs, and the shock of the fall had been so great that he had been unable to move for thirty-six hours after it.

I could only meet the entreaties of my new acquaintances that I would turn back with the assurance that I could not possibly give up my march to the Victoria Falls at a time so favourable for lunar observations, but as I should be glad to meet their views as well as I could, I advised them to wait for my return at Wanki's village, where they could recruit their strength. They were all more or less emaciated and looked half starved, so that this really was the best advice that could be given them. We parted, and I resumed my march. The hills over which we were now passing were of a brownish-yellow colour, and the banks of the mighty Zambesi River on our right were bordered by luxuriant vegetation.

I made the following remarks on the colours and general character of the scenery in my journal:—

"One might fancy oneself to be wandering about in Germany late in the autumn. The forest is almost bare, its colour is grey; most of the trees and bushes are leafless. Here and there from the sides of the hills rise dark and rugged rocks. Only in the lowest and most sheltered spots do the mopane trees still display their bright yellowish-red foliage; but the cloudless blue sky, the intensely brilliant light, and the gigantic baobabs with their rock-like stems remind us only too unmistakably that we are in Africa."

On the morning of the 16th my guide Masupasila uddenly brought me to the Zambesi, and I saw it lashing along, six hundred feet beneath me. It was n imposing and startling sight. The beams of the ropical sun played in ever-changing hues upon the vergreen surface of the waters as they sped on their onely, joyous course, shut in between rigid frowning astions of rock; now murmuring softly to themselves, ow sending up a roaring and majestic greeting to the eavens above. When the scenes I witnessed in Africa

ZAMBESI TYPES.

ise before my memory, my only regret is that I was ondemned to enjoy them alone, with no kindred spirit eside me to rejoice in their beauty. In the present nstance, however, the sight was so grand that even he Bushman was sensibly affected by it, and my gitation did not escape him. The eloquent language f creation, though it speaks not in words, is intelligible o all nations of the earth!

The march from Wanki to the Victoria Falls took ive days and a half, during which we met with no dventures to speak of. The honey-guide took care

that we did not want for sugar, and we found bees' nests unusually numerous.

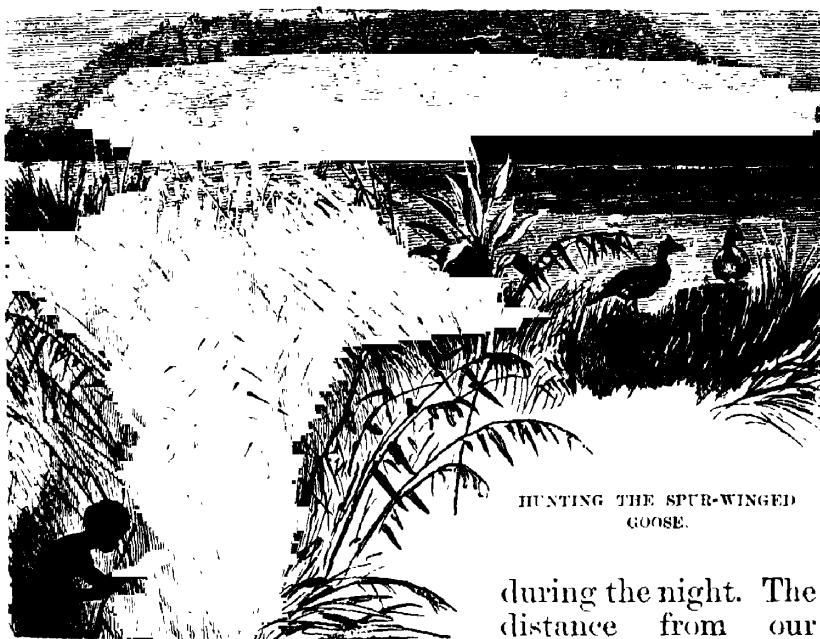
Every evening we encamped on the banks of some little stream, on its way from the high tablelands to the Zambesi. The leading characteristic of this district is the prevalence of such small streams, which spring from the south in the form of little rills, and gradually increase in breadth as they approach the Zambesi; so that it was of course impossible to keep along the banks of the Great River, as they are constantly broken by rugged precipices shutting in the crystal waters of the numerous rivulets.

Sometimes we passed whole fields of crystalline quartz, resting on a foundation of greenstone, and much resembling glaciers in appearance. Their dazzling glittering white surfaces were very tiring to the eyes; and the sharp edges of the rocks cut a pair of new shoes of mine so badly that they became useless in one day. Even my followers' hard sandals made of dried buffalo hide soon wanted repairing.

On the evening of the 28th of June I noticed on the north-north-west, far above a vast green and apparently endless forest, some white cloud-masses, which ascended continuously in the form of four or five columns from the same spot without any change in appearance, in spite of the dead calm which prevailed every now and then. This phenomenon was the more striking, as the vast blue firmament, like a huge glass cupola, was unbroken by even the tiniest cloud as far as the eye could reach. When I pointed this singular appearance out to Masupasila, he said it was the Sipôma (waterfall), and never as long as my pulses beat shall I forget that moment. The name Mosiatunya (smoke sounds there), given to these falls by their discoverer Livingstone, must be of Makololo origin, and the Makololos are now almost extinct. The expression was altogether unknown to my people, who always spoke of the waterfall as "Sipôma."

In the rainy season in October game must be far more plentiful in these regions than it was in my time.

for where I brought down a solitary koodoo, the late James Chapman, as related in his book, 'Travels in the Interior of South Africa,' must have killed an immense number of wild animals for a European hunter; and we saw thousands and thousands of footprints in the dry sand.

The roaring of the falling water, which seemed to keep a certain kind of time, was distinctly audible

HUNTING THE SPUR-WINGED GOOSE.

during the night. The distance from our camp to the Falls was, however, not very great, probably only about eight miles in a direct line.

The next evening, the 19th of June, we encamped for the night on the Masue River, and had the Falls about five miles away from us on the east. The détours we had had to make on that day were more extensive than formerly, for the ground alongside of the Zambesi was here and there rent by chasms from five to six hundred feet deep, suggesting the thought, that awful convulsions of the earth's crust must once have taken place here to produce such results.

Just before we reached our halting-place some fifty vultures flew up from the grass, and we became aware of a very disagreeable smell, which we found to proceed from the already half putrid carcase of a buffalo which had been killed by a lion, and was now food for the birds. In spite of its disgusting condition, Wanki's men cut large pieces of the flesh away with their spears.

Our fire was hardly lighted before we heard the roaring of lions by the carcase, but the animals did not molest us. As the smell of the putrid buffalo flesh, which the natives cut into strips and hung up to dry, was intolerable to me, I set up a separate camp with Cluley and Sililo.

During the night the roaring of the waterfall was like the ceaseless breaking of huge waves upon the beach. I had little sleep, for I was anxious to determine exactly the latitude of my encampment on the Masue River for my map, and I waited until α in the Southern Cross, β in Centaurus, and γ in the Corona Borealis had reached their meridian altitudes, and the average result obtained in three separate observations was 17° 59′ 7″ S.

The 20th of June, the day on which I was to reach the farthest point of my journey in the interior of South-east Africa, dawned clear and bright. A favourable opportunity now presenting itself for ascertaining the meridian of the Falls, I made a few observations in order to test the accuracy of my chronometer, which I found to be 12^m 24^s fast. I then measured eleven distances between the sun and the moon, and took some altitudes of the sun for the chronometer, which I now found to be 12^m 22^s fast. The result of the moon distances gave me E. longitude 26° 32′; and I think the waters of the Masue stream will long flow into the Zambesi before the night arrives when another enthusiast will take similar observations.

This done, we pressed on under Masupasila's guidance, the scenery about us growing wilder, grander, and more romantic. It was a quarter to twelve when we got to the top of the last ravine between us and our

goal, and four obstinate fellows who would not follow the directions of the guide were left behind; they had wanted to make their way straight to the Falls, but were soon stopped by the terrible precipices in their way. They now saw the madness of their design, and a few shots from me guided them to our passage; but a tiresome delay was caused. We now passed through a district which might be called the "Park of the Falls," with grounds looking so much as if they had

CHASING THE WATER-ANTELOPE.

been regularly laid out that it is difficult to believe them to be natural, and one expected every moment to catch sight of a tasty villa. The grass was as soft, green, and luxuriant as it is with us in June, and the influence of warmth and damp, those two mighty motive powers in the vegetable kingdom, was very distinctly noticeable.

At eight minutes past twelve on Monday, the 20th of June, 1870, I at last arrived at the Victoria Falls.

Our camp was pitched eight hundred paces to the

south of the Falls, near a ridge of rock rising abrup from the ground. We could not choose a nearer sp as farther to the north the ground is too damp, owi to the never-ending fall of spray.

On the east, parallel with the Falls, and some for five paces to the south of them, ran the glorious fore its outline broken here and there by the surging v of spray, which has already been described by Livi stone, Baines, and Chapman, and which, in luxurian beauty, and variety of vegetable forms, equalled a thing I had ever seen either in India, Ceylon, t Malay peninsula, or Java. The ferns assumed t proportions of trees; gigantic creepers, with stems thick as ships' cables, ran from branch to branch, a high above all waved the feathery crowns of the pal whilst fine clumps of bamboo reminded me of the sho of the Irrawadi.

I will now endeavour to give a feeble description the great cataract itself. The majestic river, a m wide, comes down from the north-north-west, and fli its waters down four hundred feet into a rocky ravi varying in width from two hundred and forty to th hundred feet, which runs across its bed. From t river above the Falls rise many islands, all adorn with the richest tropical vegetation. The banks a covered with vast but not dense forests, in which occ whole groups of tall-stemmed palms, giving a thorough southern character to the scenery. Near the Falls t water hurries along with flying speed, and the lo ribbons of foam everywhere to be seen made it look if it were boiling. Near the western brink lies a lit island, about a hundred and twenty feet from the ban and here the bed of the stream seems to dip sudden for the water leaps down with a roar and a rush l a huge sea-wave. At this point, quite at the weste corner, a ridge of rock juts out, on to which any not subject to giddiness can step, when he will ha on the left, the fall just described, and in front the lo line of the great cataract, which can of course only partially seen, for the compressed air drawn down w

the flood and filled with drops of water escapes continually and rises in eddies, producing the spray-clouds, which gleam like spectres far above this great "altar" of the waters. After looking down for some time into this raging, leaping, foaming chaos, deafened by the terrible noise of the maddened waters, and shaken by the menacing howl rising up continuously from the depths, which seems to pierce through bone and marrow, one wonders how the rocks, those hard ribs of the earth, can withstand the shock of such a mighty onset!

After I had gazed at this glorious scene for some time I began to feel stunned, and I went a hundred paces to the south in the direction of our camp. Here I was on a rocky ground, within the sphere of the spray veil, and one moment was wrapped in it as in a thick fog, whilst the next it was suddenly rent asunder by a gust of wind, the most brilliant sunbeams pouring through the gap, succeeded, however, almost immediately by a fresh shower of spray.

Turning round on this spot with the face to the north, a singular impression is produced, for the abyss and the long line of clouds rising from the earth are visible, but the waterfall is hidden by the intervening trees and bushes.

Anxious to get a front view of the Falls, I now made my way through the forest, which may not inaptly be called the "rain forest," its luxuriance being the result of continual showers of spray, and found the ground marked by the countless footprints of elephants and buffaloes, attracted doubtless by the cool mud baths to be had there.

The upper side of the chasm, running across the bed of the stream, ends in a projecting slab of rock, and before us on the east lies the channel—here two hundred and seventy feet wide—which is the only outlet for the whole volume of water. Stepping on to the slab of rock, and looking to the north-north-west, we have a view of the whole long line of Falls. As the river, owing to the late rains, was still very much swollen, I saw them under very favourable circum-

stances, for the black rock-masses were almost entirely hidden by the indescribably beautiful water draperies, the abrupt naked rock-chasms only yawning here and there through the white veil of spray. When I saw the cataract, the first fall consisted of one long unbroken shining greenish-blue wave, which, as it sped on its farther course, resolved itself into ever finer, whiter, and more delicately-rounded cloud-forms.

This is the point from which the visitor can obtain the grandest view of the incomparable Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. Before us we have the full glory of the falling mass of water, ever moving, ever changing, blustering, foaming, glowing, shining, with small green islands peeping over the very edge of the abyss, and on the left and right, above and below, water, water everywhere, hurrying onwards with a continuous roar like thunder. In front of the Falls, where the waters from the west and east meet and embrace, hang suspended two double circular rainbows, unbroken by any horizon, the magic hues glowing in the brilliant tropical sunbeams, blue, yellow, and red succeeding each other in the outer, and red, yellow, and blue in the inner ring.

Long did I gaze upon this magnificent scene, my imagination carrying me away as on the pinions of the storm. It seemed to me as if my own small *ego* had become part of the power which raged about me; as if my own identity were swallowed up in the surrounding glory, the voice of which rolled on for ever, like the waves of eternity. But I throw down my pen. No human being can describe the infinite; and what I saw was a part of infinity made visible and framed in beauty.

How long my dream lasted I do not know. It was Sililo who reminded me that it was time to go. His shining black hat was dripping with wet, and he was shivering with cold. I now noticed for the first time that I was wet through and through, and following an elephant spoor leading through the forest, I was soon once more by my fire with my swarthy companions.

Besides the two large ones already described, rainbows are of frequent occurrence, some of them much broken, whilst others appear and disappear rapidly, the result of the movement of the veil of spray.

After the Zambesi has made its way through the pass two hundred and seventy feet wide, it rolls on in sinuous fashion, describing three or four wide curves. The bed is so narrow that its depth must be enormous to accommodate such a vast volume of water. The banks consist of perpendicular rocks five hundred or six hundred feet high, absolutely inaccessible to men, though many baboons, which have taken up their abode here, climb up and down them with ease.

I had large pieces of rock broken off and rolled down by the Kaffirs, as I wanted to test the depth of the river by the time they took to fall; but they disappeared, and I did not even see any water splash up. Anyone not already overwhelmed with the grandeur of the Falls themselves, would doubtless admire the gloomy beauty of this awful ravine through which the gigantic stream rolls, blustering along on its farther course; but after such sensations as those I had experienced, astonishment is not easily again aroused.

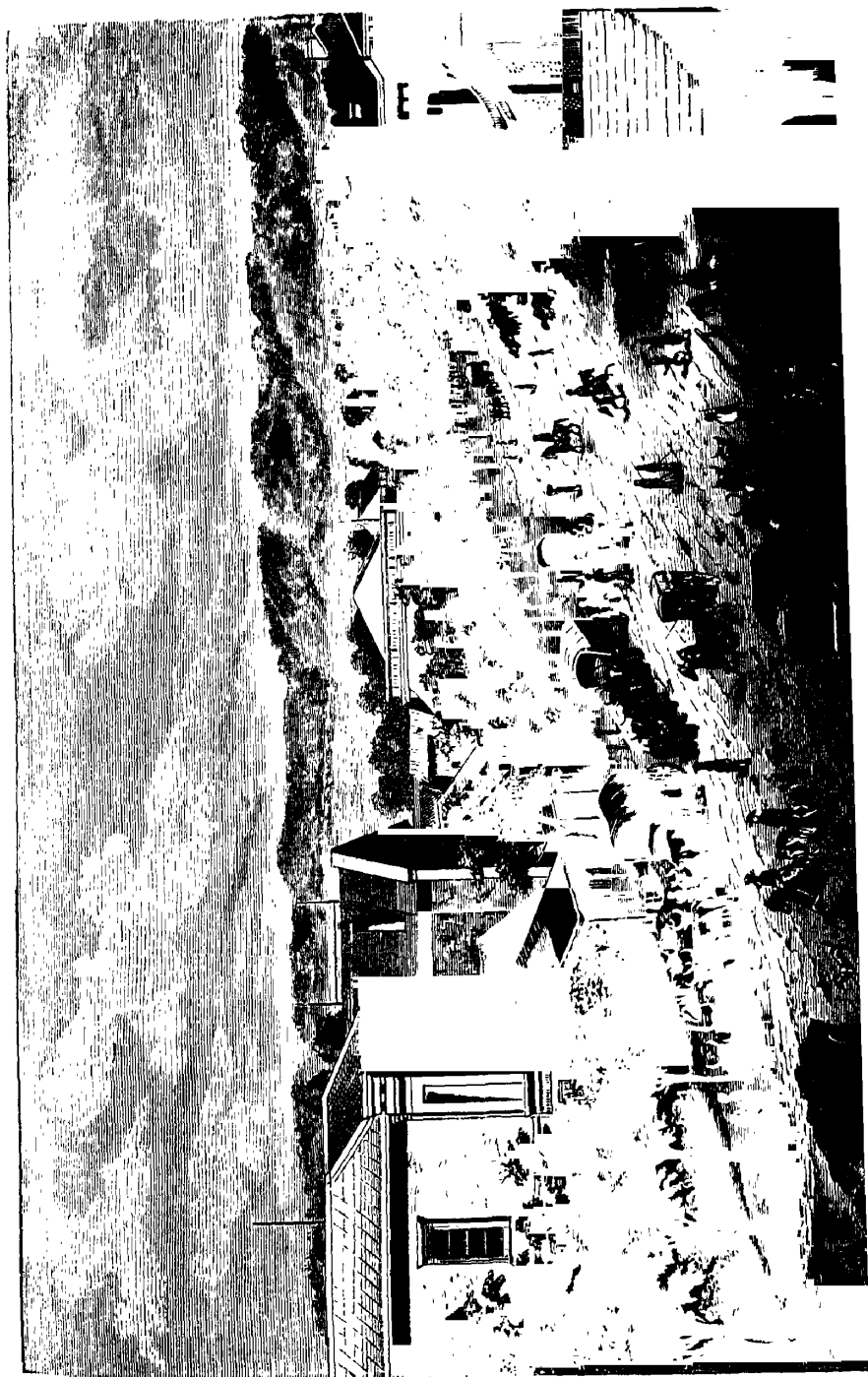
Charles Livingstone, brother of the great traveller, Dr. Coverley, already mentioned in this book, and another friend of mine, Mr. Charles Ellis, of London, had all seen both the Victoria Falls and those of Niagara, and they all agreed in giving the palm of beauty to the former.

Of course I took some more observations, and the difference between the latitude I obtained and that given by Livingstone was only 35″, by which I place the Falls so much (35″) more north. The error in the compass by azimuth observation in June 1870 was 20° 0′ 26″ W. To ascertain the longitude, I observed fourteen distances between the sun and moon, and the average of these gave a difference of only four minutes of longitude from that obtained on the Masue stream. Livingstone, who made his observations with a pocket chronometer, which showed the mean Greenwich time,

gives the longitude as 25° 45′ E., therefore I place my observation forty-four minutes of longitude farther east.

The height of the veil of spray which hovers above the Falls I measured with a sextant and a base-line equal to 550 feet; the angle *a* was found at 50°, which gives for the opposite angle *a* the length = 655·5 feet: add to this 400 feet depth of abyss, and we have 1,055 feet ascension, a result differing only by 40 feet from

INVALIDED.

that given by Baines. Of course, the height varies every day according to the volume of water in the river, the temperature, and the strength of the wind. The height above the sea-level, which at Wanki's village I found to be one thousand six hundred and eighty feet (Baines put it at one hundred and twenty feet lower), I could not, unfortunately, determine from the boiling point of water, as my instrument broke by accident during the operation, and that after it had come safely through all the perils of such a journey as mine. The next morning, when I was winding up the

chronometer, its spring broke, so that it was useless for the rest of the journey. Fortunately, I possessed a capital watch made by the celebrated Charles Frodsham of London, so that I was still able to take the longitudes of interesting places.

If ever one of my travel-loving fellow-countrymen, into whose hands this book has fallen, should visit the celebrated Victoria Falls, he will easily be able to find the site of my encampment in June, 1870, after the exact directions I have given. That they may not fall into complete oblivion, I will add the names of the men who accompanied me from Wanki's village, who all behaved well on the whole. They were Sililo, Gululo, Masupasila, Marulambo, Machume, Malumo, Hamataba, and Tusan, a Bushman.

I was not in a position to attempt a farther march in the north beyond the Zambesi. I had no presents for the chiefs, or articles to barter with the natives; my shoes were completely worn out, my ammunition far from sufficient; and I should not have been able to persuade one of the men with me to cross the Zambesi and go into the distant "unknown" land.

The distance from Port D'Urban, my starting-point, to the Victoria Falls, is about seven hundred and sixty-six miles in a direct line; but making due allowance for necessary détours, ascents and descents, I think the number of miles traversed—exclusive, of course, of hunting expeditions—must have been some one thousand one hundred and twenty-four.

We need not follow Mohr on his return journey; he reached the coast in safety in the end of 1870. One passage is of special interest at the present time; it was written with reference to Delagoa Bay, which at that date England claimed, but which in the end was given, on the decision of Marshal MacMahon as arbitrator, to Portugal:—

It seems to me that in a question such as that between England and Portugal there are two kinds of rights, the legal and the moral, and the latter, though not the former, is all on the side of England, for what

has Portugal done to develop the resources of her vast possessions in Africa? Nothing. She has rather promoted slavery, formerly openly, and more lately secretly; whereas England has done all in her power to suppress the traffic in human beings, no matter at what sacrifice of blood and money. Portugal discourages scientific explorations, and hampers the movements of travellers; England receives every cultivated visitor to her possessions, no matter where, with open arms, and is ever ready to further the cause of science. Great Britain has not only put down the disgraceful trade in coolies from Macao with a strong hand, but exercises a rigid control over her own harbours of Bombay and Calcutta. She enforces the rights and duties of humanity as befits a great Power, able to send the thunder of her fleets from Pole to Pole.

VOL. I.

EMIL HOLUB.

To face p. 290.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Zambesi Region.

Besides Mohr, many other travellers have explored the region to the south of the Zambesi river; and as that region is one of special interest, and has to a large extent been included within the domain of the British Empire, we shall proceed to give a few episodes from the narratives of some of the more noteworthy of these travellers. Dr. Emil Holub is an enterprising Austrian medical man, who, when quite young, in 1872 proceeded to South Africa, mainly to gratify his love of adventure. He tells us frankly he had no means of his own, but he had it in his power to obtain the sinews of travel, and his method proved highly successful. At the date of his visit to South Africa, medical men were not so plentiful as they have since become, and so Dr. Holub found his services greatly in demand. Landing at Port Elizabeth, he took up his quarters in that town for a time, and soon made money sufficient to enable him to proceed to Kimberley, then the centre of the great diamond mines, peopled by a busy crowd of adventurers, coining money day by day, to many of whom a competent medical man was a great boon. Dr. Holub soon found himself with a flourishing practice at his command. In a comparatively short time he had saved some hundreds of pounds. His object, however, was not to make his fortune, but simply to obtain the means for enabling him to pursue his travels into the interior. Purchasing a waggon and oxen, he would start on an exploration, and remain away as long as his means permitted. In this way he made one journey after another, so that in the end he managed to reach the

Zambesi itself, and spend considerable time in the exploration of that river. In this way he has been able to write not only an interesting story, but to add considerably to the knowledge of the country and people between that river and the Transvaal. The following account of the Kimberley diamond-mines twenty years ago is of interest :—

The palmy days of the diamond diggings were in

VIEW IN PORT ELIZABETH.

1870 and 1871, when, if report be true, a swaggering digger would occasionally light his short pipe with a 5*l.* note, and when a doctor's assistant was able to clear 1100*l.* in seven months. But since 1871 the value of the diamonds has been constantly on the decline; and although the yield has been so largely increased that the aggregate profits have not diminished, yet the actual expenses of working have become tenfold greater. Notwithstanding the fall in the value of the stones, the

price of the land has risen immensely. At the first opening of the Kimberley kopje, the ordinary claim of 900 square feet could be had for 10*l.* It is true that the purchase only extended to the surface of the soil; but now that the excavations are made to the depth of about 200 feet, some of the richer pits fetch from 12,000*l.* to 15,000*l.*, a proof that the real prosperity of the diamond-fields has not deteriorated, because (just as

KIMBERLEY KOPJE.

in the gold diggings) the rush of adventurers eager for sudden wealth has been replaced by the application of diligent and systematic industry.

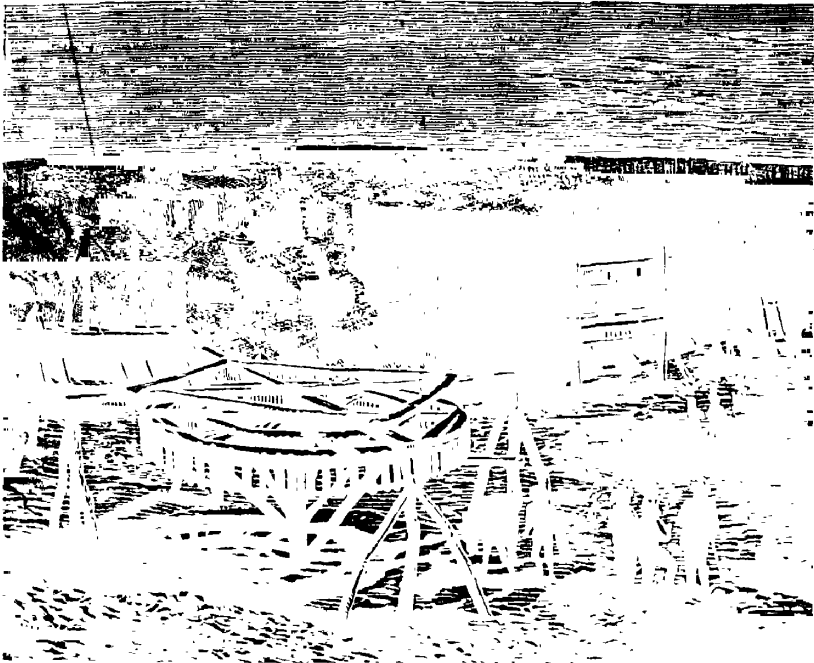
As time has progressed, the mode of obtaining the diamonds has gradually become more skilled and scientific. As the diggers at first worked in their allotments with the assistance of what hired labourers they could get, Hottentots, Kaffirs, and Bechuanas, their apparatus was of the rudest character. It consisted only of a

stake, driven into the ground at the upper edge of the pit, with an iron or wooden pulley attached, enabling them to draw up the buckets of diamond-earth by hand. This acted very well as long as the walls of the mine were perpendicular; but when they were at all on the incline, or when, as would sometimes happen, the earth had to be carried a hundred yards or more over the heads of other workers, one stake was driven in at the bottom of the pit and three at the top, and between two of these a cylinder, two or three feet in diameter, or a great wheel, was kept in motion, by natives turning handles at both ends; by this means the full buckets were lifted, and the empty lowered simultaneously; a rope of stout iron-wire connected the third upright stake with the one at the bottom of the pit, and along this there ran two grooved iron rods, that supported a framework, provided with a hook to which the bucket could be attached. As the excavations grew deeper, and the diggers became the owners of more than one claim apiece, the expense of raising the larger quantities of earth, and the waste of time, began to be seriously felt, and led to the introduction of wooden whims—great capstans worked by horse-power. Many of these cumbrous machines are still in use; but the more wealthy diggers, as well as the companies that have recently been formed, now generally employ steam engines.

This is specially the case at the Kimberley kopje. Although these are the smallest of the diamond-mines, they are the richest, and consequently attract the largest proportion of diggers. It soon became impossible to find space for the separate hand-pulleys to stand side by side, and huge deal scaffolds were erected, three stories high, so that three distinct lifting-apparatus could be worked one above another, without requiring a basement area of much more than six square feet. At present, however, the edge of the embankment is almost entirely covered with horse-whims and steam-engines that have been brought from England.

It is no longer allowable for the diamond-earth to be

sorted near the place where it is brought up, a practice that was found to lead to much annoyance and disagreement; but the owners are obliged to subject their earth to scrutiny, either within the limits of their own allotments, or to have it conveyed to a piece of ground hired outside the town for the purpose.

The process of sorting is also more complicated than it used to be. Formerly the earth containing the

HORSE WHIMS USED IN THE DIAMOND QUARRIES.

diamonds was cleared of its coarser parts by means of sieves; it was then turned over and shaken out on to a flat table, where it was merely examined by the help of a stick, or a little piece of iron. It necessarily resulted from this rough-and-ready method that many diamonds were overlooked, and the earth thus examined was afterwards sold as being very likely to yield a number of small stones, and often proved very remunerative to the buyer.

Now, however, washing-machines, some of them very elaborate, worked by steam-power, horse-power, or hand-labour, according to the means of the claim-owners, are almost universally employed. The earth is gradually cleared of clay, until only the stony particles remain; and these are rinsed repeatedly in water until they are thoroughly clean; then they are placed, generally every evening, in sieves for the moisture to drain off, and after a slight shaking, they are turned on to a table before the claim-owner or overseer. Whatever diamonds there may be, are generally detected at first sight; being heavier than other stones, they gravitate to the bottom of the fine-wire sieve, and consequently come uppermost when the contents are turned out for the final inspection.

In proportion as the machinery has become more elaborate, and the modes of working more perfect, so have expenses increased, and diamond-digging now requires a considerable capital. This of course has tended to clear the work of a large crowd of mere adventurers, and made it a much calmer and more business-like pursuit than it was originally. The authorized rules and regulations for the protection of the diggers and of the merchants have likewise materially improved the condition of both.

As viewed from the edge of the surrounding clay walls, the appearance of one of the great diamond-fields is so peculiar as almost to defy any verbal description. It can only be compared to a huge crater, which, previously to the excavations, was filled to the very brink on which we stand with volcanic eruptions, composed of crumbling diamond-bearing earth, consisting mainly of decomposed tufa. That crater now stands full of the rectangular "claims," dug out to every variety of depth. Before us are masses of earth, piled up like pillars, clustered like towers, or spread out in plateaus; sometimes they seem standing erect as walls, sometimes they descend in steps; here they seem to range themselves in terraces, and there they gape asunder as pits; altogether they combine to form a picture of such wild

confusion, that at dusk, or in the pale glimmer of moonshine, it would require no great stretch of imagination to believe them the ruins of some city of the past, that after the lapse of centuries was being brought afresh to light.

But any illusion of this sort is all dispelled, as one watches the restless activity of the throngs that people the bottom of the deep dim hollow. The vision of the city of the dead dissolves into the scene of a teeming ant-hill; all is life and eagerness and bustle. The very eye grows confused at the labyrinth of wires stretching out like a giant cobweb over the space below, while the movements of the countless buckets making their transit backwards and forwards only add to the bewilderment. Meanwhile to the ear everything is equally trying; there is the hoarse creaking of the windlasses; there is the perpetual hum of the wires; there is the constant thud of the falling masses of earth; there is the unceasing splash of water from the pumps; and these, combined with the shouts and singing of the labourers, so affect the nerves of the spectator, that, deafened and giddy, he is glad to retire from the strange and striking scene.

But, we cannot linger at Kimberley, however interesting it may be, but must follow Dr. Holub in some of his more distant wanderings. Here is an incident which occurred near one of the great salt lakes found to the north of Khame's territory, which lies between Bechuanaland and the Zambesi; it introduces us to the notorious Matabele, who at that time were the terror of the whole region.

I was very busy arranging some of the curiosities that I had collected on my recent rambles, when I was startled by a loud cry of distress. On looking out of the waggon I saw Meriko, my Bamangwato servant, running with all his might through the long grass, and shrieking, in the Sechuana dialect, "They are killing me! they are killing me!" He cleared the bushes like an antelope; in his hurry he had lost both his grass hat and his caama mantle, and had scarcely breath to reach

the waggon. Pointing to a number of natives at no great distance from him, with their spears brandished in the air, he gasped out, "Zulus! Matabele! they want to kill me!"

For my part I could not comprehend how it happened that these Matabele should be on Khame's territory. I began to wonder whether it was possible that war had

ZULUS! MATABELE! THEY WANT TO KILL ME.

broken out between the tribes, and I confess that I was not without apprehension that we were going to be attacked. The savages advanced yelling and screeching, and looked like wolves in human form. Unwilling to risk the mischief that might ensue if I fired upon them, I resolved to remain steadily where I was until I had ascertained their real intentions. Meriko's opinion did not in the least coincide with mine; he could not bring

himself to await their approach, but bounding over the pole of the waggon, he scampered off into the bush beyond, but without further outcry, evidently anxious to conceal himself in the long grass. I called out to him that he had more to fear from the lions in the grass than from the Zulus, and that he had better stay in the waggon; so terrified, however, was he at the prospect of falling into the hands of the Matabele, that he turned a deaf ear to my words, and rushed out of sight.

The savage band flocked round the waggon, still flourishing their kiris. Excepting the two ringleaders they proved to be not true Zulus, but belonging to various plundered tribes, having been stolen away as boys by Moselikatze, and brought up as Zulu warriors. They had small leather aprons with fringes, or occasionally a gourd-shell or piece of basket-work on their bodies, otherwise they were quite naked; only some of them wore balloon-shaped head-dresses made of ostrich feathers or other plumage. Their expression was exceedingly wild. The fierce rolling eye was a witness that they belonged to a warlike race, expecting that their commands should be obeyed; and probably there was not one amongst them who would have hesitated to perpetrate a murder if he considered that anything was to be gained by it.

One of the leaders swung himself on to the pole of the waggon, and speaking in broken Dutch gave me to understand that they were "Lo Bengulas," and that it was their wont to slaughter every captive they made, except he were bought off by a ransom; they were now ready to put their rule into force upon my servants; and as for my dog, they should shoot him then and there unless I paid them down at once a handsome sum to save him.

I put as bold a face as I could upon the matter. I told them that I was not going to be frightened into making them any payment whatever, but that if they would promise to go quietly away from the waggon, I would make them a present all round. I hoped by this device to anticipate their notorious thievish propensities;

but although Pit and Theunissen were on the watch, they could not prevent one of the fellows stealing a knife that was lying close to my side; but I caught sight of him just in time, and insisted upon his giving it up again.

After a brief consultation, the two captains drew their followers apart, and made them acquainted with my determination; they all grinned cunningly, and hailed the proposal with shouts of satisfaction. Having had the whole body collected right in front of the waggon, where I could keep my eye upon them, I called the leaders forward and handed to each of them a bowl of gunpowder and about two pounds of lead. One of them first pointed to my pocket-handkerchief, and then ran his finger round his own loins. "Lapiana!" he said, indicating the purpose to which it could be applied. Accordingly I brought out a few yards of calico, and tore it into strips, which were immediately used for girdles, except that a few of the men twisted the stuff round their heads. They requested me to give the captains an extra piece or two; to this I willingly consented, and they all expressed themselves perfectly satisfied. Upon this I turned my back upon the clamorous troop, and retreated calmly to my own people. Soon afterwards they all began slowly to depart, waving their presents over their heads. We were greatly relieved. The hour that had passed since Meriko had come and announced their approach had unquestionably been an anxious time. A few of them had bartered salt with Theunissen for tobacco.

When Meriko could be induced to quit his hiding-place, he informed us that we had now almost reached the bank of the principal feeder of the Soa, called the Nata, where salt may be most readily procured, and whither the Matabele are sent by their rulers every year to collect it. This was the ostensible employment of the gang that had just taken their departure. The Bamangwato king was quite aware of the marauding habits of these parties, but did nothing to control them, although they perpetually disarm any Bamangwatos

they may meet, and delight in breaking the legs of the Masarwas.

Dr. Holub gives a very vivid description of the lower Chobe river, one of the few southern affluents of the Zambesi.

Towards its mouth the valley of the Chobe varies from half a mile to three miles in breadth, and the

ZULU HARTEBEEST.

valley of the Zambesi under the hills above the Victoria Falls has very much the same character. Except in places where the rocky spurs abut directly on to the stream, the shores of both rivers are sandy, corresponding with those of the Zooga and most of the feeders of the highland basin of central South Africa; the rocks which I have described above the confluence of the stream being chiefly the declivities of a sandy plateau. Down the Chobe, and throughout the district in that direction,

we found the vegetation luxuriant and quite tropical in its character; but up-stream, so far as I went, this feature seemed to be less marked. Upon entering the valley a stranger can hardly fail to be struck by the number of strange trees and bushes, nearly all of them producing fruit that may either be eaten or used for some domestic purpose. A notable exception to the general rule is afforded by the moshungulu, a tree of which the fruit, about two feet long and several inches thick, something like a sausage, is poisonous. The difference between the vegetation of the Zambesi valley, with its adjacent plateau, and that of the more southern districts, is manifest from the single circumstance, that throughout the entire course of the river the natives can subsist all the year round on the produce of their own trees, as each month brings fruits or its edible seeds to maturity. Animal life is everywhere abundant; birds, fishes, snakes, insects, and especially butterflies, being too numerous to be reckoned. The human race itself may be said to be in a higher state of development.

Nearly opposite Impalera was a little creek overhung by a fine moshungulu. Understanding that this was the usual landing-place for natives coming across the river, I gave orders for a little grass-hut to be put up there for my use. The Chobe was here between 200 and 300 yards across, and so deep that its water was of quite a dark blue colour. As I strolled along beside it I saw considerable numbers of a small water-lily floating on its surface; the species seemed to produce a very limited quantity of petals. The masses of reeds were beyond a question the lurking-places of many crocodiles.

Blockley's people had been at the place several times before, and at their suggestion I fired off several shots to give the residents of Impalera notice of my arrival. Before long two men put off in a canoe and landed on our shore. The canoe was only the stem of a tree hollowed out with an axe; it was about ten feet long, fourteen inches wide, and ten inches deep. The men were tall and strongly built, and wore the primitive vesture of the Bantu family in the most graceful way I

had ever seen, their dark brown skins being set off by their leather waistbands, to which one of them had attached three small and handsome skins, and the other some yards of calico, skilfully arranged before and behind, with the ends gathered round his loins.

On their undertaking to report my arrival to their chief, Makumba, I gave them each a knife. At the same time one of our party made them understand that Georosiana Maniniani (i.e. little George), the name given

ON THE BANKS OF THE CHOBE.

to Blockley to distinguish him from Westbeech (who, on account of his size, was known as Georosiana Umutunya, or great George), was waiting in the Leshumo valley, expecting a number of bearers to convey the king's goods to Impalera ; also that they were to take down some corn with them, for which Georosiana Maniniani would give them sipaga, talama, and sisipa (small beads, large beads, and strips of calico). All the time we were talking the two men were squatting down on the ground ; but as soon as the Manansa servant had made them comprehend his instructions they rose, and saying

"Autile intate" (We understand you, friend), proceeded to take leave of me, with the further remark, "Camaya koshi" (We go, sir).

Next morning, in an early walk up the valley, I found a surprising variety of traces of animals; there were tracks of buffaloes, koodoos, waterbocks, duykerbocks, orbeki gazelles, jackals, leopards, and lions. I likewise observed a good many hyæna tracks, and kept continually hearing baboons barking on the hills, being induced several times to send a stray shot among the bushes. Amongst the birds I noticed two kinds of francolins, the guinea-fowl, the scopus, three kinds of plovers, saddle-storks (*Mycteria Senegalensis*, Shaw). several varieties of ducks, a kind of plectropterus, some spurred geese, a darter, and a kind of cormorant (*Phalacrocorax*).

To me the scenery that was most attractive was just above the rapids, three miles from our encampment, and about six miles from the mouth of the river. Here it was quite possible to trace the connexion of the Chobe with the Zambesi. Natural channels, full of calm flowing water, opened into the vast expanse of reeds, and the stream spread itself out over the wide marshy region. The rapids themselves rushed through a multitude of rocks, of which some were bare, some covered with sand, some overgrown with sedge, some clothed with trees and brushwood. In one place where the water had worn itself a way between two of the rocky islands, I noticed some well-constructed fish-weels very similar to those we use in Europe. Birds, especially swamp-birds, were very numerous, having taken up their quarters both on the rocks and on the shore. I was confirmed in my conviction that the river was very full of crocodiles; and at the rapids (which, by the way, I named the Blockley rapids) I noticed some water-lizards.

The following is a description of the Manansas, the people who live on the south of the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi.

In many of their customs the Manansas differ from

other South African tribes. Like the Marutse, they treat their women in a way that offers a very favourable contrast to either the Bechuanas or the Matabele. They have a somewhat peculiar mode of wooing; when a young man has been captivated by a maiden of his tribe and has ascertained that he has secured her affection in return—an assurance for which neither Bechuana nor Zulu thinks it necessary to wait—he sends an aged woman to carry the proposal that she should become his wife; this agent is commissioned to portray the young man in glowing colours, to extol the excellence of his

A MANANSA.

temper, to praise his skill in procuring "nyama" (game), to describe the productiveness of his garden, and to enumerate the skins with which he has made his bed soft and comfortable. Hereupon a family council is held; the father, mother, and daughter all have a voice, and if no objection is alleged, the old woman is sent away with the message that the suitor may be admitted. When he enters the hut he must never fail to bring a present; until quite recently this was nearly always a valuable skin of a rare monkey, but since the introduction of beads into the country they have been used as a substitute, and a handful of small blue beads is now the

usual offering; when this has been accepted, the girl is at liberty to speak to the man, and is held to have pledged herself to him as his wife. There is an entire absence of those hideous orgies which characterize both the betrothal and marriage ceremonies among other South African tribes, and nothing transpires beyond this simple form before the marriage is deemed to be settled. The next step is for the parents every night to vacate their own hut and retire to another in the court-yard, leaving their usual abode for a week or two at the service of the newly-wedded pair. Every morning the bridegroom goes out to his work, and the parents re-occupy their proper dwelling for the day. Meanwhile the young man continues to acknowledge every favour by repeated gifts of beads; even the ablutions of the morning are recompensed in this way; but at the end of a fortnight or thereabouts, the son-in-law brings the father-in-law either four couples of goats, or eight rows (about 2 lbs.) of beads, whereupon they set to work to build a hut—or two if there were not one already in the possession of the bridegroom—which henceforward he makes his home.

Any breach of conjugal fidelity was, I understood, extremely rare; on the part of the husband indeed it was quite unheard of; the Manansas in this respect being superior to the more cultivated Marutse, amongst whom the demoralizing system of "mulekow" drives the wives into unfaithfulness even against their will.

When any woman is near her confinement a host of the old women in the neighbourhood come to her house. Their first business is to remove the husband's gun or assegai into his other hut, or if it should happen, which is rarely the case, that he has not a second, into the hut of one of his neighbours; he is then prohibited from entering the sick chamber for a period of eight days: at the end of that time he is conducted by the bevy of old nurses back to the hut, where he finds his wife and infant, washed in warm water, ready to receive him. The visit, however, which he is thus allowed to make, is only temporary; he is not permitted to take up his

quarters in his home permanently for another month. Altogether the cleanliness that prevails throughout is a great contrast to the filthiness and impurity of the Hottentots and Makalakas.

When any one dies, his burial takes place in the evening near his own inclosure, the grave, if the soil permits it, being dug to the depth of five feet. An adult is wrapped in his mantle of skins and his assegai is buried with him. The interment is conducted in silence that is broken only by the sobs of the women. Should the deceased be the master of a household, all his effects are collected on the day after the funeral, and

A MAMBARI. A MATONGA.

in the presence of the entire population the eldest son comes forward to take formal possession. If there be a failure of legitimate heirs, some near relative or close friend is appointed, who takes the property and the name of the deceased.

As a general rule it may be said that the Manansas are of middle height and slightly built, but it is somewhat difficult for a traveller to distinguish them, as since the dismemberment of their country they have become very much crossed with the fugitive Matongas and Masupias, and with the tribes north of the Zambesi. Their complexion is dark brown; their heads are small, and they have mild-looking eyes and thick lips.

In their more palmy days their ornaments had probably been more elaborate; but I noticed that the lower classes wore bracelets and ankle-rings of gnu or giraffe-hide, and sometimes of iron wire. Their earrings, always simple in form, were mostly made of some better material. For clothing the men usually had nothing more than a bit of calico about the size of one's hand, and only rarely was a skin of some small animal fastened round their loins; the women wore a short petticoat of tanned leather.

As servants the Manansas are to be preferred to any other of the South African tribes. I found them remarkably skilful in tracking game, their quiet, cautious method of proceeding often proving more effectual than greater dash and daring. As far also as my experience went, I must say that they are civil and beyond the average for honesty and fidelity. By the more powerful tribes they are regarded with great contempt, and laughed at as "the simpletons of the north," but nothing worse seems to be alleged against them than their habitual courtesy and good-nature—qualities which, since the Matabele rule has spread from the Limpopo to the Zambesi—have become synonymous with hypocrisy and cowardice. Not content with murder and rapine, the savagery of the Matabele Zulus has gone far to stifle every noble impulse, and to cast mistrust over every friendly word.

Whenever the Manansas are being pursued, and find themselves cut off from every prospect of escape, they will stop, turn round, and advance towards their adversaries with the points of their assegais lowered, and as soon as they come near their conquerors they will lay down their weapons, squat upon the ground, and wait until the enemy has done his worst. During the time when Moshesh was the Bamangwato king, they could generally manage to appease him and stay his acts of oppression by gifts of ivory; but Moselikatze carried off their boys and a great number of their women, while the present Matabele despot commissioned his hordes to plunder everything upon which they could lay their

hands. It is only when they have been put in charge of some white man whom the missionaries have introduced as a person of importance to be protected as far as the Falls, that orders are given to refrain from robbery or violence. Such, for instance, was the case when Major S. was escorted through the district in 1875; the object of the king in such cases being that the traveller

START FROM SESHEKE.

hould have no tales of cruelty to tell "the great white ueen" of England on his return.

I used to talk to a Manansa who was hired every year y one of the traders, and appeared to be above the vel of his fellow-tribesmen in intelligence. Happening say something about the cowardice imputed to his ace, I saw him shake his head and smile. "No," he eplied, "we are not timid pallahs, nor ever have been; ut we love our village life and our hunting; we catch ur game in pits and not by arms; we give up our lephants' tusks to the remorseless Matabele; we show

them where to hunt the elephants; let them hunt as they will; we want not the blood of the beasts, much less do we thirst for the blood of men!"

It had been a Manansa custom, after the death of a king, for the men to meet together and conduct the heir to the royal residence; then they brought a handful of sand and small stones from the Zambesi, and a hammer; these they gave him as tokens of his sovereignty over the land and over water and iron, symbolizing industry and labour. At the same time they reminded him of the obligation that rested upon him that from the day of his accession to the throne he was to eat the flesh neither of the rhinoceros nor the hippopotamus, as these being "mischievous" animals, would be likely to impart their own evil qualities to him.

Even regarded as unassociated with the magnificence of the Victoria Falls, the Albert country, with its wooded rocks and grassy valleys, is undoubtedly one of the most attractive districts in the whole of South Africa. Intersected by the Zambesi, it is bounded by the sandy pool plateau on the south, and extends as far as the mouth of the Chobe on the west. Geologist, botanist, mineralogist, all alike must find it full of interest. Except the springbock, blessbock, and black gnu, all the larger kinds of mammalia are to be seen that Southern and Central Africa can show. Reptiles are numerous, and crocodiles haunt the banks and troubled waters of the remotest mountain streams. Insects of various sorts abound, the lepidoptera especially exhibiting new species. Let proper means be taken to exterminate the tsetse-fly, and to guard against the prevalence of summer fever, and the rich soil and mild climate of the valleys would be found amply to repay a liberal cultivation, and would yield a profitable return of tropical produce.

Dr. Holub's account of his journey up the Zambesi from Sesheke gives a good idea of the character of that famous river.

On the morning fixed for the start one of the Marutse sub-chieftains came to me with a message that I was to

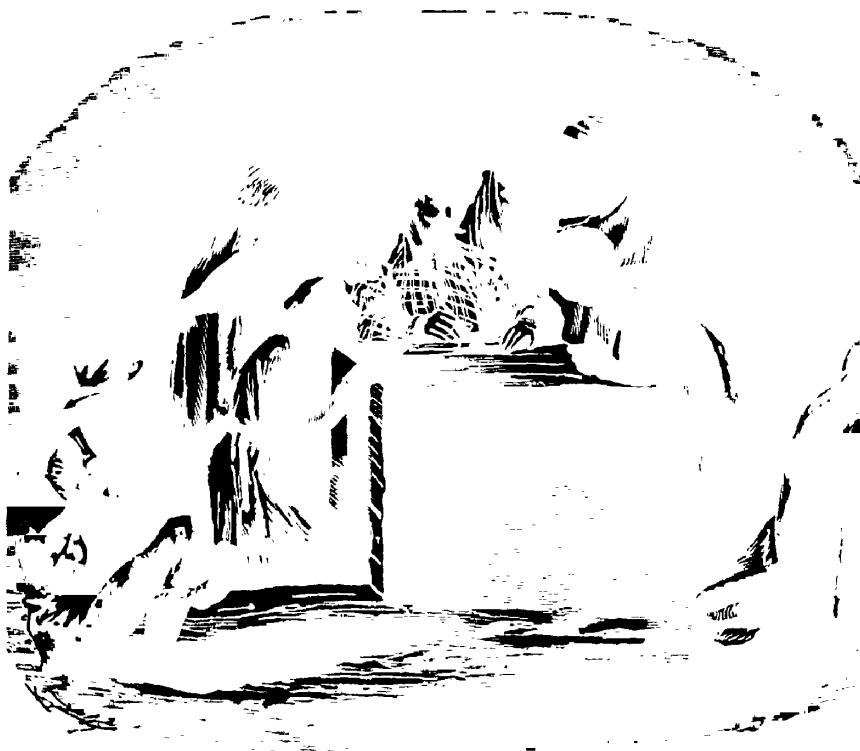
accompany him to the river side. There I found three of the royal canoes waiting for me; but as they barely sufficed to carry my baggage, I had to ask for a fourth, my servants for the present having to follow on foot.

It was about noon when we quitted Sesheke. We proceeded at good speed past a number of islands, creeks, and lagoons, at which I should have been glad to linger, and could only regret that the approach of the unhealthy season made it necessary to hurry forwards, and quite prevented me from drawing up either a proper map or detailed plan of the river-bed. The shore, sandy and sloping, was covered with a layer of turf and clay about a foot deep; and during the first part of our voyage I noticed several plants that I should very much have liked to stay and gather; but I could not venture to stop, as I was anxious to overtake the queens, who had started some hours earlier.

Towards evening we arrived at a place which required very careful navigation; some trunks of trees that had been washed down by the stream had become imbedded in the ground, and formed dangerous impediments in the line of traffic; we succeeded, however, in passing them with safety, and just about sunset reached the spot where the royal ladies had landed. It was a bare sandy place on the bank, enclosed on two sides by sedge, and sheltered from the wind by tall bushes. The serving-maids had already lighted several fires, and had commenced their cooking, and a number of boats had been despatched to fetch reeds to build the huts for the night's accommodation.

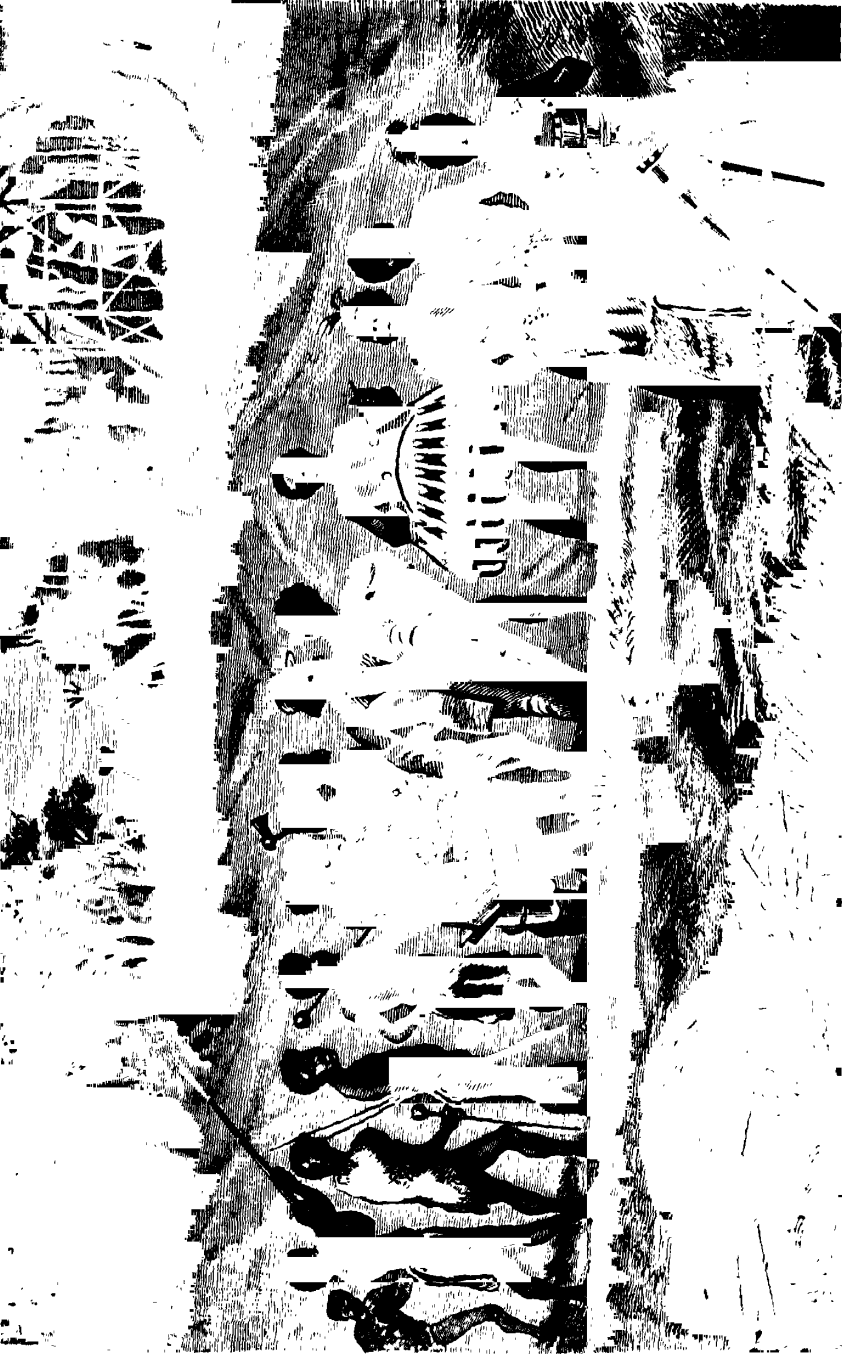
In the course of the day's progress I had noticed a great many water-birds and swamp-birds, as well as starlings, finches, and kingfishers, all along the river.

Had I followed my own inclinations I should have stayed close to the spot where the queens had landed; but my boatmen recommended a place a few miles further on. Not suspecting any artifice on their part, I acceded to the proposal, though it turned out that their only motive was to separate me from the royal flotilla, that I might not have the protection of the queens if

they should be inclined to be insolent or misconduct themselves in any way. It was quite late before we reached the landing-place to which they carried me, and which was a Mamboë settlement, containing a few huts occupied by fishermen and hippopotamus-hunters; their character being sufficiently indicated by the nets hung out on poles ornamented by crocodiles' heads, and by

VISIT OF THE QUEENS.

the quantities of fish that were lying about. We found our quarters for the night in a grass-hut thirty yards long, but not more than ten feet wide and about ten feet high.

While we were reloading our boats in the morning the royal squadron came in sight, and we awaited its arrival. The Mamboë in the place sent the queens a bullock which had been slaughtered the evening pre-

viously, and Mokena, "the mother of the country," was courteous enough to send me one of the hind-quarters. I made my own boatmen keep up with the others all the morning, and we made our way along with good speed. The boats were all well-manned; and as they darted about, sometimes in the rear and sometimes well to the front, threading their way between the islands on the dark blue water, and past the luxuriant mimosas on the banks, they formed a picture that I should willingly have done my best to transfer to paper if I had not felt that every available moment ought to be employed in making the best survey I could of the cartographical features of the stream.

When it was necessary to give the energetic boatmen a rest we lay to for something under an hour against a sandbank opposite a Marutse settlement on the right-hand shore. They all enjoyed their dacha-pipes, while the queens partook of some light refreshment; one of them, Mamangala, thoughtfully sending me some broiled fish for my luncheon. The river-scenery, and the examples of animal life, corresponded very much with what I had noticed the day before.

Towards evening we arrived at a place where some recent travellers had left about twenty huts. Here we resolved to land; and, indeed, it was high time that we did so, as a storm was gathering, and it began to rain before I could get my baggage on shore. The fourth boat for which I had asked was here awaiting me. The storm continued till near midnight; and as the huts were not waterproof, I was induced to use my wraps to protect my packages. While sitting dozing upon one of my boxes I slipped off, and woke to find myself lying in a great pool of water that had dripped through the thatch. Of such a night's rest it was hardly to be expected that I should escape the consequences.

I yielded next morning to the solicitations of the boatmen, and started, much against my inclination, on a hunting-excursion across the plain stretching far away from the Sesheke woods towards the west. Overgrown with grass four or five feet high, the plain was full of

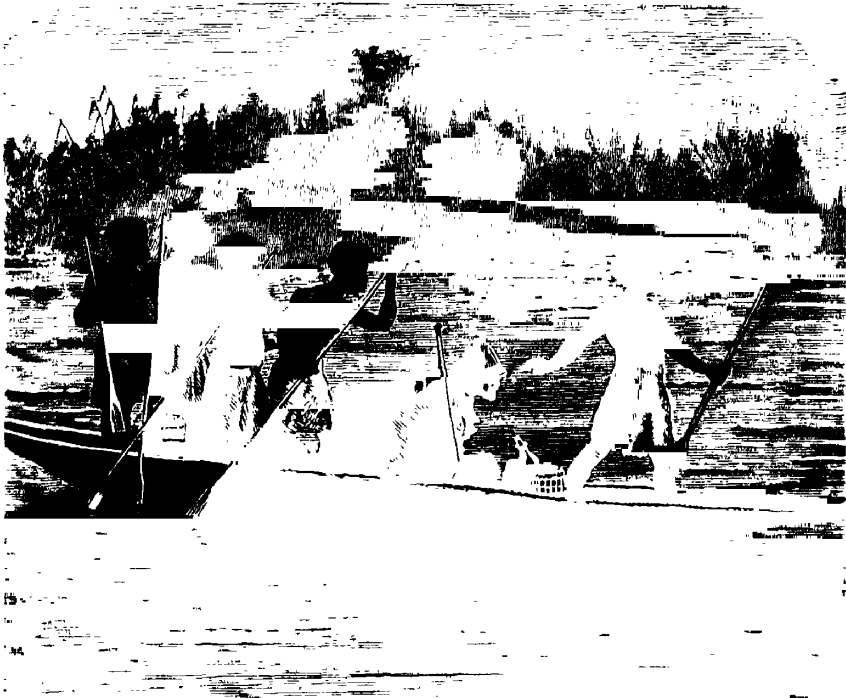
swamps, and was subject to floods that left nothing unsubmerged except the few hillocks on which the Marutse had erected some straggling villages, the largest of which is called Matonga. The whole expedition was damp and dreary, and as far as sport was concerned absolutely fruitless. Before I reached our encampment, when we had only about another mile to go, I was seized with a sudden weariness, which increased so rapidly that I was unable to move a step, and my servants had to carry me the rest of the way back. I understood the symptoms only too well, and could come to no other conclusion than that I was in the preliminary stage of fever.

The boatmen were inclined to be very angry because we had come back without bringing a supply of game, and were also ready to make a disturbance with the villagers in Matonga for not procuring them enough corn and beer. I began to fear that I should have a difficulty with them; but happily Sekele, the sub-chieftain who had the oversight of things, took my part and brought them to reason.

During the night one of Moquai's waiting-women was reported to be missing, and it was soon found that she had taken her way back towards Sesheke. Some messengers were sent, who quickly overtook her; she proved to be the bride who had been forced into marriage against her wishes.

Continuing our voyage, we entered a narrow side-arm of the river lying between the left shore and the most northerly of a wooded group of islands, to which I gave the name of Rohlf's Islands.

Upon the mainland was Sekhose, the most westerly of the Masupia settlements, where for many years there has been a good system of husbandry, manza and beans being grown, as well as other crops. The Marutse only grow what they require for their own use, and to make up their tribute; but the Masupias, Batokas, and eastern Makalakas do somewhat more than this, selling the overplus to the hunters and traders who come from the south; but even they hardly cultivate more than the

sandy slopes and the wooded declivities in the neighbourhood of ant-hills, leaving the marsh-lands completely untilled; yet these are the districts which would prove most fertile, and with the mild climate and the means of irrigation at their command, seem to me to hold out a grand prospect for the future. Away in the interior of the country are vast tracts of meadow-land,

ASCENDING THE ZAMBESI.

often miles in extent, that are now enclosed with primæval forest, but which might be transformed into prolific fields, while the rivers might, like the Zambesi, be utilized for watering them. The tribes are all ambitious and industrious; and if once the plough shall be introduced, and a free trade opened either to the south or east, the Marutse kingdom, it may be predicted, will exhibit a rapid development.

About twelve miles from Sesheke the woods came

right down to the river bank, a foretoken of the chain of hills that accompanied the stream from the Barotse valley. East of Sesheke, half way between the Makumba rapids and the mouth of the Kashteja, where the country began to rise, I had noticed a cessation of the palms and papyrus, and west of Sekhose, where the stream has a considerable fall, was the commencement of the southern Barotse rapids and the cataracts of the central Zambesi. They are caused by ridges of rocks running either straight or transversely across the river, connecting links, as it were, between the hills on either side. The peaks of these reefs made countless little islands; and the further we went the more interesting I found their variety, some being brown and bare, whilst others were overgrown with reeds, or occasionally with trees of no inconsiderable height. Within fourteen miles I counted, besides a cataract, as many as forty-four rapids. In some cases the river-bed beneath them presented a continuous, sloping surface of rock, while in others it fell abruptly in a series of steps; rapids again were formed by great boulders that projected above the water, and I noticed one instance where the rocks made almost a barrier across the river, whilst only here and there were the gaps through which the current forced its way.

Were it not that the rapids are avoided by crocodiles, they would be impassable for canoes; but the absence of crocodiles makes it possible for the natives to disembark, and push or drag their craft across the obstacle. In places that are especially dangerous, it is found necessary to stow the baggage on the top of the boulders, and to take the boat over the rapid empty.

The first rapids at which we arrived were called by the natives Katima Molelo. Our oars sufficed to carry us over the first stretch of them, but afterwards the boatmen were obliged to get out and pull every canoe after them, taking care to lose no time in jumping in again, well aware that the deep water just beyond was almost sure to be a lurking-place for crocodiles.

On the 5th we crossed the rapids known as Mutshila

Aumsinga, which, as I found to my cost, only too justly had the reputation of being the most dangerous of any of the Sesheke and Nambwe cataracts. I was still feeling very unwell, and could not even sit in my canoe without much pain; but there was nothing in my condition that alarmed me, and I continued to work at my chart of our course.

The Mutshila Aumsinga rapids are formed by a considerable slope in the river-bed, combined with the projection of numerous masses of rock above the water. But the chief danger in crossing them arises from another cause. Between a wooded island and the left-hand shore are two side-currents, about fifty yards broad, formed by some little islands at their head; and as no part of the rapids is sufficiently shallow for boats to be lifted across them, the strength of the rowers has to be put to the test by pulling against the full force of the stream, and is consequently liable to be exhausted.

The boat in which I was sitting happened to be the third in the order of procession. It carried my journals, all my beads and cartridges, and the presents intended for the native kings and chiefs. Like all my other boats it was too heavily laden, and not adequately manned. The second boat just ahead of me conveyed my gunpowder, my medicines, and provisions, and all the plants and insects that I had collected at Sesheke, the bulk of my specimens having been left with Westbeech to send back to Panda ma Tenka. Observing that the crew in front were experiencing the utmost difficulty in holding their own against the current, I shouted to them to catch hold of the branches of some overhanging trees; I was most anxious to see them at least keep their bow in the right direction. My voice was lost in the roar of the waters. I could see that the oars of the men were slipping off the surface of the rock that was as smooth as a mirror, and that the men, although obviously aware of their peril, were paddling wildly and to no purpose at all. My heart misgave me. Nothing could save the boat; still I could not bring myself to believe that fate was about to deal so hardly

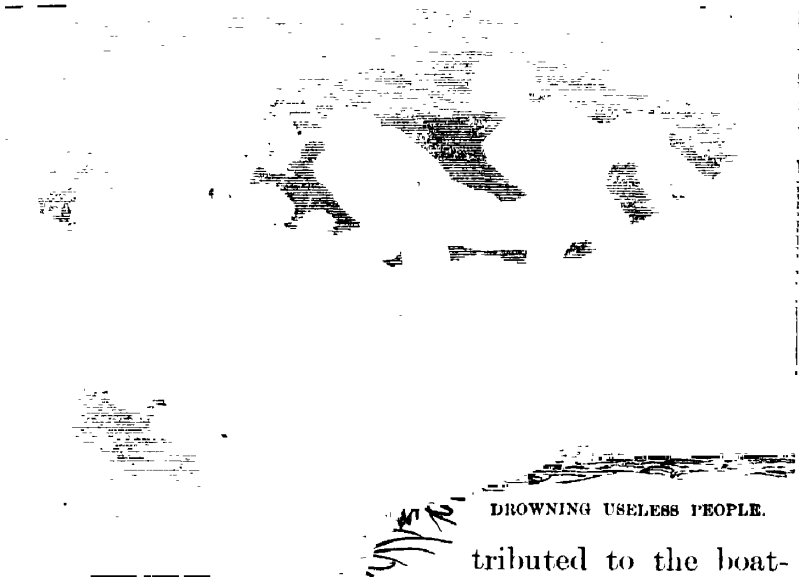
with me. I could not realise that just at the moment when a threatening fever made me especially require my medicines I was about to lose them all. I could not face the contingency of having my stock of provisions, on which I depended not only for the prosecution of my journey, but for my very maintenance, totally destroyed; neither could I resign myself to the loss of all the natural curiosities that I had laboured for so many days to accumulate. I called vehemently upon my own crew to hasten to the rescue; but they, in their alarm at the desperate plight of the others, were quite powerless; they were utterly bewildered, and were letting themselves drift into the fury of the current; but happily they were within reach of the drooping branches of a tree, at which they clutched only just in time to make their boat secure. By this time the boat in front had twisted round, and presented its broadside to the angry flood. Nothing could save it now. Heedless of the state of fever I was in, I should have flung myself into the current, determined to help if I could, had not the boatmen held me back. Not that any assistance on my part could have been of any avail, for in another moment I saw that the paddles were all broken, the men lost their equilibrium, and, to my horror, the boat was overturned.

At the greatest risk, by the combined exertions of both crews, the capsized canoe was after some time set afloat again, and a few trifling articles were gathered up, but the bulk of my baggage was irrecoverably lost.

Thus ended all my schemes; thus vanished all my visions for the future.

No one can conceive the keenness of my disappointment. The preparations of seven previous years had proved fruitless. Here I was, not only suffering in body from the increasing pains of fever, but dejected in spirit at the conviction that I must forthwith abandon my enterprise.

An hour after that deplorable passage of the Mutshila Aumsinga, which never can be effaced from my memory, we landed on the right-hand bank of the Zambesi, just

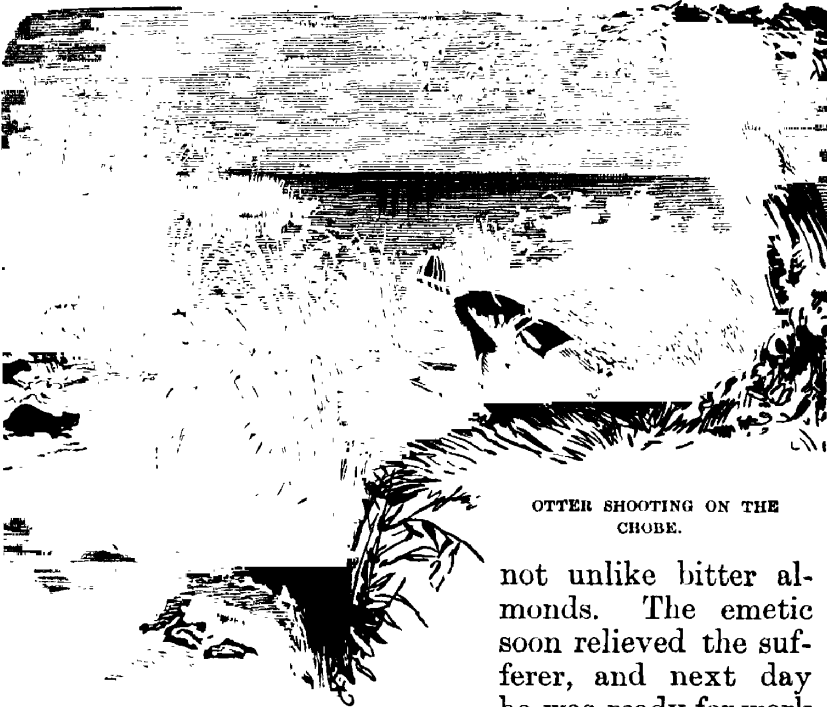
below a Mabunda village called Sioma. My servants, who had continued following on foot, were ferried across, and we made our encampment before it grew dark. We were rather surprised to be told by the residents that the neighbourhood was infested with lions, and that the village was night after night ravaged by their attacks; and, for my own part, I was inclined to believe that the stories were made up as a pretext to induce us to move on. In exchange for some beads I obtained a quantity of kaffir-corn beer, which I dis-

DROWNING USELESS PEOPLE.

tributed to the boatmen in acknowledgment of the exertions they had made in my service. Finding that I was not intimidated by the representations they made, and pleased moreover with the beads I had spent among them, the natives became more hospitable, and gave us their advice and assistance in collecting the roofs of seven deserted huts, which we placed closely side by side in a semicircle, resting one edge on the ground, and propping up the other on poles, so that from the wood the encampment looked merely like a lot of grasspiles. I had several large fires lighted in front.

During the voyage that had ended so disastrously, I had noticed some trees on the river-bank with a whitish bark, growing from twenty to forty feet in height. What was most remarkable about them was the way in which, from the boughs that overhung the river, masses of red-brown roots descended like a beard, sometimes as much as six feet in length.

The rain fell heavily all the next morning, and in the afternoon the wind blew so icy cold, that although the servants did all they could to cover up the front of my hut with mats, my body suffered from repeated chills. My illness increased so much that I was quite unable to turn myself without assistance. I had a sort of couch extemporized out of some packing-cases, on which I reclined and got what rest I could. While I was lounging in this way, I heard a conversation going on outside the hut amongst my servants, who supposed that I was asleep. One of them, Borili, was saying that it was a lucky thing that Nyaka (the doctor) was sick, and proposed that they should all make off with my property to the southern bank of the Chobe. The rest of them did not seem altogether inclined to acquiesce, but I made up my mind to nip anything like a conspiracy in the bud. Calling them all in, I made each of them a present of beads, except Borili, whom I asked whether he expected a gun from me when we parted, as a remuneration for his services. Of course he told me he should reckon on his gun; but he looked somewhat surprised when I replied that he was much mistaken, and that having found out that he was a bad servant and a thief, I should keep my eye on him, and that if he repeated his misconduct, I should send him back to Sesheke for Sepopo to punish. He knew what that meant.

Towards evening, the fever having slightly abated, I made the servants lift me on to the ground, where I sat with my back supported against the bed. In this position I received a visit from some Mabundas, from whom I obtained various specimens of their handicraft. To one of the boatmen, I was able, out of the very

limited stock of drugs that I had left, to give an emetic that proved very effectual. He had made himself ill by eating too freely of the fruit of a shrub called ki-moko-nonga; the symptoms of the man and the smell of the fruit made me inclined to believe that he was suffering from the effects of prussic acid. The fruit itself was about an inch long, and half an inch thick; it had a yellowish pulp, an oval kernel, and in flavour was

OTTER SHOOTING ON THE CHOBE.

not unlike bitter almonds. The emetic soon relieved the sufferer, and next day he was ready for work again.

The Mabunda chief from Sioma came to see me, and in the intervals between the attacks of fever, I took the opportunity to ask him, as well as the guides and boatmen, all the questions I could about the land and population of the Marutse empire. Our conversation generally turned upon the Livangas, Libele, and Luyanas, the tribes between the Chobe and the Zambesi, and upon the independent Bamashi, on the lower Chobe, who are also called Luyanas, and are subject to three

princes of their own, Kukonganena, Kukalelwa, and Molombe.

Our experience at night proved that the Mabundas had not exaggerated much in what they told us about the lions. After sunset we heard their chorus begin, and it did not cease till dawn. I should not think the animals were more than 150 yards away from us. Up in the little village the people had to be on the watch to keep them at bay, and kept on shouting and beating a drum, while nearly every inclosure was illumined by a fire. My own boatmen sat up, spear in hand, nearly all night, and weird enough their shadows were as they fell upon the fence. No lions, however, ventured to attack us.

For the next two days I was worse rather than better, and vain were my efforts to amuse myself with either my diary or my sketch-book. My disorder was aggravated by the ungenial weather, and even in the most violent fits of fever I was conscious of a feeling of shivering under the keen north-east blast. I endeavoured to keep up my spirits, but writing, which was my sole resource, was a painful trial to me, and the lines danced before my eyes.

I could not bear the thought of going back to Sesheke, and determined to make a vigorous endeavour once again to go ahead. Accordingly on the 8th we started, but the exertion was too much for me, and in the evening I had to be carried ashore. Scarcely had I been laid down in a grass hut left by some previous passengers, when I was seized with such an attack of sickness and diarrhœa, that I really began to fear that I should not live till morning.

Except at the Victoria Falls, the part of the river over which we had been passing was in itself the most interesting that I had yet seen. We had crossed forty-two rapids, and had now come to the most southerly of the Barotse cataracts, here about 1000 feet wide. I was removed on the following morning to a more roomy hut that had been prepared for Queen Moquai, and in which she had waited my arrival; imagining, however, that I had turned back, she had proceeded on her way, but when

he heard where I was, she sent her husband Manengo ack from her next landing-place to inquire after me.

The last rapids that I crossed were the most dangerus of all in the Marutse country ; one of them was known s Manekango, the other was Muniruola. They were rmed by ridges of rocks extending right across the iver, with an average height of not much over two feet nd a half, but the openings were so few and narrow that

KING SEPOPO.

he water dashed through with the fiercest violence. I ad to submit to be laid upon the reef while the men ragged the boat through the rifts at the most imminent eril.

The sickness, which had a little abated, returned gain towards evening, and I had considerable difficulty n drawing my breath. In the morning I was so far elieved that I was able to take a few spoonfuls of naizena.

In the course of that day Inkambella, the most important man in the country next to Sepopo, passed down the river.

To hold out any longer was simply impossible. I grew worse and worse. I felt that I had no alternative than to yield to necessity, and calling the boatmen together, I announced my intention of going back. To my surprise, I found that my resolution had been forestalled; boats were already waiting, ready to retrace our course. In spite of my weakness, I was inclined to take my people to task for presuming to decide for me, but I was given to understand that they were only obeying orders; it transpired that Sepopo had given definite instructions that my health was to be particularly studied while I was in his country; as I was a doctor, the king had been anxious that no mischief should befall me, and regarding me as a sort of magician, he feared that some dire calamity would happen to his kingdom if I were to die while under his protection.

When the men had placed me in one boat, and my servant Narri in another, they declined to start until I had distributed some presents amongst them, and I heard an altercation going on, which I was too weak to check, because my servants had detected them trying to steal some of my goods.

All day long the sun glowed fiercely down, and I was tortured with the most agonizing thirst. Once, in the hope of obtaining a little relief, I let my fevered hands hang from the boat's side in the water, but my people instantly replaced them on my knees, with the warning that I must not entice the crocodiles to follow us.

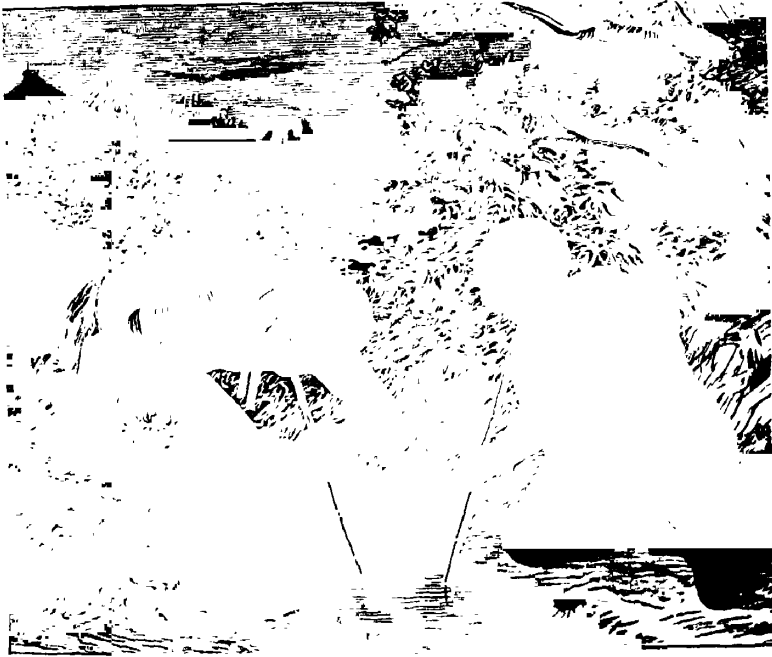
After a painful night in an encampment a few miles to the east of Katonga, I was put on board again and carried on to Sesheke. I was conveyed by the boatmen to Westbeech's hut. He did not recognize me.

Here is a heart-rending scene, which affords a fair sample of the cruelties practised by Sepopo, who at the time was king of the powerful Marutbse Maunda kingdom.

VOL. I.

SEPOPO'S HEAD MUSICIAN.

To face p. 324.

Before any inhuman measure on which the king had set his mind could be carried in the council, it was frequently found unavoidable to have several sittings; but if any of the members were ascertained to be persistently obstructive, measures were soon found for getting rid of them, and they were perpetually being accused of high treason or some other crime, and thus removed out of the way. Sepopo's propensity for human

MASARWAS DRINKING.

sacrifices was by no means in accordance with the usual practice of the country, and it was only by coercing his secret council that he succeeded in perpetrating his superstitious barbarities.

In this way it was that while New Sesheke was being built, Sepopo brought it about that a resolution should be passed by the secret tribunal to the effect that, in order to save the new town from the fate of the old, the son of one of the chiefs should be killed ; but that his

toes and fingers should first be cut off and pres
a charm in a war-drum.

In spite of the secrecy which was enjoir
rumour of the resolution came to one of the chi
communicated it privately to many of his frienc
was about the end of September, when Blockley
only white man left in Sesheke. Night aft
groups of men were to be seen stealthily maki
way past his quarters to the woods; they v
servants of the chiefs, carrying away the you
whither they hoped to have them out of the
reach, and some little time elapsed before either
or his executioner was aware of the steps tl
being taken to frustrate the bloody order.

The appointed day arrived. Mashoku's e
were sent to ascertain from which of the cl
enclosures a victim might most readily be procu
one by one they returned and reported that no
was to be found. At last, however, one of
brought word that he had seen a solitary boy
outside his father's fence. Apprised of this,
immediately sent directions to the father to g
once and procure some grass and reeds for a hut
was building, and then charged Mashoku to lose
As soon as he had satisfied himself that the
left his home, Mashoku sent his messenger to f
child to the royal courtyard, where, although t
was full of people, a perfect silence prevailed.
was in a terribly bad temper, and no one dared to
a word. The executioner's assistant made his
the abode of the chief, and was greeted by the
of the house with a friendly "rumela"; he t
ceeded to tell her that the kosana, her husband,
setting out in his canoe, and that he had sent hi
he wished his little son to go with him. The
acquiesced, and the boy was delighted to accom
man, who of course took him off to the royal cc
where a sign from Mashoku announced their a
the moody king. Sepopo started to his feet, an
panied by his band, made his way towards the r

child being led behind him. Bewildered as the poor little victim was, he was somewhat reassured by the direction they were taking; but all at once he was alarmed at the shrieks of a chieftain's wife, whose house they were passing, and who, knowing the purpose on which they were bent, cried out in horror.

At the river, the whole party, numbering nearly seventy, embarked and crossed to the opposite side. The myrimbas were left behind, but the large drums were taken over. Shortly after landing the king seated himself on a little stool; he made the executioner, a few of his own personal attendants, and the members of his secret council form an inner circle; beyond them he placed the drummers; and outside these he ordered the rest of the company to group themselves, so as to conceal from the town the deed that was being perpetrated. The poor boy by this time had almost fainted from fear; but when, at a nod from the king, the executioner seized him, he began to scream aloud with terror. The drummers were ordered to play with all their might, so that the piteous shrieks should not be heard; several assistants were then summoned to hold the child, so that resistance was impossible, and the two doctors set themselves deliberately to work to amputate finger after finger, and toe after toe.

No drumming could drown the heart-rending cries of the sufferer. The people of Sesheke could hear him, in the midst of his torture, calling out, "Ra, ra, kame, ra, ra!" (Father, O my father!) and "umu umu bulaya" (they are killing me!); but though a large crowd was thus made aware of what was going on, no one dared to raise a hand to rescue the miserable sufferer.

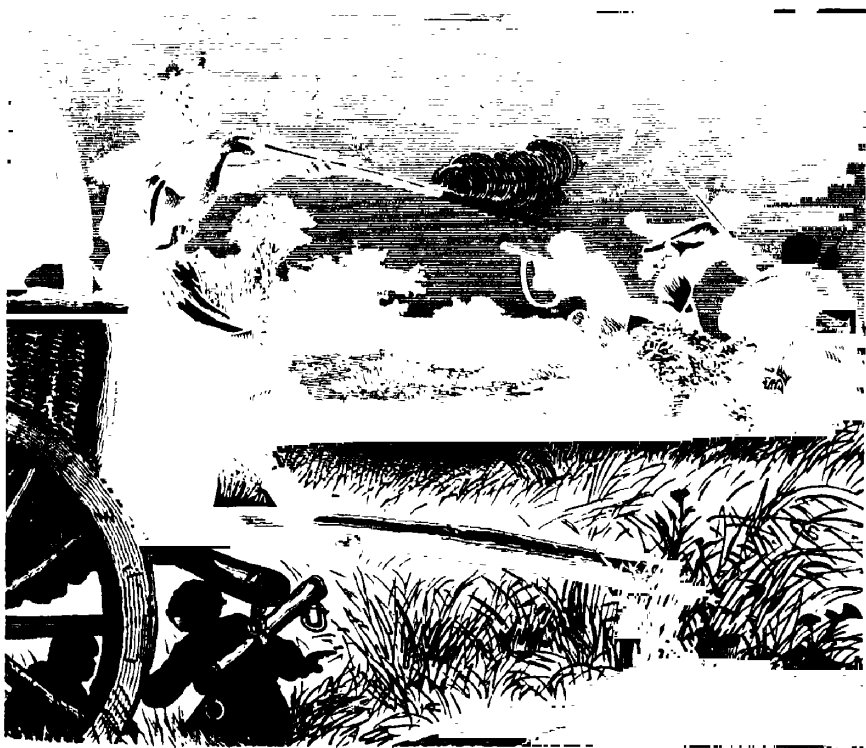
When the doctors had finished their cruel operation, the hapless boy was strangled, and knocked on the head with a kiri. The whole party then returned to their boats, which were pushed off into mid-stream, where, as if by accident, they were formed into a circle; but in reality, with the design of concealing the corpse as it was dropped into the water. Meanwhile the weeping mother had made her way down to the bank, and regard-

less alike of the crocodiles and of the displeasure of the tyrant, waded into the stream and demanded her son—her darling Mushemani. But to Sepopo a mother's grief was nothing; he landed quite unconcerned, and proceeded with his myrmidons to enjoy his pots of butshuala, while the doctors stored away the dismembered toes and fingers in a war-drum.

This narrative I give as related to me in its general outline on my second return to Sesheke by two of the resident chiefs, the details being filled in by Blockley, whose quarters were just opposite to the scene of the murder.

The following brief account of the origin of the Matabele kingdom will be of interest.

At this time the Matabele kingdom was only second in power to any of the native tribes south of the Zambesi, and now, since the subjugation of the southern Zulus, it must rank as absolutely the most powerful of all. It is considerably more than 300 miles long, and from 250 to 300 miles broad. According to Mr. Mackenzie, Moselikatze, the founder of this extensive kingdom, was the son of Matshobane, a Zulu captain in Natal; he was taken prisoner by Chaka, the most powerful of the Zulu chiefs, who subsequently, when he found out the courage of his captive, gave him the command of one of his marauding expeditions; but Moselikatze, instead of returning with his booty, carried it off to the heart of what is now the Transvaal country, subdued the Bakhatlas, Baharutse, and other Bechuana tribes, and finally settled in the highlands round the Marico and its tributaries. Here he was attacked by the Griqua chief, Berend-Berend, whom he defeated and killed. All this, however, was but the beginning of a series of engagements. Two Zulu armies in succession were sent after him as a recreant, one by Chaka, and the other by his successor Dingan, but both failed to dislodge him. His next assailants were the Boers, who were most anxious to get rid of such a dangerous neighbour, and to drive him from the beautiful Marico country, which they coveted for themselves. To accomplish their

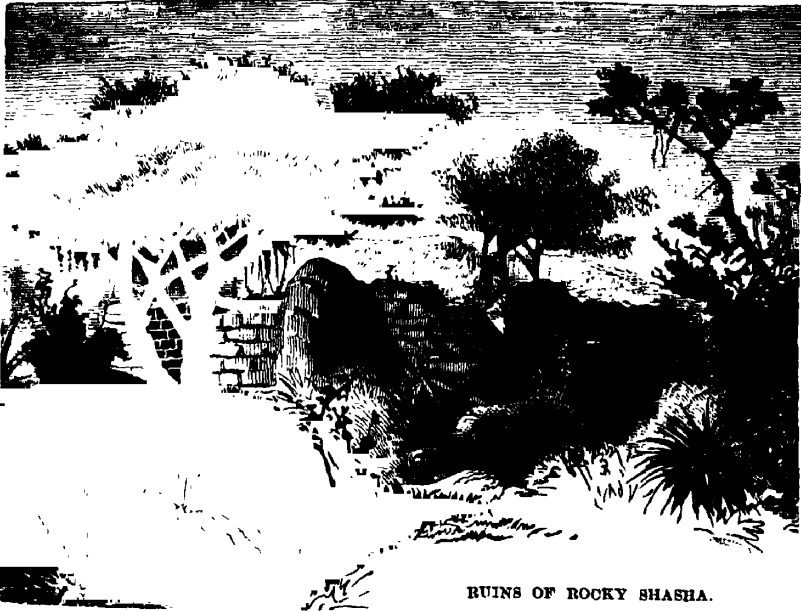
aim they sent out a considerable force in 1836, and attacking the Zulu at the foot of one of the hills, completely defeated him. Moselikatze gathered together the little remnant of his force, including only forty "ring-heads" (full grown warriors), and quitted the district, making his way to the north, and laying waste the whole country as he proceeded. It was his plan to

BOER'S WIFE DEFENDING HER WAGON.

found a new settlement on the other side of the Zambesi; but the tsetse-fly did what it seemed forbidden to human hand to do, and checked his career. He was in consequence obliged to fall back, and began to attack first the Makalaka villages, and then to carry his ravages on to the Manansas and others. His mode of dealing with these agricultural settlements was to set fire to them in the middle of the night, to kill the men as

they rushed out of their burning huts, and to carry off the women and children, as well as the cattle. In this way his power began again to increase, until after a while South Africa had a new Zulu empire. All the stolen boys were brought up as soldiers, and such as were capable of bearing arms were at once incorporated into the army; the women were given to the warriors, the cattle being deemed the king's special property, and serving to maintain his ever increasing regiments. Whenever Moselikatze observed any signs of his warriors treating the women better than their cattle he came to the conclusion that the men were growing effeminate, and at once gave peremptory orders for the dangerous women to be slaughtered. During his annual marauding expeditions into the neighbourhood, thousands of helpless creatures lost their lives, for besides the men, all people incapable of work, young children, and babies, and some of the women, were relentlessly massacred.

From my own observation, and from what I gathered from Mr. Mackenzie, Westbeech, and the traders, I should describe the Matabele Zulu government as a military despotism, with supreme control over every man and beast, and every acre of land in the country. Each division of the army is under the command of an "induna" or chief, with several sub-chiefs holding commission as officers. The rank and file fulfil their commanders' orders with blind obedience, but the superior and inferior chiefs are always at rivalry, and if they fail to win the approbation of the king by their feats of bravery, they try and curry favour with him by carrying him tales of slander against each other. The king keeps several executioners, who perpetrate their deeds under cover of night; and as the kaffir-corn beer which is served out with the meat at supper rarely fails to induce a sound sleep, the opportunity is readily found for what is known as "the king's knife" to do its work.

Mr. Mackenzie told me of an instance that will serve as an illustration of what I have been saying. The bravest man in Moselikatze's army was Monyebe, one of the superior chiefs, who in acknowledgment of his

services had been rewarded by the king with a number of presents. This so far aroused the jealousy of the other chiefs that they conspired to accuse him to the king of witchcraft and treachery. Moselikatze allowed himself to listen to their slander, and without giving Monyebe a chance of exonerating himself, kept the accusation a thorough secret from him, and gave permission to the chiefs to kill him. Next morning nothing

RUINS OF ROCKY SHASHA.

more remained of the king's favourite than a few ashes smouldering at the door of his hut.

When Mr. Mackenzie visited Matabele-land in 1863, he found very few real Zulu soldiers; the flower of the army consisted of Bechuanas, who as boys had either been stolen or exacted as tribute by Moselikatze during his residence in the Transvaal, the younger regiments being principally composed of Makalaka and Mashona lads recently enlisted.

In times of peace the boys are sent out to take care of the cattle, but on their return home they are always carefully instructed in the use of weapons. This con-

stant exercise makes them so strong and muscular that a Masarwa straight from the Kalahari Bushveldt, and another having undergone his training with the Matabele, could not be recognized as belonging to the same tribe. The Matabele warriors live in barracks, and domestic life is quite unknown; only in very exceptional cases is it allowable for any one but a chief to treat his wife otherwise than as a slave, though it must be allowed that there is hardly any appreciable difference between the two conditions. The king does not prevent people of other tribes from practising their own religious and superstitious ceremonies, subject to the general prohibition that no subject of his may be a Christian. The ivory-traders followed the missionaries into the country; they found a ready sale for guns and ammunition, but the natives were little disposed to purchase any articles of clothing.

Here is a humorous incident, which might have ended in tragedy, that occurred in Tati, on the southward of Matabele-land.

Before closing my notes about Tati, I cannot help mentioning an incident that occurred in Pit Jacobs' house, in February, 1876. Jacobs himself, with two of his sons and his elder daughter, had gone on a hunting excursion to South Matabele-land, leaving his wife, his younger daughter, just now married to Mr. Brown, his two little boys, and a Masarwa servant in the house. The house was what is locally known as a "hartebeest" building, its four walls consisting of laths plastered over with red brick earth, and covered in with a gabled roof made of rafters thatched with grass. Inside, of the same material as the walls, was a partition dividing the house into two apartments, of which the larger was the living room, and the other the sleeping-chamber of the family. In the larger room, amongst other furniture, stood a sewing-machine that Mr. Brown had just bought as a present for his intended wife; in the other room, opposite the door, were two beds. On this particular evening, the door of the house, which was made in two parts, had the upper division open; the window in front

was likewise open, and a kitten was sitting on the sill. Mr. Brown had just called to pay an evening visit, and Mrs. Jacobs had gone to put the two boys to bed, laying herself down for a few minutes beside one of them.

Now the whole village was aware that a half-starved leopard was haunting the place, trying one cattle-kraal after another, and doing serious mischief amongst the poultry; every fence ought to have been well guarded, but somehow or other the leopard had gained an entrance

FINGO BOY.

into Jacobs' inclosure, and catching sight of the kitten in the open window, made a spring to seize it. The kitten, however, was not taken unawares, but leaping from the window-sill hid itself under the sewing-machine, and the leopard, missing its aim, bounded through the window right into the middle of the room, where the two lovers were sitting.

They called out in alarm, but were hardly more terrified than the brute itself, which, in order to escape, rushed into the bed-room, and under the bed where Mrs. Jacobs was lying. Catching sight of it, she cried

out to know what it was, and in order to pacify her, Mr. Brown and her daughter replied that most likely it was a dog. Satisfied in her own mind that a dog would not have made them scream out in such alarm, and concluding that it was a hyæna, she started up, took the child by which she was lying in her arms, and ran into the living room.

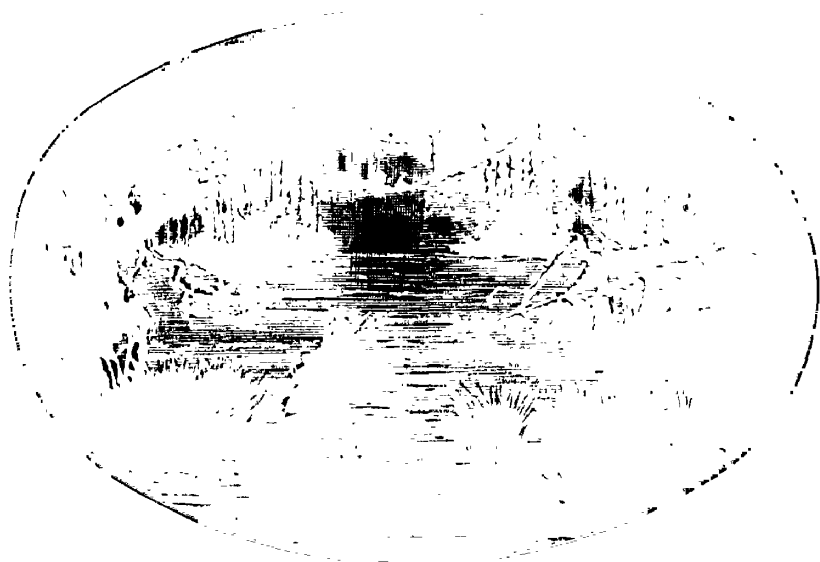
Finding that she had brought out only one of the little boys, Brown thought it was best to tell her the truth, which made her so agitated that she would have gone back quite unprotected to the other bed if she had not been prevented by force.

The immediate question now was, how the brute could be disposed of. There was a loaded elephant-gun hanging up inside the partition, but in the commotion no one thought of it. Brown took hold of a kitchen-knife, but afterwards it was remembered that the Masarwa servant had an old assegai; the man was soon sent for; Brown took the spear; Miss Jacobs held the lantern; Mrs. Jacobs clung to her daughter, and the servant kept close behind. At the appearance of the light, the leopard was more terrified than ever, and the hubbub of voices, English, Dutch, and Sesarwa, only increased its alarm. Making a sudden spring it lighted on the bed where the child was sleeping. The little fellow slumbered on peacefully, and knew nothing of what happened until the next morning.

With such an excited cluster of people at his elbow, it was not very surprising that Brown made a bad aim with his assegai; the point merely grazed the creature's skin, and in an instant it flew at his breast, so that he could feel its claws upon his neck. Losing his balance he fell over; the women came tumbling on him, dragging the old Masarwa on the top of them all, the commotion putting the leopard into such a state of bewilderment that it never used a fang, but bounded forth, first into the other room, and then through the open portion of the door.

Thus relieved of their anxiety, and finding no harm done, they all laughed heartily, and congratulated each

other at the happy issue of an adventure which might have had a tragical *dénouement*.

At length in 1879, Dr. Holub returned to Europe laden with spoils. But he was by no means tired of Africa. A year or two later he and his wife—he had married in the meantime—set out on a formidable journey which was to reach from the Cape to Cairo. This journey lasted for some years, but the courageous travellers only got some distance beyond the Zambesi, into the country of the Mashukalumbé, from which they were glad to escape with their lives.

CHAPTER IX.

THROUGH ZAMBESIA.

THE name Zambesia is by no means a new one. It will be found on maps a century old designating the region on both sides of the Middle and Lower Zambesi. It has been revived quite recently in connection with British enterprise in South Africa, and British Zambesia may be said to include the whole of Matabele-land and Mashona-land on the one side, and the country up to Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika on the other. Of course this region is intimately associated with the name of Livingstone, though, as has been already shown, it has been explored by many Englishmen since his time. One of the most adventurous and most unfortunate of these Englishmen was the late Walter Montagu Kerr, a son of Lord Charles Kerr, and a scion of one of the oldest and noblest houses in Scotland. Mr. Kerr was possessed of all the true explorer's reckless enthusiasm, and the journey which he made from the Cape direct north to the Zambesi and across to Lake Nyassa, generally accompanied by only a few natives, with no force, and with but a scanty supply of goods, was remarkable among many remarkable African journeys. Mr. Kerr had determined to accomplish something even more adventurous in a region far more dangerous and far more unknown. In 1888 he landed at Mombasa with the intention of proceeding by Uganda to the Upper Nile (where Emin Pasha was at the time), and thence if possible to Lake Chad, and so across the broadest part of the Continent. But, alas! he was struck down by illness when only a few miles from the coast. He was compelled to proceed to Cairo, and thence he was carried to the South of France,

where he may be said to have died of a broken heart at seeing all his hopes and plans shattered. The record of his journey through Zambesia is full of interest and adventure, and as it contains a satisfactory account of the nature of this unhealthy region and the character of its

LANDING AT PORT ELIZABETH.

people, we proceed to give a few extracts therefrom. Let us say that during part of this route he was accompanied by the mightiest of African hunters, Mr. Selous, who proved of great service to him in traversing Matabeli-land, which he did in 1884. After entering this country, and in approaching Buluwayo, the chief kraal

of the great potentate Lo-bengula, Mr. Selous went on to apprise the king of the approach of a stranger. Mr. Kerr goes on to say:—

A messenger, sent by King Lo-bengula, now arrived from Selous. The object of his mission was to escort us past numerous Matabeli maize-fields and villages which now lay on our line of march to Buluwayo, the king's town.

The messenger handed me a letter from Selous, which was very welcome, because I was extremely anxious to hear something about the frame of mind of the monarch. Selous said, "Lo-ben is friendly, and prospect fair for your getting permission to go through his country."

Lo-ben's emissary was an immensely big fellow, and a good type of the young and stalwart Matabeli warrior, looking as though his life had been passed in a thriving land of plenty. His head-dress consisted of ostrich feathers cut short, and trimmed so as to form a large rosette, through which a long black feather was stuck. He carried a black ox-hide shield, interlaced with white thongs: he had three assegais and a knobkerry.

A Matabeli garden was close to us on the top of the hill; properly speaking, it was a patch of land under cultivation, for all the fields of corn in this country are, by the white man, called gardens. The garden, which was named "Mavuba," overlooked an immense valley, partly covered with trees, through which the road passed. I had a hurried meal, cooked by Sebina, the black girl, who had accompanied us all the way. Crowds of Matabeli people came to look at us, and some of them pounced with wonderful avidity at the remaining feathers of the pauw, which were long and pretty, being of a greyish colour, crossed here and there with white. They prize these feathers very highly as ornaments for their heads, and any one would admit that the decoration is remarkably becoming to the wild-looking, black sons of Nature.

Getting under weigh, and crossing the long valley, we soon ascended the southern slopes of the great granite mountains which form the division between the waters

owing to the Limpopo and Sabia rivers, and to the ambesi. We came to a large kraal situated in the pen, and having a background of jagged rocks. The lace is called Magu-buduani. Here we stopped, and ere soon surrounded by swarms of men, women and

OUTSPAN.

hildren, to whom our arrival was a cause of much uriosity.

Then began a bustling, chattering tumult. The urried throng of men, women and children, forming n excited circle of naked humanity, pressed closely round us with their marketable produce, including

Kaffir corn and meal, hemp, pumpkins, sweet reed, and so forth. For some small strips of cotton cloth—limbo it is called by the traders—we bought some potatoes and other articles. One cotton blanket was given for a goat, a transaction which occasioned a good deal of bargaining. The noise was tremendous; what with husbands and wives quarrelling about the amount of cloth they were to receive, girls chattering and holding out their hands for beads, and other uproar, it was impossible for any one to hear himself speak.

The whole scene was highly amusing. The fun of the fair was noisy, but nearly all the people seemed to be beaming with good-humour. All were well fed and happy. One woman was really pretty, with teeth as white as the proverbial pearl. She was full of sprightliness, and begged most persistently for white calico ("ilimbo elimhlopi") and beads. A small piece of white calico gave her lively satisfaction.

"I praise you" (Ngi ya bonga), she shouted, as she went on her way rejoicing.

Soon we left this lively fair. It was nearly dark, and we camped in the forest beyond. We were now upon the great plateau of Matabeli-land.

During the next two days' journey we passed the villages of Inthlathlangela and Umganen—the latter a favourite village of the king—between which were interspersed rich fields of waving maize. This was a thickly inhabited district, for we were now approaching Buluwayo, the town of the great black king, Lo-bengula, the most powerful monarch in South Africa.*

My curiosity was greatly excited as we neared the domicile of Lo-ben, who had so much power either to aid or thwart my effort. His subjects, masculine and feminine, of all ages and conditions, flocked around the waggon in scores, bringing tobacco and many other commodities likely to be wanted in exchange for the coveted cloth and beads.

* Buluwayo means "the one that is slain." Gubuluwayo is sometimes used, the prefix Gu or Go, signifying *at, to,* or *from*. Bengula, the name of the king, means "defender," the prefix Lo signifying *the*.

They escorted us until we reached the "New Valhalla," the name humorously given to the house of Mr. George Fairbairn, a Scottish gentleman who trades in ivory, close to the king's kraal, on the southern banks of the Umkhosi river. A hearty welcome was given me here.

The country at the time was full of fever, and Fairbairn's house was temporarily an hospital. Several deaths had occurred in the immediate neighbourhood on the mission station, one who succumbed being Mr.

F. C. SELOUS.

Thomas, who was among the first of the white men who came to this country, and who had established a small mission station of his own, named Shiloh.

On my arrival I made inquiries concerning the progress of Whitaker, the young and adventurous Canadian, of whom we heard at the Tati gold fields as having been making his way towards the Zambesi.

"Ah!" said Fairbairn, "we buried poor Whitaker at Hope Fountain Mission Station a few days ago. He was very reluctant to take the medicines we offered him."

Fairbairn's abode was very full; but there seemed to be always room for one more. Of course in this country beds are unknown articles of furniture; cane mats being the familiar couches for the luxury of repose. Thanks, however, to the generous warmth of hospitality, we were soon comfortably housed, although I must admit that it was with regretful reluctance that I left the waggon, in which I had spent so many pleasant weeks, even for the better accommodation afforded by a house.

Fairbairn, Selous, and myself went up to see old King Lo-bengula. I was very eager to know in what sort of humour was the old gentleman. A missionary, Mr. S——, who had had a quarter of a century of Christian effort in Matabeli-land, and was able to know the character of the people, had, when we met him in full retreat in Bechuanaland, given a dreadful account of the condition of affairs, saying that it was impossible to live in Matabeli-land since the difficulty about the hippo killing. The poor missionary's beard had been pulled, and he had to suffer other indignities which as an apostle of divinity he could not brook. But what special exemption could he expect? Many observers note that after five-and-twenty years of missionary labour there are no converts to the faith of our fathers. After so long a period of profitless contention with a people who are both deaf and blind to persuasion, it could hardly be expected that Mr. S—— would find more sympathetic treatment than other whites.

Fairbairn informed me that with the payment of all the fines the troubles about the sea-cow row, to which I have referred, had vanished, and that now the old man was in a very good humour.

When we entered the king's kraal I could see him seated under the roof porch. A few of his people were around. All of us shook hands with him, and were received with more courtesy than might be expected from a savage king. We sat on the ground beside him, and his prettiest slave girls brought in beer. Kneeling before us they would drink first, and then hand the liquor to us.

Lo-ben seemed very friendly, and evidently had quite forgotten the troublesome episode of the shooting of the sea-cow. When Selous asked permission to enter the hunting veldt, the monarch granted his request with a smile, remarking, "Selous is a young lion."

Looking at me, he then asked what I was about to do. On being told that I was anxious to go through his country, and subsequently through unexplored Mashona-land, to the Zambesi, he simply remarked, "It is very far away."

A crowd of endunas began to assemble, and as it was clear that a "big talk" was about to ensue, we departed without making a further attempt to gain the desired permission. Walking to the back of the house we saw numbers of hive-shaped huts, the homes of the queens, the housing of the royal harem.

Here was a novel scene! Upon grass mats in front of the huts singly, or in bevies here and there, the queens of the Matabeli reclined gracefully and with careless ease, basking their rather *embonpoint*, but yet symmetrical frames like glossy seals lolling in the warmth of the sun. A strange but not unpleasant odour filled the air, for these queens are in the habit of scenting themselves with a perfume made from wild flowers and herbs rolled into balls about the size of small apples.

The picturesqueness of this figure-grouping, however, was somewhat marred by the occupation of some of the royal ladies, who were imbibing copious quantities of beer, and eating largely of meat. Yet they were a happy-looking company, beaming with good-nature, and all running to portliness, which evidently increased with years. We sat down and drank beer with some of them. They asked Fairbairn numerous questions about me, and with feminine curiosity seemed particularly anxious to know where my wives were, if I had any, and if so, how many? One in a jesting humour called to some slave girls who passed, and turning to me said:

"Now choose a wife from among these; which shall it be?"

Fairbairn was well acquainted with all the queens. He

seemed to have *entrée* into every part of the kraal. It is a very unusual privilege to be allowed to walk through the harem. Slaves of both sexes and of all ages and sizes were moving to and fro among the huts.

A new house was being erected for His Majesty, the material being bricks, and the builder an old British tar, a Yorkshireman named Johnny, who years before, while cruising on the east coast, had suddenly left his ship of his own accord, and found his way to the happier and freer atmosphere of the far interior. Johnny was a genial soul, and a very funny old boy. There he stood slinging mud like a Thames dredger, and yet in feeling as free and independent as an American senator. He has built the only houses that are worthy the name in Matabeli-land.

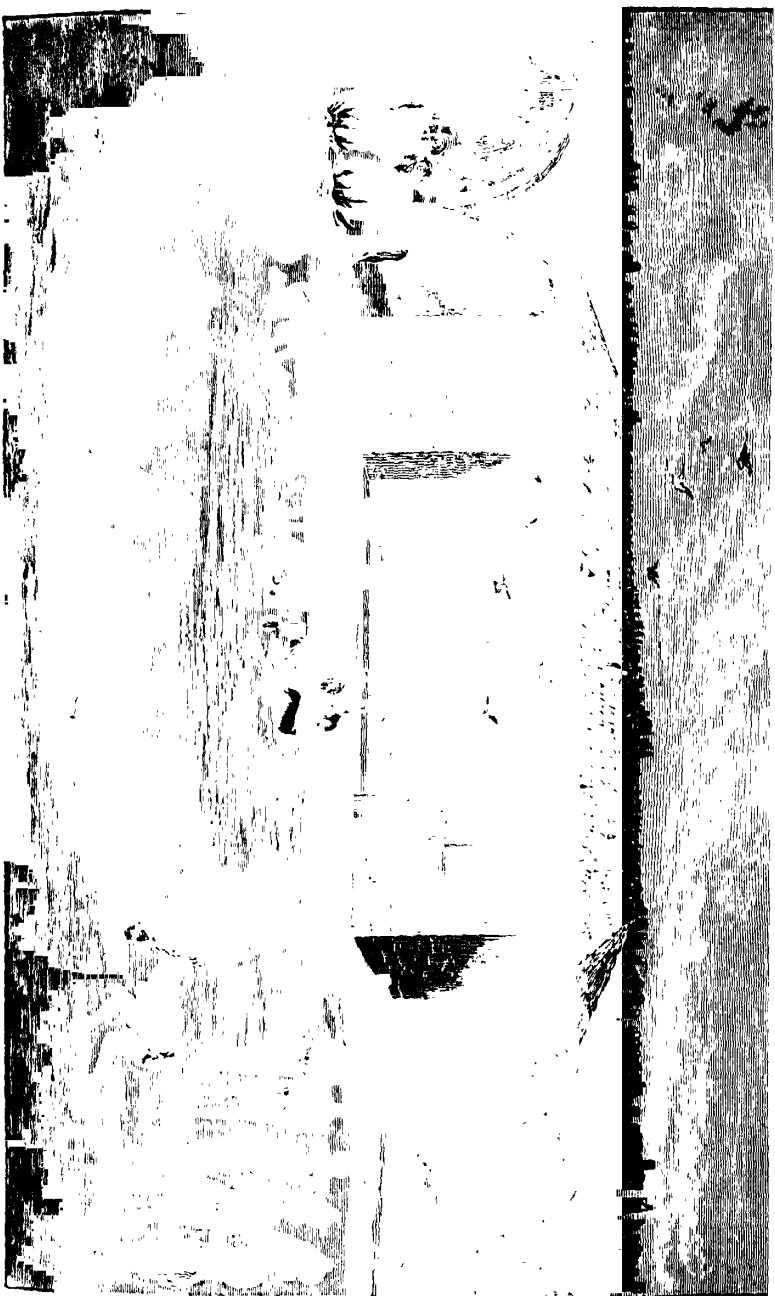
Many of the Matabeli queens were peeping in at the windows of the partially-finished house, and evidently made a good deal of fun of Johnny, who would turn round every now and then and give them the contents of his trowel.

I was astonished to see the interior of a queen's hut, which had a cleanly black polished floor, and everything arranged in the tidiest manner. Floors are composed of ant-heap, ox-blood, and cow-dung, which when set becomes very hard. The occupant of this hut showed me how the floor was polished, by means of a fine smooth, round pebble, which, held in both hands, was rubbed along the surface, the operator spitting every now and then to supply the necessary moisture. There was a rack on one side of the hut on which were placed numerous baskets and all sorts of little tricks, while against the walls, neatly folded up, were the cane mats on which the dwellers slept.

A queen's mark of distinction is unique. All of them shave their heads and wear at the top, and well at the back, a small inverted cup of about one and a-half inches in diameter made of red beads. Round their waists they wear kilts of black ox-hide, falling to the knees.

The kraal was full of slaves who had been caught

Vol. I

THE ROYAL KRAAL OF LO BENGULA

To face p. 344

during war, and brought to the king by his fighting men.

Some days elapsed before we again visited Lo-ben, so that we had ample time to think over the plans which might be successfully adopted in approaching him with my request. The most feasible seemed to be to present him with a very elaborate silver-mounted sword-knife, and a fine bull.

The day arrived when we should visit the king. We

THE ROYAL KRAAL.

had heard that he was suffering from gout, doubtless through over-indulgence in native beer. He would soon leave for one of his other towns, so Fairbairn and myself again approached, and found him encircled by a multitude of endunas. Preferring to await a favourable opportunity for our request, we sat down beside the monarch. Patience, however, entailed great personal inconvenience. For four weary hours we sat drinking beer and trying to devour great chunks of beef handed to us upon the royal fork of His Majesty; who, while attending to the orations of his people, was busily en-

gaged in gorging himself with a mass of meat which held on a fork in his left hand, while with an enorm carving-knife he fanned off the swarming flies. Ev now and then Fairbairn took a sly look at me see what my powers of reception were in the beef-eat line.

Little slave boys, who had only recently been captur and were nothing but skin and bone, crouched up bes us, and were glad to accept either morsels of beef or dr of beer that we did not want. Gladly enough wo I have given them the whole lot; but I was well aw that the better I proved a capacity for eating and dri ing, the more would savage appreciation smile upon and favour my designs. The reader, therefore, may assured that I tried to be sufficiently omnivorous.

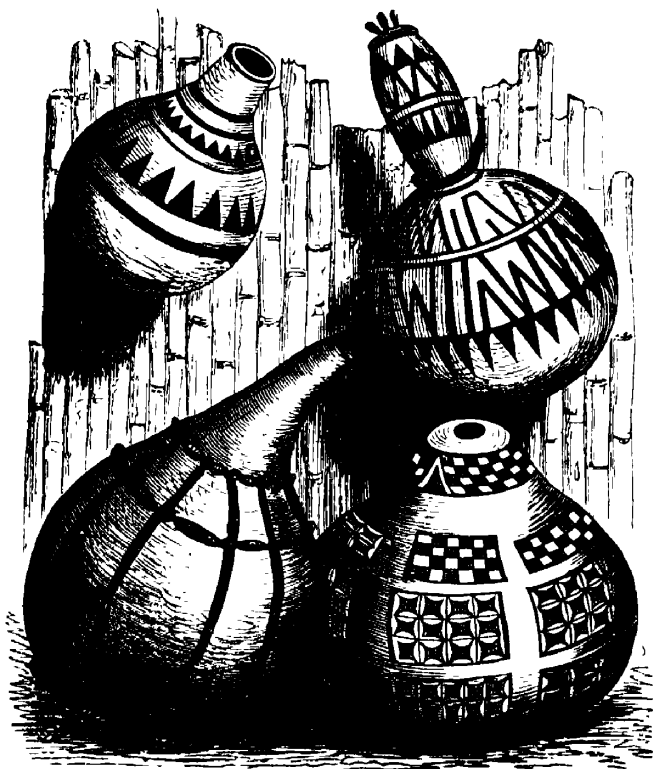
Evidently a case of no slight importance was be heard by Lo-ben. All eyes were riveted upon him, the facial expressions showed how eager every hea was to catch even an echo of the weighty words wh fell from the monarch's mouth. Occasionally, as conversed with the assembled endunas, Lo-ben wo utter some transcendent expression of infallible wisd which when given forth would get many respons ejaculations of acquiescence and sympathy.

"Yebo, yebo, Kumalo!" cried the audience. " hay, hay!"*

An oppressive subjection was evident among the cro They sat willing, should the potentate so ordain, without a word of remonstrance, to see their own brot die the death, for here could be found the most vi illustration of the axiom, the "King can do no wro It was strangely noticeable that all who passed circle of royalty had to cower to the earth, crouching though they were about to collapse together.

Sunset was approaching, and as every one, except those immediately connected with the royal househ were bound to be outside by that time, I was beginn to fear a further delay; but luckily the crowd disper

* *Yebo* means yes. *Kumalo* is a courtesy title for the royal fa The other exclamation indicates approval.

and as the king seemed to be in good-humour, Fairbairn deftly put to him the momentous question. A frank permission was the response ; I was to be allowed to travel freely through the country. After this I presented Lo-ben the sword-knife, giving him at the same time the

CALABASHES FOR HONEY-MEAD AND CORN

promise of a fine bull, for the purchase of which I had already negotiated.

"You may go through my country," he said, "but it is very far to the Zambesi."

I thanked him, and bade him good-bye.

"Go well, son of the sea," was his reply.

I thought this parting benediction of old Lo-ben was far from being devoid of poetry ; but strangely enough I soon had other examples of the exaltation in thi

respect which assuredly characterises this remarkable people.

As I walked along with Fairbairn the far-off western sky blazed resplendently across the heavens its fiery farewell. The reflected glow of its light gave a crimson richness to the dome-topped huts of the royal kraal, and gleamed softly through the jagged spaces of the primitive citadel. The departing sun told us that it was time for us to take our leave, and make our way to the outer side of the encircling fence before the "young men" would let the saplings fall so as to unite the two horns of the fortress, and make an endless line around the home of the monarch.

We had almost reached the wide portals of the enclosure, when suddenly stentorian shouts rent the air, making us pause in our progress. The shouts proceeded from a young warrior who stood in an attitude which reminded one of Ajax defying the lightning, looking a gladiatorial figure shining red in the evening light.

"Inkosa miama!" (black king) he exclaimed; and then continued to shout the following praises, which for convenience I will write in English, with the native equivalent.

"Calf of a black cow!" (*Inkoniama inkomo!*)

"Man-eater!" (*Ihlama doda!*)

"Lion!" (*Siluana!*)

"Thou art as great as the world!" (*Uena Ngaga geljzwe!*)

"Thou who appeared when people spoke confusedly!"* (*Uvela be vungasa!*)

"Star that shot through the firmament in the day of Zuangandaba!" (*Inkanyezi e ya tjega emini gwa Zuangandaba!* †)

"Thou art in the plains!" (*Uso bala!*) ‡

"Black mystery!" (*Indaba emniama!*)

"Thou who pierceth the sky that is above!" (*Ihlaba Zulu elipezulu!*)

* In time of anarchy.

† Zuangandaba was the chief town of Lo-ben's enemies in the time of the civil war, and he conquered it.

‡ He did not hide.

"Calf of the terrible!" (*Inkoniama gesilo!*)

"The Letter Destroyer!" (*Usa pula ngwalo!*)*

"He crossed the great desert!" (*Wa daluba Jhalihali!*)

"The black duck of Umzilagazi!" (*Itata elimniama liga Umzilagazi!*

"The black calf of Buluwayo!" (*Itoli elimniama la gwa Buluwayo!*)

Such were the pæans sung lustily at the gate. Fairbairn and myself waited a little to listen; but getting tired of the endless shouts we pushed on homewards, the vehemence of the sound lessening and dying as we proceeded.

At the time, when I heard the interpretation of the sentences, I could not help thinking how barbarously delightful was the poetry of this warlike race! Their songs in laudation of their king were disinterested songs of praise. Perhaps a new Utopia was here, in which love was true and loyalty unselfish. I was particularly told that the people would come great distances to sing the praises of Lo-ben.

Was there any ulterior motive? The truly disinterested man cannot be found among us whites; was devotion so true an attribute of the blacks, and flattery at last sincere?

I asked Fairbairn about the matter.

"Oh," was his reply, "the old man gives them uxuala!"

Bah! that was it. The poetry was gone. Vulgar beer! Not a spark of the divinity of poetry! Henceforth I would not believe in exceptional blacks, but would regard them as ordinary mortals, as plain, practical men, with common cravings and with modes of gratifying them similar to those of the human family generally.

Returning to the "New Valhalla" we had a good supper on sheep's head and trotters, which I enjoyed all the more seeing that my mind was relieved from all

* The word *ngwalo* has reference to a correspondence of Lo-ben and his indunas with Sir T. Shepstone respecting Kuruman, the rightful heir.

doubts and fears regarding the obstructions which, with good reason, had been prophesied to occur here, but were dispelled through the courteous sanction and friendly demeanour of the much-dreaded Lo-bengula.

The kraal or town of Buluwayo is situated on the outer side of a great elliptic enclosure of about half a mile in length, which is entirely occupied by royalty, its adherents and belongings.

Once a year in this immense enclosure a great dance—Inxwala—takes place. It is a national event, and is considered the first and most martial sight in South Africa. The king stands in the centre of his 6,000 warriors, who are bedecked with ostrich-feather capes and otter-skin turbans, their arms being the assegai and shield. Various warlike evolutions are gone through, such as darting their glistening weapons swift through the air, as all the warriors join, and together tap their shields with rhythmic beat, shouting and singing the while the song of the assegai and the praises of the great black king.

"Come and see at Majobana's; come and see!
Here is the display, display of the assegai
Come and see at Majobana's; come and see!"

Then stamping one foot, and pointing the assegai towards the heavens, they exclaim in chorus, "Sh—shu—shu," which literally means, "We stamp out—we will conquer!" This they never tire of repeating.

I was told that year after year the number of warriors at this dance is diminishing. Opposing factions have assumed or are assuming proportions which forebode a troublesome future in the reign of the present king. The scions or connections of royalty are not permitted to have very large kraals. Their conduct is often a source of danger. Three months previously to our visit, Lo-ben put to death his uncle, Usikuana, and all his kraal, comprising about forty people, a doom which was brought on through the uncle exercising privileges which were only permitted in the royal circle to the king himself.

Another massacre, which was found to be in order

resulted in the merciless annihilation of a number of families. On the death of Umzilagazi, the father of Lo-ben, the body was buried with all the deceased's effects. His waggons and everything he had possessed were thrown into a cave called Ntumbani, which is the name for the grave of a king. Near to this last resting-place of royalty a kraal was erected, and the inhabitants

LIONESS ATTACKING CATTLE ON THE TATI RIVER.

were told to watch the sepulchre that it might not be disturbed. But on burning the high grass to clear the ground for harvest, an evil wind arose, turning the relentless flames towards the grave of the old conqueror, until it was licked clean of everything, the ironwork alone remaining to tell the tale of destruction. For such neglect there could be but one punishment. So at early dawn the executioners fell upon the unfortunate

watchers, closing their earthly career, and sending their spirits to the crocodile and the hippo. Dogs and all were slain.

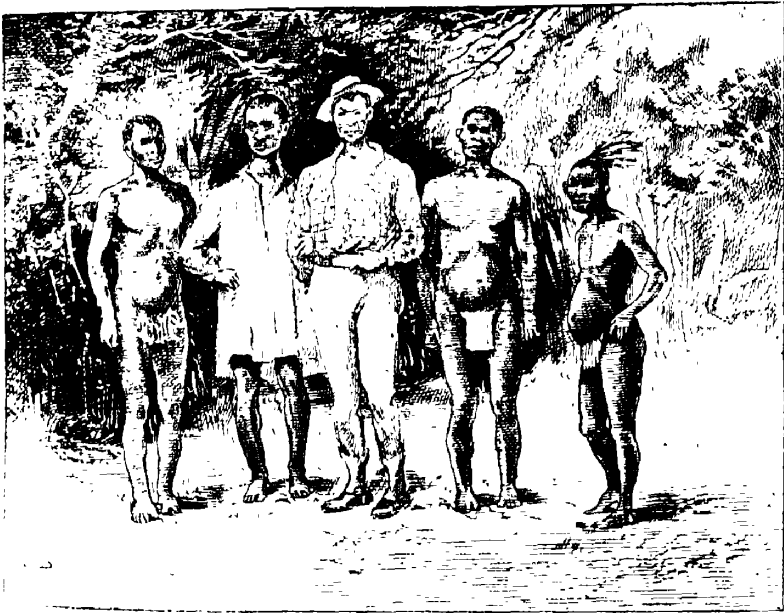
The morals of the Matabeli, from a British standpoint (which would take a Lord Chancellor to expound, and an archbishop, at least, to exemplify), are unquestionably in the lower scale. But in this respect they are far from being beneath other types of the African races. Polygamy is a recognised custom amongst them. Wives, in fact, mean wealth: their number is a sign of greatness in the husband. I would say that there is no immorality, for the knowledge of sensual vice has no dwelling in the really savage mind. His natural passions are not stimulated by subtle charms. He is not a *blasé* creature, but a simple son of nature, free and strong in the robustness of his manhood. There is no socialism, for various grades exist, as they do in other countries; but the king's license is regulated so that his subjects are not compelled to be vicious instead of natural.

Accompanied by about half-a-dozen "faithfuls," as he called his queer-looking native companions, Mr. Kerr proceeded northwards towards the Zambesi, through Mashonaland.

During this journey we passed over numerous deserted Mashona fields, which had evidently been devastated during the frequent raids of the Matabeli impi (army of warriors). The savage invaders had driven the more industrious Mashona away to the eastward, killing all who came within reach. Thus the once well-tilled fields were left to assume again the unprofitable wildness of their primitive condition; the furrows and ridges of the formerly cultivated land alone remaining to tell the sorrowful tale of conquest and desolation.

While hunting for rhinoceros one morning I came upon some antelopes, one of which I wounded. In the course of the swift pursuit which followed, I was thoroughly startled by the sudden appearance in the chase of two men, who turned out to be Mashona hunters. Both were armed with flint-lock muskets

Their persons were adorned with bracelets of buffalo hide, and necklaces of bone and claws, also pieces of the hoof of the small gazelle. Round their loins they wore sporans of leather, interwoven with beads of iron and brass. They carried their powder in horns.

As I could not speak the language, I signed to them to come to the waggon, which we could see indistinctly, almost buried in the long grass. On coming up to the caravans they asked for caps, and in reply we told them

THE "FAITHFULS"

that we were going to the Zambesi, and if they would accompany us we would give them caps there. But they shook their heads, saying that it was very far, offering, however, to go on a hunting trip to get meat.

I was quite glad to see a strange face, for since leaving the mission station at Umhlangene, nearly a month before, we had not met a single soul. The hunters informed us that there was a Mashona kraal close by, and hinted that perhaps the chief, whose name was Canbero, would give us help.

After about three hours' trek we came upon numerous little patches of cultivated ground. A stream of human beings kept pouring towards us, gradually swelling to a large crowd, until at length, with the babble of innumerable voices, varied by the strange notes of Mashona musical instruments, which some of our happy escort carried with them, we entered a lovely green valley where a few cattle could be seen grazing. The valley was walled in by low mountain ridges, and overlooked by the rocky fastnesses of the Mashona chief. We camped about 500 yards from where the town stood.

Taroman, the "thorn" of our party, had not appeared since the prairie fire. The sheep, of which there were only three left, and one goat, were such pets that they followed close under the waggon without herding.

The people were all very friendly, and eager to get some of the white man's treasures. They are a very different type to the bloodthirsty warriors whose country we had just left, and of whom they live in constant terror. Judging from first appearances, I could perceive that the physique of the Mashona was very inferior to that of the Matabeli. Their skin is darker too, and altogether they have a greater resemblance to the genuine negro. I sent word to the chief that I would visit him in the morning, and was not sorry when morning came, for the night was very stormy, and the waggon had its head to the wind, which passed through with great power, so that I might say that my lullaby was the loud voice of a hurricane.

Karemba and myself started across the plain, and walked into the fastnesses of a rugged mountain, composed of immense boulders, over and around which wound a tortuous path running right and left, up and down, and screwing in all directions, so as to avoid the rocks that jutted out over this wonderfully intricate track of the mountaineers.

Situated on the highest point of the mountains was the citadel. The spaces between the massive rocks which formed an impregnable barrier around the town, and

whose sides were so smooth that even a cat could not scale them, were filled with stout posts interlaced with thorny bushes. It appeared to me that it would be impossible to effect an entrance without the aid of some one inside. All this powerful fortifying is carried out in order to secure their lives against the murderous attacks of their dreaded foes. Undisputed by the owners and tillers of the soil, all property in the form of corn and cattle must be abandoned to the caprice of the conquering Matabeli.

Attack is entirely a matter of cunning and stalking. A Matabeli impi (army) will approach as stealthily, and as invisibly as snakes, crawling as closely upon the ground, and concealed by the undergrowth, they watch the movements of their intended victims, the timid Mashona. Then, when a favourable opportunity occurs, up they rise like a wild black cloud of destruction. Hissing and shrieking their fiercest battle cry, they bound and leap like the "klipspringer,"* from rock to rock, dealing with fearful precision the death-giving blow of the assegai; and ever and anon shouting with thrilling ecstasy, their terrific cry of triumph, as they tear out the yet beating hearts of their victims.

After a pursuit of the flying and panic-stricken horde, the ravagers herd in the straying cattle, and then the devastating cloud moves away, gathering, in its circuitous route, other nebulæ in the shape of slave girls and boys, as well as the cattle from perhaps hundreds of hitherto quiet and smiling valleys. They return to their king with news of victory; dancing as they sing the story of their soul-stirring and daring deeds, while in feasting they drink the beer made by the hands of the girls whose parents' lives and property were the fruits of the chase, their bones lying bleaching in the sun amid the weather-worn rocks of the deserted highland home.

On such occasions the king rewards his generals much in the same way as is done by the English. He gives them the currency of the country (cattle), although

* A small but extremely agile antelope living in the rocky kopijies.

perhaps blood does not call for so high a premium in a savage country as it does in our own land.

The gateway of the barrier seemed to be the only access to the town. It was composed of trunks of trees laid in a horizontal position, one above the other, and the whole "shored up" from the back by strong poles.

Karemba soon succeeded in persuading the inhabitants that we were on a friendly mission, and had come to consult the "old man." Satisfied with this assurance they, after a good deal of work, pulled away a sufficient number of the logs to leave a small opening, through which we crawled with a little difficulty.

Our appearance caused not a little curiosity among the crowd of Mashona, great and small, who witnessed our entrance. Immediately on our left, and half hidden under the shadow of a huge rock—against which were laid whole stacks of assegais, battle-axes, and clubs—sat the chief Chibero. His position was close to a large fire, where a number of his vassals, exceedingly wretched, half-fed looking creatures, also crowded in their efforts to absorb in their miserable bodies some share of the scanty heat, for the morning air was bitterly cold.

I felt, and I am sure I looked, like a mummy. We seated ourselves, with awful solemnity, upon the ground, looking and acting all the while as though our mission was of a most funereal character. It should be remembered that in the company of the savage the longer you remain mute, the greater weight will be carried by your words, whenever you deem it fitting to divulge the ruminations of your mind. Does not this bear in some degree upon certain features or frailties in civilised life. Many a man, but few women (for obvious reasons), have high reputations for wit as well as wisdom built upon the negative but commanding virtue of silence. This virtue seems to be exceptionally useful—golden not silvern—in the world of business. In my position at that time any appearance of anxious solicitation would have been disastrous; just as it invariably is, in dealing

with our white brothers, who are ever ready to take advantage of human weaknesses.

At length, with all the decorum due to so important an assemblage, for to me the occasion and its results were of the greatest moment, Karemba inquired if the chief could give the white man boys to go to Kunyungwi, that being the name given by these people to Tette,

ENCOUNTER WITH A TIGER.

the Portuguese settlement, or rather outpost, on the Zambesi, which in the meantime was my intended destination.

Chibero, however, declared that he could give no boys, while all those who were beside the fire laughed with disdainful heedlessness. The Mashona have not the slightest idea of the lapse of time, their days being passed with purposeless indifference, and even with less exertion than is shown by the degenerate Mexicans.

It soon became evident that nothing could be done with Chibero and his "boys," so we left the stubborn chief, and retraced our steps through the intricacies of the path towards the waggon.

I had failed to satisfy my wishes; but I had learned a useful lesson. In future I would not say, "I wish the boys to go with me to Kunyungwi." As I judged from the surprised faces of the natives, the distance to them was too great. Then and there I determined to find out through the medium of Karemba the name of the next chief, whose country lay towards the north-east, and thus, from one chief to another, gradually work my way through to the Zambesi. The little failure about getting boys, reminded me of the warning words uttered by Selous, who said, "Your great difficulty will be to get carriers: they do not like to go far from home."

Here is what Mr. Kerr has to say about the poor Mashonas.

A persecuted and hunted race are the poor Mashona. Dwelling in the mountain fastnesses, where their towns are hidden in most inaccessible spots amidst the great igneous belts which form such a prominent characteristic of the landscape, their huts are exceedingly primitive in construction, thatched with wild coarse grass, and usually perched upon the summit of isolated rocks. The only means of communication are, in some cases, a rough notched pole, which they can pull quickly up in the event of attack so as to make their retreat secure, or through innumerable intricate windings among their almost impenetrable rocky environment.

Many a time, as I dodged through the wild, goblin-like caverns of the place, did I think how thoroughly harassing, if not demoralising, it would be for an aggressive army to fight its way through the maze. Single rank would be the only formation that could advance, and men looking for their next uncertain foothold would be sure to be annihilated either from above or from the innumerable black devils' gates which abound on every side, and in which the Mashona crouch during the attacks of the foe. In spite of all these

natural advantages for defence, the Matabeli always seem to be able to out-general the unfortunate inhabitants.

Almost every nook and cavern of these well-nigh inaccessible mountain fastnesses contains a village or town of this hunted people, who never build their kraals on the flats or in the valleys. Here we see the struggle for existence admirably portrayed—not the individual struggling for life, but also the tribe, which is likewise a unit among African races. History repeats

MR. KERR CROSSING A RIVER.

itself, and even the savage community must have its birth, infancy, maturity, decline and death. Mashona unity is broken: they have no longer such power of organisation as their neighbours, the Matabeli. They live in detached tribes, each one being a little kingdom in itself, and only looking towards its own existence. It seems as though the ambition for supremacy amongst them has faded from their minds, and that their only prayer is now for a quiet life. For them all glory has fled.

The diet of the Mashona consists generally of maize,

meal and nuts (*Arachis*). They are particularly fond of the latter. A special partiality is also extended to meat of every description, which they cook in the crudest manner. They are not at all particular as to the time when it was killed, provided it has not wholly assumed another form of animal life.

Their cattle are very diminutive, but peculiarly hardy. Some have even been trained and used by hunters in their waggon work, and have been found to be very tough creatures, not so liable to get footsore as larger cattle, such as the Boer trek oxen. Towards nightfall the timid people herd their cattle and goats into the town, the nimble-footed beasts scrambling up the narrow rocky paths with the utmost ease and confidence. Before the sun has set the gateway is barricaded with immense trunks of trees.

Respecting these people, the impression left upon my mind is that they are a declining race, exemplifying strongly the Darwinian doctrine of the survival of the fittest. The stronger blood of the tribes of Zulu origin they cannot resist; consequently their adversaries have been encroaching upon their lands and liberties for many, many years, and in all probability will continue their depredations unchecked until the memory of the oppressed Mashona is but a thing of the traditional past.

Further on Mr. Kerr comes into the country of the Makorikori people and thus describes some of the incidents of travel in their country.

A silent and lovely evening followed one of the hottest days which had been experienced during our long journey. Now the party was somewhat weary, for the march had been long and tedious. The many miles we had covered had carried us through tracts of marshy country, the deep black soil being intersected by numerous muddy rivulets. We had crossed the Ruia river, beside the headwaters of which we had encamped during the eventful journey to Chuzu's.

We were now holding upon a more easterly course. Chuzu's inhospitable country would, therefore, be left

far to the south-west. We had to cross streams which had swollen to the proportions of goodly-sized rivers, and remembered that we had seen their original waters trickling in tiny rills in their rough and rocky birthplaces on the slopes of the Umvukwe mountains.

Our first camp was pitched in a cosy spot under the frowning shades of the Magombegombe mountains, consisting of gigantic rocks, which were as bare of verdure as blocks of well-hewn stone, and whose yawning, cavernous gaps had for ages been the trumpets of

RETREAT FROM CHIZU'S COUNTRY.

the storm, shrieking aloud or groaning dismally through the riven nooks.

Where, oh where! was that much longed-for Zambesi? I was beginning to think that it was a mirage of the map-makers. The fact was clear that my party would soon break up. There was but one course left for me, and that was to press on with all possible speed. The aspect of affairs was daily becoming more serious.

John's conversation was far from being inspiriting.

"Master, I am varee seek. I feel all de life" [he meant his body], "and dese peoples say that dey don't

go to the rafeer. De town is long way dis side! Den I think of my wife. My Gaut, I tink there is wanting in de house at home now! My heart is varee sore dis night."

"John, John!" I exclaimed, knowing his weak point; "elephants ahead, my boy. Never mind to-day—onwards!"

This chat occurred upon one of those nights when I had to cheer the man in his despondency. But now he proved to be inconsolable; therefore I told him that if he would go to the town to which our new guides would take us, he might afterwards return homewards. I would not ask him to go any farther; I would try and get Karemba to go with me. After this declaration I retired to my blankets.

When attempting to find repose, I found the old goat in an uncomfortably playful mood. It is curious what a lot of amusement may be found in observing the antics even of a goat, especially of such a truly comical one as ours. It had evidently a very hard day of it; stealing the bunches of corn which the Inyota had hung upon their spears, and being chased around the camp in a very lively manner by the owners. Our goat was an inveterate thief, and a wonderfully advanced animal of its kind. It was so tame that it became a nuisance, for its nose was never out of such pots and pans as we possessed, in spite of frequent singeing and burning. One of its tricks was to upset the baskets of rice, and run off with as much as it could.

But we were near the tsetse-fly country then, so that we should soon have to bury the poor old goat; and, perhaps, some others of the party, judging from the general expression in the features of the followers. One, especially, complained that his throat was swelling. There are times when one feels for men who struggle hard a sympathy as warm as though they were near of kin; but the indolent and the discontented are repelled with a heart colder than the drifting snow.

A chilly morning with a heavy dew awaited us after our night's repose. All the vegetation was wet, so that

our legs were soon drenched to the knees ; luckily no farther, because the grass was not long enough.

As we passed through the forest, or over winding, grassy belts, which run in and out between the sugar-loaf monuments of rock, and, at short intervals where vegetation is more abundant, amid rocky grottoes, we saw and heard numerous baboons (*Cynocephalus por-*

THE PROPHETIC DANCE.

carius), whose strange bark echoed and re-echoed as if they were inviting us to pay them a visit.

Upon one evening during our march I had watched a family of these creatures as they went to drink in regular lines, one before the other. Through the grass they had regularly beaten tracks to their drinking fountains, and back to their town sites, high up, encircled by rocks and small trees.

Moving along the foot-hills of this riven region of old volcanic forms, we gradually ascended until we reached the backbone of a high ridge, running in an

easterly direction, and called Lubola mountains. Towards the west the great rock, which crowns the Barré mountain, was clearly visible. This we had first observed when we were upon the Umvukwe range. This igneous region is very striking. We passed a spot where the natives had evidently been reducing iron ore, for there were large heaps of slag from the furnace. But although I hunted diligently for the kiln, it could not be discovered. The iron ore had been brought from the neighbourhood of Negomo, near the Amazoe river.

Changing direction towards the east, we soon distinguished the twin peaks which had been seen from Inyota. We moved rapidly on, and shortly descended into a deep gorge, through which we passed to emerge upon a small plain clothed with a growth of low forest, and encircled by a slightly elevated chain of pointed mountains.

Here we halted, our position being close to the town which boasts of the peculiarly musical name of Zingabila.

As we approached the place, I had an opportunity of seeing the *modus operandi* of an important native industry. Bark blankets were being made close to our camp. Two boys had felled a tree, the bark of which they cut round about eight feet above the root. They then commenced to peel off the bark by means of two wooden adzes, removing it much in the same way as we would take off a long stocking, which is turned inside out during the operation, thus forming as it were a seamless kilt. The splitting down the sides is a subsequent piece of work. Considering the diligent manner in which they worked, the boys would certainly be able to turn out two or three blankets a day.

The stripping must be done while the tree is fresh. If it is allowed to lay even for a very short time the bark becomes too hard. After being taken off the tree, the bark is soaked, until the outer and harder surface is removed, leaving a blanket of wood-bark fibre of great durability; but I cannot say of extraordinary

warmth. The women use these blankets as waist-cloths.

The Zingabila people had seen us coming, and it was clearly apparent that our appearance had caused great excitement. They ran in every direction. To avoid any disagreeable event, and without losing time, I sent a message to the chief, to the effect that I would visit him, and bring him a present.

On the route we found the spoor of the rhinoceros,

MAKING BARK BLANKETS.

eland, and lion; but on the whole game was far from being abundant.

When going to the chief, I took with me the Matabeli boy, who was bright and intelligent, and even aspired to the position of our friend, Sandani. I found it an easier task to make him understand me than the others. On such occasions John was not good at interpreting, saying that he could not well comprehend the Mashona tongue.

We were well received by a middle-aged man of moderate height, and of a type similar to Chibabura,

whom we had lately left. The resemblance was so marked, that I need not tire the reader with a new description.

His town was literally, as I had been told, placed under the two great peaks; for just where we stood addressing the chief Mjela, their basaltic forms—needle-like—tapered their points hundreds of feet above the group of dwellings.

The inhabitants, who pushed and eagerly crowded forward to see me, said that they had never seen a white man before.

Much to the satisfaction of the bystanders, I presented to the chief, through Umfana, a fine coloured blanket, of a yellow and red pattern, in alternate squares. It was very amusing to see the gratification he evinced when he received this present. He made one of his slaves stand on a rock in front and hold the blanket before him, stretched from hand to hand, so that we had an exhibition of a square curtain, with a black knob topping over the centre.

Mjela seemed to be a pretty good sort of fellow. I put a few questions to him about the distance between his town and Tette, or Kunyungwi, as these natives termed it.

He proceeded to describe a town which lay upon this side of the river. He had not been to Kunyungwi, but knew that it was very far away, pointing vaguely towards the east, in such a manner that we might be directed even beyond the rising sun.

According to his statements the town which lay ahead, away down in the great valley of the Zambesi, was called Chibinga, and was three days' journey from Zingabila. At Chibinga, he remarked, was a man who had bought gold from him.

"Ah!" thought I, "he must be Portuguese. We will soon be at the river, although still very far from Tette."

Mjela began to talk with great volubility, saying that he had been badly treated by the Chibinga people, whom he called Mzungo (white). He said that they had

promised him rifles for gold, and when in good faith he had sent the gold, they had only sent him some cloth. The bearers of the cloth, therefore, he had kept as hostages, or rather prisoners, and would not release them until the promised rifles were sent. All this he wished me to say when I got to Chibinga.

I asked him if the people were white. His reply was, that they were not like me, but they called them Mzungo.

GOLD WASHING AT THE MSINGUA RIVER.

Then he continued, at intervals, to count with his fingers, showing me, with three extended, the others closed, how long it would take to reach Chibinga.

At that time I thought, according to a hasty reckoning, which afterwards turned out to be correct, that we were still over seventy-three miles, in a straight line, from the river. Without including the natural deviations of travelling, this distance would mean twenty-four miles' journey every day. These men of mine could

not do the distance in less than a week. Then I asked how long it would take to reach Kunyungwi by water. Could I get canoes, &c.?

The chief replied that Kunyungwi was on the other side of the water, and that we should have to go eight days on the river. From that assertion, I could see plainly that this worthy knew nothing about Tette. Notwithstanding this, however, I bargained with him to let me have the boys I required, as I anticipated desertion.

In return, he asked me how far it was to my home. I showed, by counting on my fingers, that it was ten full moons distant, a statement which called forth the loudest exclamations of astonishment, at what was to them an incalculable distance.

After rather a long conversation, much clapping of hands took place. I found, on my return to camp, that the chief had sent me a present of a goat.

I related to John the result of the interview, trying to make the distance look as short as possible. On being informed that we would have to canoe on the river, he said:

"Master, I don't go on de water. I frightened for dat!"

I saw immense numbers of the large crow with white collar, and some very pretty birds. The specimens I took were destroyed, so that, unfortunately, I am unable to classify them. Numbers of spoonbills and jays were seen, also shaft-tailed whydah birds breasting and fighting the wind.

Our advance led us through an undulating, or rather a hilly country, the shallow valleys of which were threaded by numerous tiny rivulets. Low forest growth, thicket and high grass, covered the rolling land. The vegetation seemed to be a first-class cover for wild animals.

And so it was. Just then my rather awkward line, which, like the poet's wounded snake, "dragged its low length along," received a check. The head suddenly swerved. The boys, in great alarm, threw down their

Vol. I. THE VULCAN OF MASHONALAND.

loads, and fled towards the rear. What was the matter? Looking ahead I saw, much to my annoyance, a lioness leap into the thicket, after dropping a duiker which she had been carrying in her mouth. As usual I had been in the rear, endeavouring to push the men on—a duty I heartily disliked, but to which unfortunately I was

MSENGA WOMAN.

becoming habituated. Oh, how many capital shots were missed in this manner!

The men did not condescend to proceed again until they had divided the lioness's spoil of duiker meat amongst them. We had not marched far when I saw agitated clouds of vultures hovering in the air, and winging their way above the trees directly before us. Where these were I felt sure there must be more meat, and probably lions.

I was afraid to call to John, who was ahead, to stop,

because I was conscious of the fact that any extra noise might frighten the lions away should they be near.

As quickly as possible, therefore, I dashed past the carriers onward to the spot. Too late! John had gone blundering along without paying any attention to my strict orders that, should there be any signs of lions, he was to be sure and halt, in order to give me the chance of a shot; for it must be remembered that in this country, no matter how numerous these animals may be, success in "potting" one is not only mere chance, but also the reward of very careful stalking. The undergrowth is so thick, that their retreat is made sure by a single bound.

Through the leafy branches of the trees standing immediately in front of us, I could see a lion and a lioness. Evidently startled by the noise made by our party, they for a moment stood at attention to see what was the appearance and character of the bold intruders who dared to interrupt their sumptuous meal, consisting of two zebras, which lay dead beside them.

I saw we had been detected, so I bounded on as quickly as possible, trying to get round the trees in order to have a shot. Too late again, but just in time to get a very good view of both, although there was not the slightest chance of a shot, for they were off in the high grass, over which I could just discern the top of the head of the male. I continued to entertain a hope that he would stop, but he was soon out of sight; and so another chance was gone.

As I had rushed past John, I called out to him to come along, thinking that his experience would be of some assistance in raising the beasts. His only response was the confession, "Master, I am very frightened thes day."

On consideration I thought that I might not have been so ardent in the chase had I possessed his experience of lion hunting, for on a previous occasion John had been treated in a very rough manner by one of the kings of beasts.

While out hunting with a number of boys he had shot

a fine lion and wounded him. Reloading as quickly he could, he had looked for his game in order to ve the *coup de grâce*, when to his surprise he found at the first shot had had no effect beyond firing the ry of the animal, which now ran with great speed wards its enemy.

John at once threw down his gun, and bolted for dear e. But in speed the lion was too much for him. or John was overtaken in an instant, seized at the all of the back, the brute's fangs piercing the two ge muscles which are situated beside the vertebræ. e unfortunate man was thrown violently to the ound. The lion then literally tore the flesh off his s and thighs. It was only the continued shouts d yells of the whole party, none of whom had guns, at finally made the lion run off. Wonderful to relate, hn rapidly recovered from his wounds.

But never afterwards did he yearn for lion hunting. Mr. Selous hinted to me at Buluwayo, this horrible perience had shaken John's nerve in such circum- nces.

I determined not to abandon the spot where the at was, thinking that its attraction would soon bring e lions back again, when I would try my luck. Going with the carriers for about half a mile, we arrived at small watercourse, and I said that there we would mp, while to the immense delight of the company I o agreed that the ox might be killed.

With "C.L.K." in my hands, I asked Karemba to go th me, but he said he did not like to go. Force would of little use under the circumstances, so I departed the doubtful venture without a companion. I waded ough high grass and plunged through thorn and cket until the spot where the lions had been seen sting upon the zebras was reached. The bodies were ite fresh, evidently lately killed. The lions had been ngry, for they had made away with the greater portion the flesh.

What a wild forest scene this was! Low in the air e vultures were flying above the bodies of the lions'

prey. I crept into a small bush which stood withi three yards of the dead zebras, so that if the lio came back to their interrupted meal, I might be able t get a good shot, late in the evening though it wa Certainly under the silvery light of the moon a deadl shot might have been made at this close range, an when first I took up my position the wind was blowin favourably, that is to say if the lions came from tl direction in which I had last seen them.

It is difficult to describe how such a scene as th delights the heart. Thoroughly wild it was, and excitin as well; for there seems to be a charm in reclining i and watching the forest homes of wild beasts, lookin upon the struggle that the animals have for their roug subsistence, and noting their various grades of strengt lessening, in this case, until the smaller crows might l seen pouncing upon the morsels dropped by the voracio vultures in their determined fight for food.

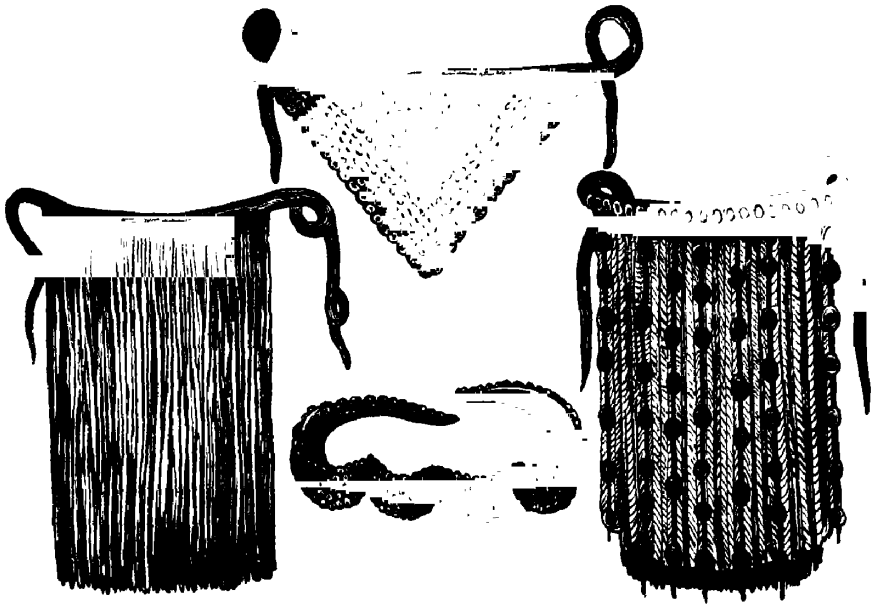
The vultures seemed to darken the air. They hover about the place, and were quick to detect the slighte movement I might make. Getting into a comfortab position, I remained motionless, and the birds can down in flocks.

The variety was remarkable. Some were very larg with a dark brown plumage; others, slightly smalle perhaps, had grey feathers. I lay so quietly that the perched upon the branches just above my head, eve within a couple of feet of me. Here was a splendi opportunity for an observant naturalist. The heads the birds varied very much, some being wholly whit some having white faces and black caps falling ov the back of the head; and some with white and pin hoods, and with naked flesh, coloured heads and neck Great numbers of crows—white-collared crows an ravens—formed a large circle outside the scene operations filled by their death-loving kin.

Soon my attention was otherwise engaged. A rustlir was apparent in the high, rank grass directly in fro of my position. I waited and watched attentively.

The lioness! Yes; but unfortunately now there wa

no wind, except an occasional and very gentle breath. With a low growl she stalked through the tall grass. Had she got my wind? Something must have been wrong, for I was motionless, and held my very breath in my anxiety to bag a fine leonine specimen.

At shady sundown I still lay in the same position, and the lioness came again. But she would not venture out upon the little open patch where lay the zebras. She assuredly must have winded me. I waited until late in

APRONS WORN BY WOMEN.

the night, when clouds were coursing across and obscuring the friendly moon, and the gathering darkness urged me to retreat in case I might be no longer the hunter but the hunted.

At last Mr. Kerr and his scanty following reached the Portuguese town of Tette on the Zambesi, where he was hospitably received by the Governor.

On the morning of the 1st of September, 1884, a fierce wind scoured through the silent streets of Tette, raising clouds of dust and afterwards bringing down a heavy shower of rain, the earliest of the season.

An examination and comparison of my journals showed that a day had been lost somewhere, for I was one day behind in date. How could this have occurred? Every day I had, to the best of my knowledge, written in the pocket journal. Finally, I came to the conclusion that the loss had occurred during the excitement of the forced marches in the Makorikori country; for in respect to time the nights there had been as lively as the days. On questioning the Governor about the matter, he replied:

"We have heard nothing of the outer world for many months; but I think we are right as to the date."

The Portuguese possessions of Eastern Africa are divided into nine districts ruled by governors, under the control of the Governor-General at Mozambique, which is the Portuguese headquarters on the east coast.

The district of Tette extends from a point a short distance west of Sena to somewhere eight days' journey to the west of Zumbo. This definition of boundaries can hardly satisfy the exacting topographer, but it is the only one I could get.

Zumbo is the farthest Portuguese station inland on the Zambesi, being about 500 miles from the sea. Its foundation dates from 1740. The native tribe which inhabits its belt of country gets the name of Wazezuro from the Portuguese.

The town of Tette is situated on the southern banks of the river, on a series of sandstone spurs running in ridges, gently sloping towards the water, to which they are parallel. On these ridges the houses have been erected, while the intervening spaces form the wide streets. The steep slopes of these ridges quickly carry off the surface water during heavy rains.

If the observer stands on the right bank of the river and looks towards the south, he can see at a glance the extent of the town. In the foreground close to the stream, he will remark the Governor's house (Palacio do Governado) above the esplanade; its bright white walls, red-tiled roof, and pillared entrance being the chief architectural feature in the crumbling city of

ancient slavedom. The receding ridges rise gradually. On right and left numerous native huts may be observed, with their short hedges of cactus intervening, A few broken lines of houses, an hospital and barracks,

ON THE SHORES OF THE ZAMBESI.

and a few merchants' dwellings, form the principal buildings.

On the summit of the gentle eminence stands the fort, with whitewashed walls, over which the colours of the nation float. Farther to the south-west the Caroeira

mountain tops cut into the sky, forming a pleasing background to the picturesque scene.

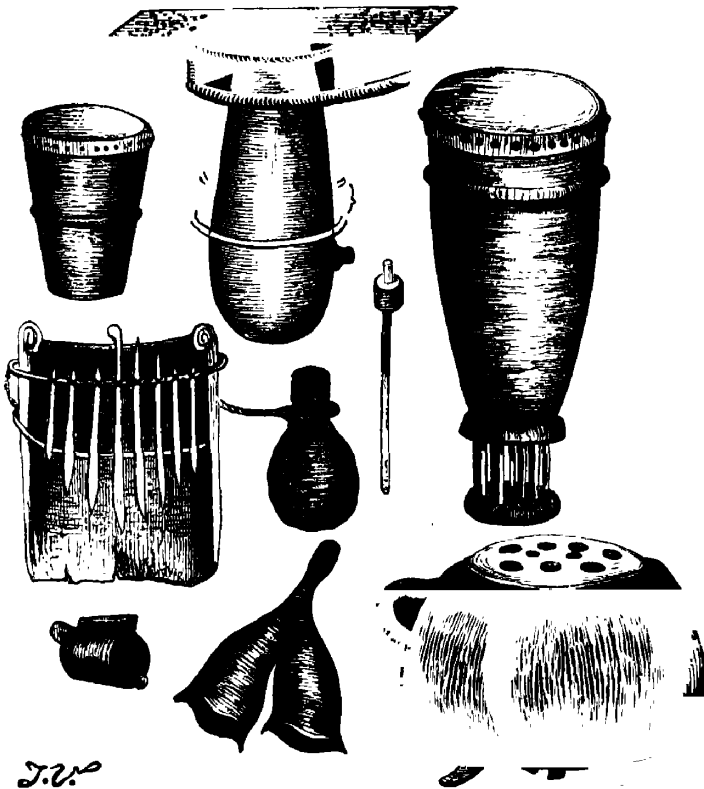
Let us saunter through the streets of this African settlement, which has existed for close upon a century and a-half. In the days when Livingstone described the place, as he saw it on his westward journey of exploration over twenty years ago, Tette was a tolerably lively city. Many Europeans, principally Portuguese, helped to swell the commercial population, which lined the streets, and bartered with the black man for his treasures. Ivory, gold, as well as "God's image done in ebony," were the saleable commodities drawn from the heart of the land.

With the times, the scene has changed, and the men too! Forgetting for a moment that much of the old prosperity of the place was built by inhuman slavery, one cannot help having a feeling of melancholy in wandering through the streets of the now desolate town. Had it been the abode of devils in times past, there would be a difficulty in triumphing over its decaying walls; for men can never look with pleasure upon the evidences of Nature's destructive powers.

Solitude reigns supreme. On every side you see the wasting work of Time's relentless hand. You see it in the crumbling ruins of houses, at one time inhabited by prosperous merchants. Indigo and other weeds now rise rank amid the falling walls, and upon spots where houses once stood. You see it in the church, which has now crumbled to the ground. Departed glory is knelled to you by the bells which toll from the slight structure—a sorry substitute for a church—where the Jesuit Fathers and their small flock now perform the holy rites of their creed.

Earnest though these Fathers be, they must view with sadness the failure of the work of their predecessors, who, centuries before (for they were evidently among the first to set forth in these wilds), wandered amid the savage aborigines and courted martyrdom. Have both the labour of love and the sacrifice of life been fruitless? To-day, if you make inquiries of a native grown to man-

hood within the sound of the mission bells, and familiar with the inside of its church, he will tell you an extraordinary story regarding his ideas of the meanings of religious ceremonies.

Were you to build an immense church, with a spire as high as that of Canterbury Cathedral, the only effect

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

would be that the people would worship the spire. They would have little or nothing to do with the words of sacred teaching. Crucifixes, pictures, and all such aids to the fervour of devotional life, are only looked upon as fetich. The superstition of the people seems to be ineradicable; and at Tette this is especially noticeable, owing to the mixed character of its population; the distributing influence of the slave trade having given great

variety to the races. With no knowledge of a Supreme Being, they had no religion, no thoughts of immortality.

A volume might be written upon the fetichism of Tette alone, taking into account the various grades of the superstition common to the inhabitants, who are called Teteiros, and chiefly belong to the Maravi and Wanhungwe. To heartless bewitchment by human beings are ascribed the adverse freaks of the weather, the failure of the crops, and other disasters. For every premeditated action there is a medicine. Not to speak of bodily sickness, there are medicines for success in hunting, for fair weather, for rain, for peace, and for triumph in war. They dance, sing, feast, and beat their drums in war, or peace, in grief or joy. The god they look up to is the king, or the master, who rules them by terror. When any one dies of disease the body is thrown into the river except in the immediate vicinity of the town. The bodies of those who have been killed by order of the chief are invariably given to the crocodile.

Among most of the tribes in the vast valley a fandango follows in the wake of every fate, whether it be a birth, marriage, or death. Every birth has its omen : at every death a man is bewitched. The native's measure of day is in the sun ; his months are in the moons ; and his years are in the chronologies of kings.

The soldiers were blacks, armed with muskets and bayonets, and wearing clothes of cotton and shakoes. It is generally assumed that there were some Portuguese among them ; but I saw only two sergeants and one officer. The military department is doubtless faulty, for it leaves the white people in the town entirely at the mercy of the natives should a rising occur. Throughout the whole of the Portuguese territory of the Zambesi—a territory, by the way, which has never been clearly defined — the rulers have little power in a military sense. Government is wholly a question of price and purchase, should they require to enforce their laws or to prosecute a campaign.

From Zumbo down the Zambesi to the sea the Portuguese Government has to rely entirely upon native

soldiers, of whom there are very few. Strictly speaking, however, it depends upon the half-castes, who have in the course of time, and by force of circumstances, gathered large followings of natives, who look up to them as kings, and under whose banner they will fight and die.

These kings are the people who hold the Zambesi. Without their co-operation the Portuguese could not hold the river for a day. At Tette the garrison is just sufficient for temporary defence. The most trifling campaign could not be prosecuted by the force. On the other hand, if the native force is considered we find a fair array. Kanyemba, the black chief at Zumbo, whose district extends to the northern bank of the Zambesi, has at least 10,000 armed men at his disposal. This body has been armed by the Portuguese Government, which has also conferred upon Kanyemba the honourable appellation " Sergento Mor." Presents, likewise, are given every year to keep the people under a sense of obligation to help in warfare when called upon. Lobo, another black chief, who married Kanyemba's daughter, gets the distinction " Capitao Mor." He has 3000 armed men. Thus the Portuguese have actually armed a force sufficient to overwhelm them in a day. I do not prophesy that a massacre of this description will take place, but judging from present appearances the probability is strong—supposing that the natives think, as other natives have thought, of the glories of regaining their conquered country.

About thirty Europeans still reside in Tette; but the main portion of the trade of the place is in the hands of three or four merchants. They complain that the tide of prosperity is ebbing away. The elephant has trekked to the far interior, carrying with him the precious ivory which—excepting the slave-trade—has formed the chief support of commerce in these parts since the conquest by the Portuguese.

Thousands of native hunters still leave Tette every year; and with their flintlocks and spears go very far afield in search of the much-coveted animal. Success in

hunting, however, is slight, and year by year the results are diminishing.

At Tette we stand in the city of a dominion. Two centuries have passed away since its conquest, and the concurrent introduction of civilisation to its unimpressionable people.

What is the outcome of this two hundred years' intercourse upon the moral or social status of the inhabitants? Slavery, it is true, does not flourish in the same open way that was shown in days gone by; nevertheless it is yet carried on to a considerable extent. To find out how it could be utterly eradicated without seriously injuring those who are now in bondage is an inscrutable problem. The people have been brought up in the atmosphere of slavery, and cannot understand any other form of existence.

Money, as a medium of exchange, is but little known even at the present time; mercantile transactions being usually carried out through the barter of cloth, beads, and aqua *ardiente*, the latter forming a highly-important article of commerce.

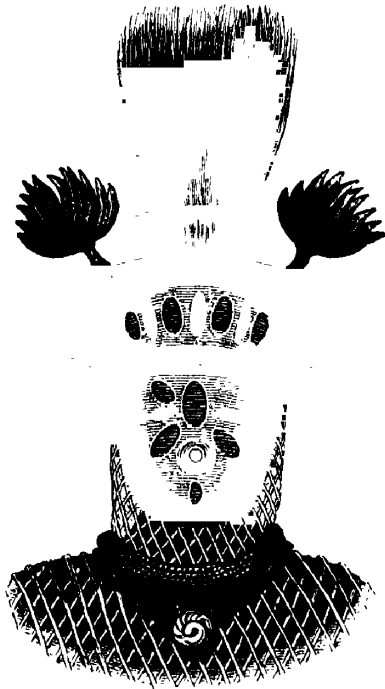
Industries are few. The people manufacture rings of gold, and out of hard wood—*lignum vitæ*, of which there is abundance, and ebony—they fashion various forms of cups, bowls, and ornaments. They make pipes of clay, which have not changed their form or improved from time immemorial. The rough clothes they wear were to some extent made from indigenous cotton; but the trifling industry in this department is on the wane through the introduction of Manchester goods.

They till the soil with the hoe. These implements are made by tribes away up in the mountains, who bring their blacksmithing products to the dwellers of the great valley in exchange for cloth and fossil stones. The tsetse fly being so close to the town makes it impossible to employ cattle for the purposes of agriculture; and for this reason a plough is an unseen article throughout the length and breadth of the Zambesi valley.

In the heart of the town I never saw the tsetse fly.

Vol. I.

A NIGHT SURPRISE.

Therefore a few poor-looking cows were kept, but were not allowed to wander far. With reference to the tsetse, I should mention that when game, such as the buffalo, elephant, &c., become scarce, as was the case recently in the neighbourhood of Delagoa Bay, the fly in a great measure disappeared, it being said, with good authority, that the little pest breeds upon the buffalo dung. Doubt-

MASK OF A KISHI-DANCER.

less when the game, at present plentiful, disappears from the Zambesi valley, a like result will follow.

Near Tette the soil yields very good crops, although they are somewhat uncertain, on account of the frequent droughts. Greater certainty exists with regard to produce of the lands farther down the stream than in the immediate vicinity of the town, because the frequent inundations of the river between the months of November and June ensure the requisite irrigation of the land in which the people sow and secure good crops.

The Governor informed me that in the previous year two strangers—white men—had come from Quillimane with a view to prospect the gold resources of the Amazoe river (numerous affluents of which we crossed on our journey), which flows into the Luenha, and thence to the Zambesi, about twenty miles below Tette. Unhappily, disaster followed them. One died of the fever, and the other was forced to return to the coast in a lamentably sickly condition.

I paid a visit to the Jesuit Fathers, of whom two were French and one Hungarian. Fever seemed to have affected them greatly, their ghost-like forms being very unpleasant to look upon, the result, probably, of the exceedingly sedentary life they led, coupled with the circumstance of their being stationed so long in one place. Their companions were a few very unhealthy-looking little boys—orphans—evidently half-castes.

Should any one desire to have a relative buried with a service by the priests, the Jesuit Father, bearing a cross, leads the funeral procession, with a number of little boys robed in white. One of these funerals I witnessed, and was astonished to remark how very few people followed; none, in fact, save the relatives of the deceased. No crowd was attracted. This may be looked upon as another example of the slowness of the native to imitate the customs of the white man. A more commonplace, but perhaps more significant, instance is that neither coffee, tea, nor sugar have ever pleased the palates of the native inhabitants of Tette, who still prefer to imbibe their unvarying beverage, the simply-concocted beer.

The races of the Zambesi valley are very dark-skinned, much more so than the people I have encountered on the high lands. Possibly this is what impressed Livingstone, who in one of his books has remarked that moisture and heat produced the blackest types of man.

The vitality of the people is wonderful. On the morning after a birth the happy mother may be seen again in the fields, seated under the shade of a tree, with the new arrival swathed in cloths and slung on her back,

showing that she herself is ready and willing again to begin work.

Marriage customs are simple. When a man becomes enamoured, his usual course is to plead his suit either through his eldest aunt, or one of the girl's sisters. The medium is designated *buia.* To this person he presents his petition, handing her at the same time a string of white beads, while with many urgent entreaties he begs that she will lay his proposal before the young girl's family. The medium then lodges the application in due form, and receives from the family several strings

MATABELE. ZULU. ANGONI.

HEAD-RINGS OF THE ZULU FAMILY.

of beads of the same colour, with the assurance that the offer is provisionally accepted. The young man then enters the service of his prospective father-in-law, in the capacity of a domestic sevant, so that the family may learn something of his disposition. After a service of two months, the plea is again placed before the father of the intended bride by the same medium, who receives the presents that are to be distributed among all the members of the family, to the extent of twenty strings of white porcelains and a few yards of calico. White only is accepted, as coloured cloth would betoken evil.

Accompanied by an escort of relatives and friends, the

bride-elect proceeds to the kraal of the bridegroom, the company carrying various articles of food, such as a plucked hen, and an egg resting on a plate piled with meal, the latter being considered symbolical of the innocence of the bride. Musical instruments are played in the procession, and the people shout and dance in testimony of their joy.

During all this ceremony, the bridegroom is not permitted to appear outside of his hut. He is dressed in his best, decorated with beads, and anointed with the oil of almonds. No sooner is the first part of the ceremony over, than he comes to the threshold of the hut and shows himself to the assemblage, the chief of the bride's family receiving presents from them. After this he is taken back to his hut. The ceremony of giving away the bride follows, and then she is introduced to the hut of the bridegroom.

When kings desire to marry, they merely issue an order to the father to present his daughter, and the request is immediately complied with. The king looks upon his subjects as being slaves. He may have as many as fifty, or even a hundred wives. Should it suit his humour to put any of them to death, he does so without further ado. Executions are carried out sometimes in the presence of the woman's father, who, through fear of giving offence to the king, will exhibit satisfaction rather than sorrow. Any appearance of grief would be fatal to him. Occasionally the king may order the father to be the executioner, and even then the horribly unnatural command is obeyed with apparent satisfaction.

After a short stay at Tette, Mr. Kerr crossed the Zambesi, and entered the country of the fierce Angoni, which lies between the Zambesi and Lake Nyassa, the latter being his goal. He resolved to make for the Scotch mission station Livingstonia, on the south end of the lakes, where he hoped to be succoured and comforted by his countrymen, for by this time he was in considerable straits. On his way he had to come in contact with a powerful and somewhat insolent native

chief Chikuse, who caused Mr. Kerr a good deal of trouble.

Concerning the journey to the king's town, I shall not weary the reader by recounting its many details. Let it suffice for me to say that I shall never forget the eventful march, with all its halts and tedious parleys. I longed to ask these men where the king was. I certainly could not be accused of warlike intentions; but

MARAVI HUNTER.

long afterwards I found out that in my solitariness all the trouble was centred.

Two villages were passed before we reached the outskirts of the town; but ultimately I found myself in its centre, which was a large open spot surrounded by huts on every side, some being of much larger dimensions than any I had previously seen.

My followers again and again repeated the name "Chikuse, Chikuse," making me wonder what sort of preparation was necessary to meet this great mogul.

Where was he? I was wide awake, as any one may

imagine at such a moment. At the same time I was much troubled at having to become what a reporter would call the "cynosure of all eyes" under my present disadvantageous circumstances.

Armed warriors approached until they came within disagreeable proximity. I was seated on a rock close to which sat the six men who had accompanied me. Soon I heard a buzz of noisy excitement at my back, and turning round to see from whence the sound proceeded, I observed a considerable crowd descending the gentle slope of the town's site. In the thick of the crowd was a very broad, fat man, robed in a mantle, or rather a sheet of a deep blue colour. The people wore nothing upon their heads, and very little upon their bodies—no Kaffir does excepting when he has become a degenerate civilised Kaffir.

The Angoni despot approached. I arose, but was immediately pressed down on the rock by my followers, who appeared to be awe-stricken. There I sat, he and his people also sitting, the distance between us being about fifteen yards.

There could be little doubt as to which of the crowd was Chikuse, for the whole demeanour and bearing of the fat man told me that he was the monarch. Few words were exchanged, and those were between the headman who had come with me and himself. I wonder what was said!

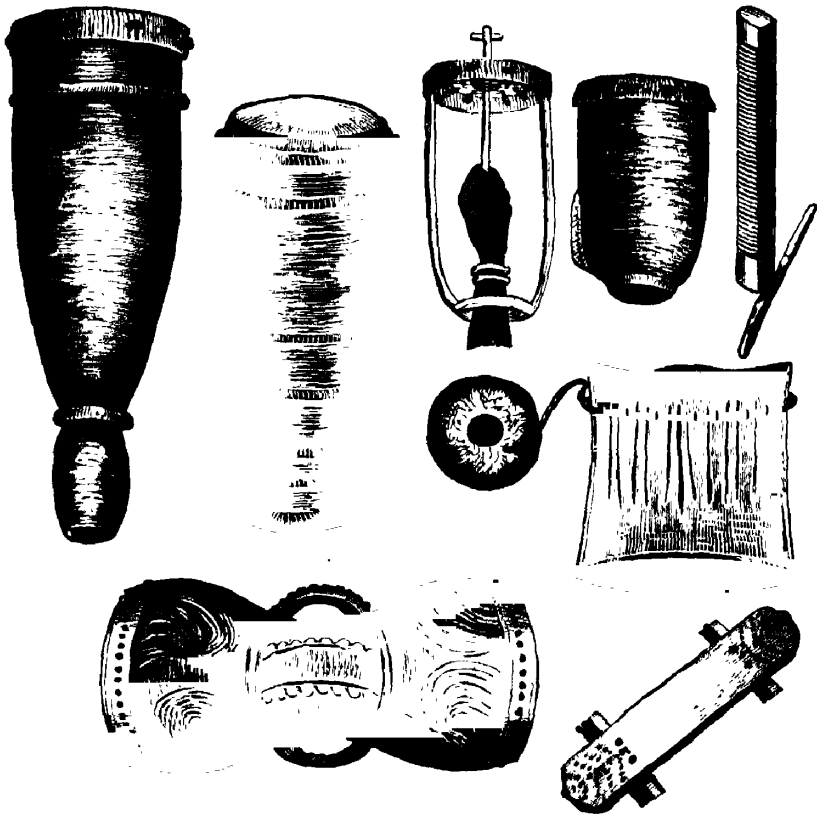
Chikuse laughed, and seemed rather to scoff at my dejected appearance; and when he laughed all his courtiers chimed in. I was convinced that I had given them a big surprise, if nothing else.

Nevertheless it was a great relief when the ordeal was over, for I had been bathed in perspiration through the steep ascent to the town, and now, under a stiff breeze from the eastward, I was becoming chilled.

The king rose and pointed, standing in his place, while I followed the men to the hut which had been granted to me—a very small one, only seven feet in diameter.

A description of the utter loneliness of my condition

CHIKUSE'S RECEPTION.

at this time would be an impossibility in narration. Everything was different from what I had expected, for Frasincho had said that the king would treat me well, and help me onwards. From all I could see, however, I had fallen into very bad hands; but there was now no remedy excepting to await the decision of fate. The

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Landin must have told Chikuse that I was *en route* to the lake.

Beer drinking seemed to be going on to some extent in the huts immediately adjacent to that which I occupied.

I have had a good deal of reflective comparison during the quieter moments of my travels, and at this time I

began to think that the climax of awkward experiences had been attained. We are but creatures of a moment in action and in life, so that we are often impelled to meditate upon the past and compare it with the present. This seemed the worst of all the vicissitudes which had yet disturbed me.

The doubt as to what was going to happen was as bad as staring pale death in the face. What would the king do with me? There was but one thing, should he suspect me of being a spy. I soon resigned myself to fate. Oh, if I could only speak to the people!

Disturbed nights were passed, and in the daytime I had many moments of terrible suspense. One night as I sat in that wild place my thoughts wandered to John, to Taroman and the few "faithfuls" who had left me many, many miles to the south. Had they ever arrived at the "New Valhalla," at Buluwayo, to tell my old friends where and how I had been deserted? How strong was the yearning to know what had happened! It was now long since I had bidden adieu to my old followers.

During this reverie I had been oblivious to surrounding noises of passers-by. All at once, however, I was startled by a piercing shriek as of some one in dire distress, the cry being instantaneously followed by the sharp report of a gun in close proximity. Springing to my feet I was outside the small enclosure in a moment. Not a soul was to be seen, not a sound heard; the place was as silent as the tomb.

Much impressed by this mystery, and cogitating upon its possible meaning, I returned to the hut, and, closing the small grass-thatched door, lay down to try and sleep away the uneasy night. The effort was useless, for in a little time arose the noise of many disputing voices, while the people in crowds surged past the hut talking as though their lives depended upon their words. I wondered if all the hubbub was about me, and if so what might be the next move. Attributing the whole uproar to the influence of their accursed beer, I once more rolled over in the endeavour to forget myself and the world.

I certainly fell asleep, but was again awakened. I heard as though whispered from without some words of a language which to me was perfectly strange. On hearing the sound I sat up, for drowsiness was easily thrown off.

At the door were two dark figures. They turned out to be two women, who had evidently been stimulated to approach by copious indulgence in the favourite beverage. The pair did not move from the door until they were cap-

THE HUNTER'S GRAVE.

tivated by the sight of some blue beads, a small packet of which I had with me, which made them bolder, so that they entered the hut and sat down. I needed company very much, and was not particular. One of my unexpected visitors was a very old and withered woman, and from former experience I judged her to be a slave. The other was a young and fat dame, with skin the colour of a cigar. She resembled the type that I had seen in Matabeli-land, and was evidently a good-natured girl, although she seemed to be in an anxiously watchful and timid state, not in fear of me, but apparently in case of

being discovered in my hut. On two occasions after listening a little they made haste to get out, but returned bringing in a gourd of pombe, most of which the younger lady imbibed herself, and with evident gusto, for she would smack her lips heartily after every copious draught; and then continued her conversation in a manner which seemed to show that she was intent upon weighing every syllable she uttered.

In whispered tones she continued to talk for hours, constantly repeating the name Chikuse with impressive awe, while she shook her head and drew deep sighs. I, of course, could not understand a single word she said, whether she was warning, consoling, or encouraging me. But there was something very discomforting in her manner, for after placing great stress upon some words she would sigh heavily, ever and anon turning to her old companion evidently for a verification of what she was telling me. Seeing that she came in the night to whisper about the king, I inferred that mischief was brewing, but I continued to nod assent at the end of her long sentences, until the strange visitors took their departure.

With the first faint flush of the morning light the air was rent with wild shouts and cries from an assemblage of men and women, the voices of the latter mingling shrilly with the hoarse roar of their smoke-inhaling husbands and brothers, a combination which gave a doleful tone to the mournful morning chant.

I knew well what that meant, for I had often heard it before. They were wailers who in lamentation cried for one who was gone. The weird song of woe was kept up until the sun stood high in the heavens, and then it died slowly away.

Afterwards a long line of people could be seen filing out of the town, and near to the leaders were two men who bore suspended between them the dead body of a woman, wrapped in the cane mat upon which she was accustomed to sleep. There was no wailing on the line of march. All was silent. The hut from whence the body was taken was adjacent to mine, and on the return

of the burial party a large crowd stood in front of it, shouting with greater vigour than before.

The circumstances of these surroundings were far from being inspiriting, and thousands of anxious thoughts flashed through my mind at the time, when I felt that I was so completely at the mercy of these most heartless fiends, who look upon killing as a pleasure, and only await the word of their king to give them a human life for sport.

I had said to myself, "This town cannot hold me another night;" but, again, there fell the shadows of the opposite huts cast by the rays of the lowering sun. To the east I saw the imposing Manganja crags rising two thousand feet above the plain, and the crimson and gold of their glowing granite slopes told of another night.

Having still a few pounds of rice left, I boiled a little for supper; and after partaking of this frugal repast, studied the small chart by the faint light coming from the smouldering embers of a root fire. I desired to fix my position, an experiment I did not dare to make in the daytime, being particularly careful not to show the sextant, watch, and papers, in case they might excite the suspicions of these fetich worshippers. On the sign of one error of judgment I might be despatched without grace or ceremony.

I then began to turn over in my mind what course should be pursued. I remembered having been told in Tette that numbers of Maravi men had left on elephant hunting expeditions through this country, and that a month before my departure a Portuguese had started with a large escort of Maravi to hunt in the north. No sign of any hunting party had come under my notice since we left Deuka's. The country was so vast, and as I had seen no elephant spoor, I came to the conclusion that any or all of such parties must be much farther north—nearer the lake perhaps.

Long reveries and meditations upon future plans only intensified the dispiriting sense of helplessness. The spell was suddenly broken.

"Amigo!"

At the door of my hut, as though he had risen from the earth, stood a man. I heard his salutation, but the larkness prevented me from seeing his face.

What stroke of fortune was this? At once I tore out some loose straw thatch, and kindling up the fire invited the stranger to enter.

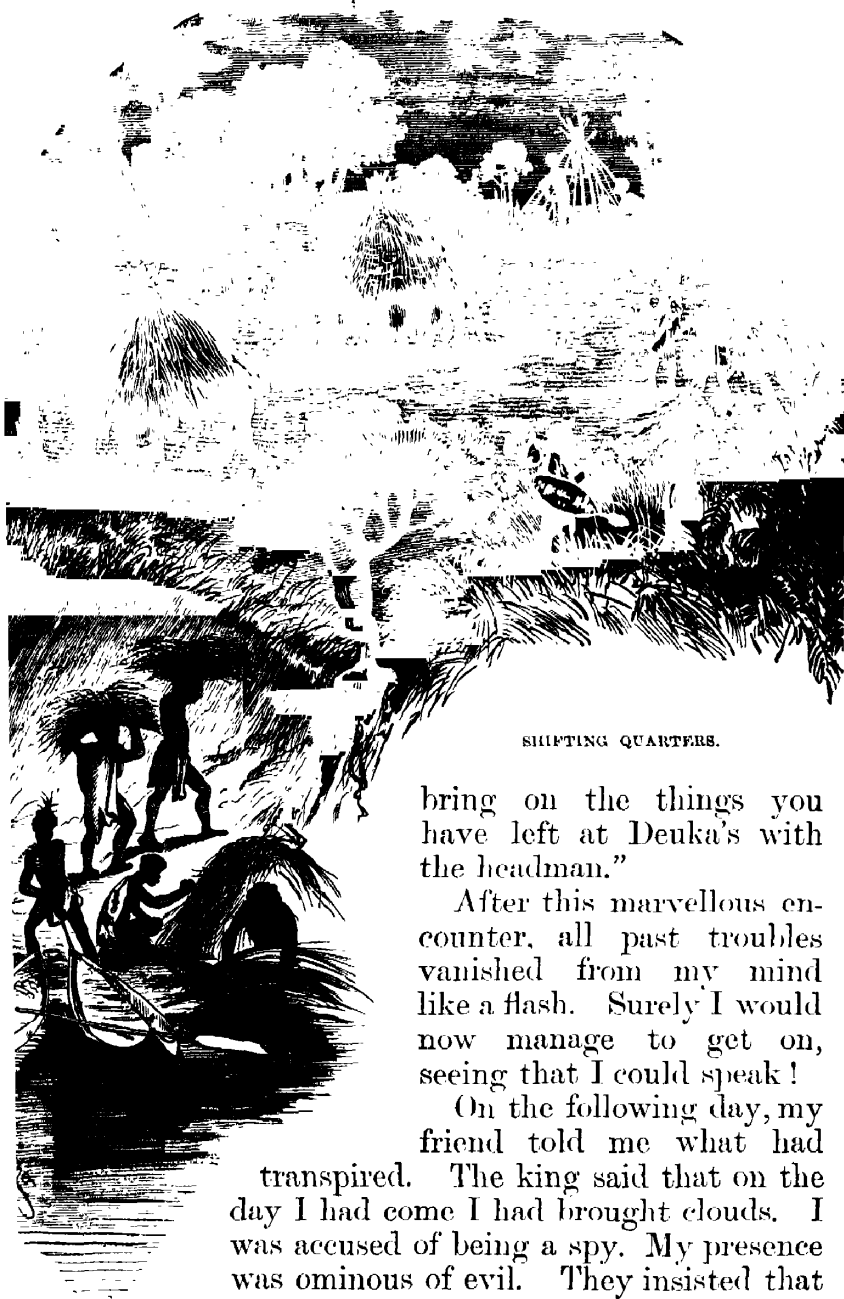
He was a small man, with a somewhat dark complexion, and proved to be Eustaquio da Costa, a Portuguese elephant hunter, who had just returned from a unt, and having heard of my arrival came immediately o see me.

The elephant hunter was astounded to find a white nan in such a solitary state, and told me he never travelled without a strongly-armed escort. He had just arrived from another town of Chikuse's, about half a lay's journey further north. Elephants were scarce, nd therefore the members of his party were ranging far nland and northward.

When I told Da Costa of the course I had travelled, e said I had run a great risk, especially as the Makanga eople were a bad and treacherous race, who robbed and nurdered parties with ivory and other produce. As he dvanced through a country he sent men ahead, while e followed in rear with a hundred armed retainers.

Then I explained to him my extraordinary position. nd described what I had gone through at the other owns in this country, telling also of the alarming expeiences of the previous night, of the beer-drinking turnoil, of the start I had got by the report of a gun in he next hut, followed by the carrying out of a dead ody in the morning, and of the visit of the fat dame. Vhy did she come to me? was a natural question. Last f all, I told of my reverie upon plans to reach the lake lone.

The arrangement now made was that I was to remain n my quarters until he could hear what was going on.

"Once," he said, "their suspicions are aroused, it is lmost an impossibility to remove them, or convince he people of good intentions. I will get some men to

SHIFTING QUARTERS.

bring on the things you have left at Deuka's with the headman."

After this marvellous encounter, all past troubles vanished from my mind like a flash. Surely I would now manage to get on, seeing that I could speak!

On the following day, my friend told me what had transpired. The king said that on the day I had come I had brought clouds. I was accused of being a spy. My presence was ominous of evil. They insisted that I was not a man; that the race from

which I had sprung had no home, and no country, but were wanderers on the face of the earth. Illusion has nothing too extravagant for these people's conjectures as to the existence of the white man.

One thing which they could not understand was that I came without a following of men. This was thought a marvel.

During the following days my friend Da Costa did everything that lay in his power to help and explain away the many suspicions and awkward surmises which filled the king's mind with regard to me.

My friend the fat lady, who turned out to be the king's sister, continued her visits, but she always shook her finger and nodded her head, as she spoke by the hour.

At last the king sent for me, saying to Da Costa, "I want to see him speak. I do not believe he is your brother."*

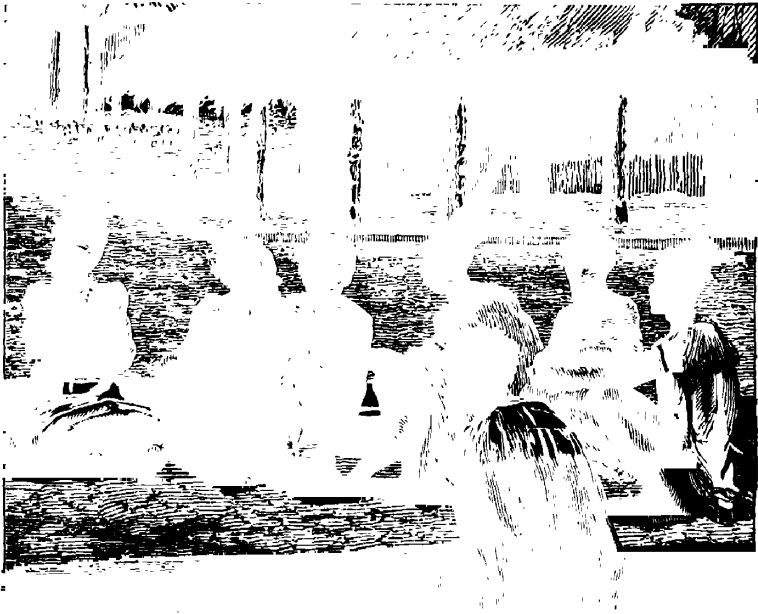
Hearsay had made me acquainted with the sort of man with whom I was about to deal. Had an execution been in order it could not have caused more excitement than the circumstance of my approaching the sanctified enclosure of his majesty did among those who were present. Truly mine was a strange case!

We found the king in a circular hut, and surrounded by courtiers and slaves. The walls and roof of the hut were formed of bamboo, thatched with long coarse grass. The plastered floor was of blackened, polished mud.

There, on a cane mat, sat Chikuse, the despot in whose hands lay the destinies of thousands of human lives. He was apparelled in a blue calico sheet, which had been a gift from da Costa. I had a better opportunity of scanning the man than I had on the first ill-starred interview, for I was now quite close to him.

Chikuse was a young man of enormous dimensions, and with a light reddish-brown complexion. Although his expression had a vacant look, the appearance was deceptive, for I noticed on different occasions that he was of a very observant nature, and as easily impressed by

* Among natives "brother" means one of the same kraal.

trifles as children are in many cases. That he was fully conscious of his power was easily seen. In that country he was the great "I am!" and his every action and look betrayed that he was quite wrapped up in the grandeur of his personal importance. Vanity beamed out in every line of his fat and sensual countenance. Nearly all African potentates, however, are imbued with the weakness of vanity, in fact it is their chief characteristic.

THE COURT OF AN AFRICAN KING.

His old and corpulent mother sat in front of him, a picture of obesity. With her, Chikuse had indeed a heavy score of debts; for he had killed six of her lovers, and the seventh, a young and rather a good-featured man, on whom she lavished a profusion of cloth and beads with which he might decorate himself, stands in daily danger of having his earthly career cut short.

A number of questions were asked, but never, not even once, could I catch the eye of Chikuse, who was careful that such glances should not bewitch him.

Many personal and rather funny remarks were passed upon nearly every movement I made.

"Why does he wear such a queer hat?" was one of the curious inquiries. The king was himself the best of all, for while looking round upon his apprehensive and obsequious circle, the expression of his face seemed to say as distinctly as possible:

"Now I ask you all plainly and fairly, did you ever see such a remarkable individual as this in all your lives?"

I thought, judging from her ways, that the old mother stood up for me, and this I afterwards learned was really the case.

Chikuse was determined that I should speak; nothing less than a conversation with da Costa would satisfy him. To satisfy the people, da Costa made a few remarks, to which I replied briefly. This performance drew forth a deep and long-drawn sigh from the old woman, gradually breaking into a gentle and pitying laugh.

She was satisfied the poor thing could speak. The witch-doctors, no doubt, had decreed that "it" was harmless. However, I could see by the grimaces of his majesty that he did not trust his eyes and ears on this occasion; he evidently thought himself the victim of an illusion; and was determined to have further oral testimony of my earthliness. The main questions asked were:

"What has brought you here?"

"What are you going to do?"

"Do you wish to buy people?"

On being informed that I did not wish to buy slaves, but desired to have men to take me to Nyanja (as the lake is called), Chikuse grunted; but I was unable to get an answer as to whether, or when, I could get carriers or guides to go with me. There could be no doubt that the fact of my having put in an unlooked-for appearance without any men of my own was the real cause of so much suspicion.

The king is much feared by his people, for his power is absolute.

The headmen who rule the outlying villages dress their hair in the form of a skull-cap, trimmed neatly round, and coped with a ring composed of wax. The latter is found deposited by a small insect upon the bark of trees. This ring or cap is a gift of the king, and the practice of presentation and wearing, in some respects, resembles a Matabeli custom. It is a sign of distinction, and gives a great lift to the headmen in the eyes of the people. The ring head-gear of Chikuse's people was different from that worn by the Zulus.

It is noteworthy that the ring adornment is worn only by Zulu tribes and their descendants.

Chikuse does not wear the ring. He anoints his hair with nut-oil, and wears a very neat, small bladder on the top of his head.

The soil about here was very poor, consisting of disintegrated granite. Abundant moisture, however, ensured good crops.

Tobacco was largely grown. All the men and women take kindly to the weed in some form. Generally, however, it is used in the form of snuff, the people being more inveterate snuffers than any tribe I had yet come across. Perhaps some African enthusiast might see how the whole of this vast plateau could be utilised for the production of tobacco. This would be a splendid subject for a speech, although the mode of transportation might not be touched upon. And yet, as a matter of sober fact, this land is not so badly situated for the conveyance of goods.

Small, humped cattle, and flocks of goats could be seen grazing quietly upon the green, grassy banks of the little rivers. Cattle, as a rule, however, were very scarce, but goats were plentiful.

The inhabitants are known as Angoni, Mangoni, or Landin, the latter name being often spelled Landeen, and they are undoubtedly of Zulu origin, although in the country which I am now speaking of they were a very mixed people.

When the Zulus from the south side of the Zambesi, below Senna, swept like a storm-cloud over this country,

conquering all before them, the race of inhabitants were Xopetta, who, as a matter of course, became the slaves of the victorious impi. By the mixture of peoples the language has become corrupted, or rather hybrid in its character.

The Angoni, when entering or leaving a hut while you are there, salute you with the words "Sikome bambo," which means, "Give me leave to come into your house." I observed that they used the word sikomo on all occasions when anything was given them. At such times, too, they frequently clapped their breasts with the palm of their hands. In Xopetta language they say "éko," which is intended to convey the same meaning as "sikomo." "Bambo" is the word used by sons to their fathers, and by inferiors to superiors. "Tekuone" is a word used in salutation; it means "I see you," being equivalent to the "sagu-bona" of the Zulus. Should a visitor come from a distance, and happen to be acquainted with the people, they clap their hands.

People and languages seem to be mixed. Every now and then I heard Zulu words. One night a man coming into the kraal accidentally struck a bystander with his rifle, and he instantly said "pepa," as do the Zulus, the word signifying sympathy, or a polite "pardon me."

While awaiting the king's pleasure, Da Costa and myself sometimes went out on short hunting expeditions; but game was hardly to be found, on account of the numerous villages which dotted the land in every direction. Hippos abounded in the Revuqwe or Revubwe river, even at places where the stream was but a stone's-throw wide.

One afternoon I succeeded in startling a very large crocodile, which we saw on our return journey homewards. While walking along the banks of the river we came very near to the reptile, as he lay close to a pile of drifted reeds. The first thought that struck me was whether the people would be like the Matabeli in their superstitions, in which case the dispatch of a crocodile by

the ruthless hand of man would be a dreadful crime. Ignoring all superstition, however, I thought I would risk the attack, especially as the villagers hard by had said that they had lost a number of goats lately through these obnoxious creatures.

Having come to this conclusion, I stalked up on all-fours, until I got within a few yards of the ugly customer, when I gave him the benefit of six ounces of lead, driven by sixteen drachms of the best powder, that being the contents of both barrels of the elephant rifle. The two balls passed clean through the head.

A few of the Angoni from the village soon came to the spot, and seemed very much pleased at the result, so that I was satisfied that whatever might be their particular persuasion, it did not lie in the reptile direction.

Here and there along the banks of the river might be seen the Angoni larders, or, properly speaking, corn stores. They resemble small huts perched upon poles, sometimes seven feet above the ground, the store-room being thickly covered with mud. By this means the ravages of rats and other vermin are frustrated.

The Angoni are thoroughly a tribe of slave kidnappers, believing implicitly in the idea that the people of other tribes are born for their use. This "fair game" of the valleys and plains has to be hunted. When a propitious period arrives the Angoni horde sweeps like a devastating whirlwind among the neighbouring tribes of Ajawa and Manganja in the Shiré valley.

They lay waste the villages, pillage the gardens, and triumphantly bear away the human spoils, young men, women and children, who soon are offered for sale in the slave markets of the Angoni's rugged home.

The district under the sway of Chikuse is one of the greatest slave-trading centres in Africa.

I have often seen the young warriors playing to show their cunning in stalking and agility in the capture of their human victims. Holding a buffalo-hide shield in the left hand, and grasping a kerry in the right, they would run rapidly forward with a number of wild bounds, displaying numerous excited evolutions of the chase and of

warfare. Their contortions were extraordinary. Leaping into the air they would kick their shields while their feet were off the ground, and when they alighted they would wholly disappear amidst the high grass.

During my sojourn in Angoni-land, slavery was in full swing, but in Chikuse's town there were very few slaves ready for transportation. Probably this was due to the fact that it was the time of the king's raid into the Shiré valley. Literally on every hand evidences of the slave trade could be seen, but in this instance I refer to the export, or rather the east coast trade, the home traffic being of quite a different character.

The latter branch of the business was exceedingly lively. A caravan of three hundred and fifty, all told, left a town a short distance to the north of Chikuse's, and preparations were being made when I left for the dispatch of another.

Every village shows the familiar sight of the slave in the yoke. After purchase the poor things are taken to the headquarters of the east coast traders—*nazaras*, as the people call the Zanzibar agents—some of whom are constantly in this district. Two I can mention by name, Xuala and Saidé.

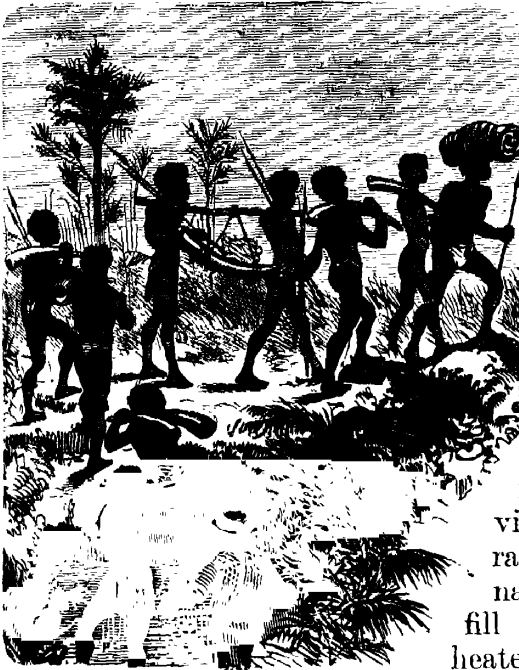
At the agents the yoke is made secure, and it is not exaggeration to say that it is often allowed to remain upon a slave for nine months or a year, night and day, without being once taken off. Constant rubbing by the yoke upon the neck chafes the skin, and gradually ugly wounds begin to fester under the burning sunshine.

Slaves, however, are to some extent looked after with a view to prevent serious bodily injury, the appearance of which would certainly depreciate their marketable value.

Until all is ready for a start the miserable slave sits waiting with all the compulsory and hopeless patience of bondage. Day after day he sees the sun rise and set. The dreary days pass by and are numbered into weeks and months, and still the victim is bound by the yoke about his neck.

In his mind, perhaps, he conjures up a picture of the

distant and dreaded blood-stained sea; for since his childhood's days, the hideous story has been driven into his ears, telling of the white man's feast on the fattened flesh of the captive slave. Nearly all the natives have the common story that the white man is cannibalistic in his humours.

When first captured or sold, the slave's star of hope has not altogether set. Many escape, to fall perhaps into other traps. But when the dreaded branch encircles their neck, their doom is sealed; the faintest gleam of hope which may have lightened their heavy hearts, is then for ever extinguished. At such a time a crowd of the most fearfully fantastic visions that can be raised by the imaginative mind must fill the brain with heated horror. Happily, however, with him mental misery is short-lived, for fortunately the black slave is a philosopher, and when the first great terror is over, he submits with calm and careless abandonment to the harsh conditions which have overtaken him. Poor creature!

IVORY HUNTERS.

I am not alone in thinking that in this wretched traffic in human lives there are horrors sufficient to cause the most devout to question the existence of mercy. It seems cruel that men should be begotten and should live with

hearts as cold as winter's icy wind, and just as pitiless, and whose malignant oppression shows in the saddest form the dismal truth of man's inhumanity to man.

Hard, indeed, it would be to show the slave that his life was anything beyond that of a beast. What else is it? Has he no hope? Yes, he has; with death his hope begins. What a satisfaction it must be for him to think that some day he must be FREE, away for ever from the tormenting tyranny of his fellow-men!

The numbers of slaves in caravans vary very greatly, for, like every other commodity, traffic is regulated by the inalterable laws of supply and demand. Prices also vary a good deal. When there is a good demand, a strong young man is worth from forty to sixty fathoms of Zanzibar cotton.

The time taken to equip a caravan depends upon the quantity of goods or trading articles of exchange which the *nazara* has with him. Sometimes a stay in the country of from four to six months is necessary before they can get all the slaves they require, so that the unfortunates who are first purchased have to sit all the time with the yoke—a young tree—fixed to their necks, the weight of the implement depending upon the disposition of the slave; for should he be fractious, he will be tamed by the employment of the heaviest yoke. Those I saw were very heavy.

This appliance of torture is made from the forked branches of a tree; about five or six feet long—some are much longer—and from three to four inches in diameter at the thickest part. Through each prong of the fork a hole is bored for the reception of an iron pin. This ready, a soft fibrous bark is wrapped round until the whole forms a thick collar of bark, making a sort of pad much rougher than a horse's collar. The forked branches vary in thickness, to suit docile or fractious subjects.

The time occupied during the journey to Zanzibar depends upon circumstances; but, generally speaking, it occupies from one and a half to three months.

Other pens have powerfully described the frightful cruelties which are practised during this miserable

journey, so I will not attempt to dwell upon the matter here.

The women usually are chained by the necks or wrists, or attached to each other by bark ropes from neck to neck. Some of the women carry their infants on their backs, held by a piece of cloth.

The slave-trade existing among the natives themselves

BABOON-HUNT.

—the home supply, so to speak—which may be found in almost every tribe on the African continent, cannot be looked upon from the same rigorous standpoint that we occupy in considering the export trade, which has not a single redeeming feature. The home traffic is different. Slaves born in the country have wives, and in time may themselves become the owners of slaves, and be equal with the free men of the country. To me they seemed to be well-disciplined servants.

Special acts of cruelty by ordinary masters I never

saw. These home-bred slaves in manhood become capturers, hunting on behalf of their masters in the human preserves. No doubt the conscience of the Angoni is sufficiently elastic to let him, at a pinch, sell his own kith and kin; but generally speaking this is rarely done.

When a full complement of men and women have been gathered, the export caravan is made ready for the road. The men are coupled by the yokes being lashed so as to form a rigid pole, binding the pair from neck to neck together. With loads on their heads, they then turn their faces to the eastward, and leave their homes for ever.

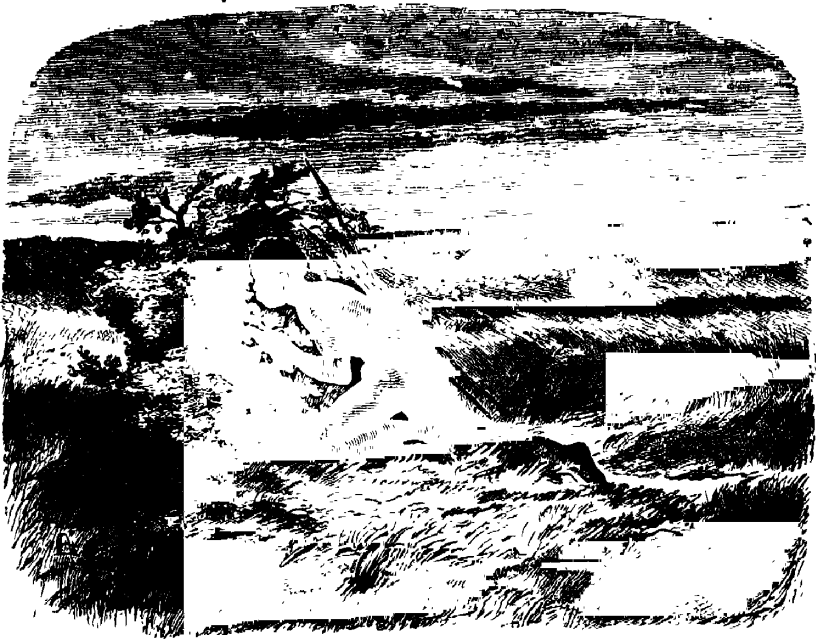
At last, with the help of the friendly Da Costa, Mr. Kerr succeeded in getting away from Chikuse's, and made his way to Lake Nyassa. After crossing the Revuqwé river, he goes on to say:

A few hours' steady marching over bare ground, studded with chips of disintegrated granite, winding amidst which I could discern numerous paths well worn, doubtless by the journeys of the slave caravans, and branching in all directions, brought us to the environs of another village, which nestled in a small clump of copsewood. The main trail of the paths I refer to went in a northerly direction, almost parallel with the mountain chain. I am inclined to believe that the larger portion of the slaves taken from Angoni-land go to Jumbé's, at Kota-Kota on the lake; thence they are ferried over to the eastern shore, and begin their march to the coast, loaded with ivory.

The men were some distance ahead of me, because I had made a short detour, my curiosity having been aroused by the appearance of a number of slave yokes scattered about on one side of the trail. Examining these, I found that two were broken, but from their appearance I was convinced that no long time had elapsed since they had been employed in their torturing work. On the spur of the moment, I thought I would endeavour to take one of the yokes with me as a trophy; and shouldering one instantly I ran on, but soon became

tired of the encumbrance, and threw it away, thinking at the time what must be the effect of having such a load about one's neck for months.

I kept up a pretty lively step, for the Angoni were marching quickly, and I had lost sight of them when they had disappeared into a little patch of bushy covert.

Mara, however, had waited and watched for me, and

MODE OF HUNTING.

on my arrival gave the usual reprimand, which invariably was as amusing as it was earnest.

"What are you doing staying alone? The boys are far away, and there is a lot of *gente* [people] in this town."

No sooner did we reach the first hut of the village than a rushing crowd of people was observed, many of whom fell over one another, as though in a stampede through dreadful fear. Some men were coupled by the two-forked yokes, fastened together with bark rope, while others had on the single stick or yoke. A number of women were tied neck to neck.

"What the devil is the matter, Mara?"

No response was made, but on my repeating the question more vehemently and emphatically, the answer came, short and pointed:

"*Gente comprada! Vamos!*" ("People who have been bought! Let us go on!")

But here there was no going on for me. I was determined to see what was being done, hurry or no hurry. The throngs of blacks were jostled and shoved into all sorts of corners, and herded into the cane-wall enclosures of the huts. The meaning of the scene was that I had alighted at a secluded village, where a number of kidnapped slaves had been brought *en route* to some headquarters, for they were not people of the district. The slimy visage of a man robed in white—he himself was of Satanic blackness—suggested to me that the agents of my previous acquaintance, Saiide or Xuala, were bringing in an assortment of the human commodity.

Possibly the reader can guess what my feelings were; I should have liked with a single bound to have been in the midst of the harshly-used creatures, to strip from their suffering bodies the tyrant's thongs and fetters. Under such circumstances these impulses can never be gratified, no matter how acute may be the desire to give relief. The suppression of the traffic cannot in the slightest degree be influenced by the words or actions of solitary passing travellers; any movement on my part would have been madness, even had I a strong caravan of armed followers.

Nothing decidedly advantageous in this way can be accomplished excepting, as in the case of every great good work, by every effort being made by strong organisations, whose work follows the hard and slow course of Time's transforming power.

One indiscreet act on the part of a traveller may cause barriers to progress to spring up, and insurmountably and for generations stop the advance of trade and missions. Every traveller who is influenced by considerations of relative positions must feel how important is the question of his bearing among a people who watch

SURPRISING A SLAVER.

his every action, and when a single imprudent step on his part may cost some unfortunate creature his life.

I think every one is impressed by the very movements of individuals as they turn, twist, and bend under the pangs of pain and fear. In this sad scene of excited action, where anguished fear and doubt were mutely expressed upon many mournful faces, my mind was filled with melancholy emotions, awakened by the forlorn looks

DESERTED HUNTERS' CAMP.

and stricken attitudes of the unfortunate crowd ; a woeful sight, indeed, a sight that, while memory lives, will ever and anon recall a sorrowful picture, a pitiful story. Some of the slaves might be seen in the agony of despair ; in most cases, especially the men in the yokes, wriggling and twisting as they were jostled in the narrow crooked streets, their heads being screwed round so far that I fully expected to see some broken necks. Two very pitiable cases strongly arrested my notice : the subjects

were seated on the ground, sheltered by some bushes, and each resting the end of his yoke upon the ground. One was in a frightful condition, with open sores sweltering under the heat of the sun, being chafed to the flesh through the roughness of the bark bindings of the yoke.

Being determined to find out something about the unfortunates, and ignoring Mara's ill-concealed anxiety to proceed, I made the latter inquire of the sufferer what was the cause of his deplorable condition. His reply was that he had run away and had been recaptured.

All the time I was here, the black agent looked upon me with an undeniably defiant expression.

Leaving the accursed scene, Mara and myself hastened after the Angoni, who had been pressing forward with the intention of reaching the mountains that night. We had been nearing the range for some time, and following the path we passed through another village, in which no captive slaves were seen. At length, after mounting a steep slope, we sighted the advance party.

Further northwards—we ascended gradually, and were then 4500 feet above the sea—we passed a number of native iron-smelting furnaces, some of which showed signs of having been recently used, as small heaps of slag lay piled beside them. This slag I found to be very vesicular; the metallic iron was in irregular buttons, and had evidently been reduced from brown hematite or hydrated peroxide of iron.

After we joined the Angoni party clouds began to gather, and a disagreeable mist rolled along the plains, bringing a damping influence upon everything, spirits included.

In the evening I had an opportunity of questioning Mara more thoroughly regarding what had occurred at the village where the grim realities of slavery had been seen. The little I could gather from my guide's replies amounted to this: that an endeavour to bribe his captives had been made by the driver, as soon as he had heard of my approach—for he was on the march and evidently knew nothing of my travelling with so small a

party. I imagined that this body of slaves had in some manner managed to effect their escape, but had been caught and driven back. The yokes I had seen were probably some that had been thrown aside by the captives, who had found some means of casting them off.

Black agents as well as Arabs are well aware what the efforts of the white men have been in the direction of suppressing their "black ivory" traffic on the east coast, and it is very well known that the Arabs in Central Africa are now more violently opposed to the approach of the white man than ever they were.

As I looked out on the north-western expanse stretching far away to the poisonous swamps of Lake Bangweolo, my mind was filled with thoughts of the greatest of African explorers, who was struck down on the inhospitable shores of the lake. More than once have I thought, while looking upon some of the horrifying and heart-rending scenes which arose before me, of the words of him who was so deeply impressed with the fact that the devil held the reins of power in the Dark Continent. "All I can add in my loneliness," wrote Livingstone, "is may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

We passed a number of small fields which bore the appearance of having been irrigated to a small extent, for narrow ditches from tiny rivulets led to patches of arable land. Here and there the ground was dotted with short young grasses which, when touched by the glancing sunbeams, gave a refreshing charm to the otherwise barren scene. Pretty flowers, pink and purple, gemmed the smiling greensward, giving a bright welcome to the opening day.

A number of miles were scored during that morning, and in time we reached a deep rent in the mountains. The pathway here turned sharply to the right, and it was with joy unspeakable that I turned my face in the direction of the rising sun.

Walking under the dark shades of the sombre rocks, every step and every turn in the tortuous path showed

varied views. Cloud-capped peaks in their rough grandeur contrasted with yawning chasms, which were lost in the profound blackness of lifeless hollows. No sound was heard save the sweet but monotonous murmuring of mountain rivulets, rushing on to mingle their rippling waters with the larger streams which flow singing to the great lake.

At length the region of rocks is passed. Peaks, caverns, chasms, and yawning cañons have vanished from our view. We stand on the eastern slopes of the Manganja range, and feast our eyes upon the vast expanse clothed with interminable forest, lifeless to the view were it not that here and there vultures might be seen soaring high over the dreamy scene.

Yes, 'tis the land of the rising sun! Far away in the east the glistening sunbeams revealed the mirror-like lake flashing in lines of dazzling silver between the woodland banks and the rising mists. A thrill of joy electrified my frame. At last! Hurrah for Nyassa—Nyassa, the great inland sea!

In our rear, the frowning mountains defiantly stopped the sunlight; in front the sylvan beauty of the voiceless forest sloped in gentle undulations on to the silver sands of the silent sea, which in the far distant horizon mingled with white downy mists.

We are about to penetrate the stretching forest land. What luck awaits us, what encouragement, what barriers? I became unconscious of my immediate surroundings; my human troubles and disappointments are, for the time being, eclipsed by the extreme grandeur of the prospect before us. My mind wanders away over this wooded wonderland and anticipates naught but joy.

I think I hear the welcome words of friends echoing across the quiet waters, for through the far-off clouds my thoughts speed fleetly to linger on Livingstonia's shore, where stand the white brothers whom I have striven so hard to reach. How near everything seems to be! But yet many occasions have proved that time and distance are not related in circumstances such as mine. Dependence robs me of the pleasures of calculation.

Once out of the darkened forest, a typical African scene lay before us, and we pressed our way through great meadows of yellow grass, the eyes being relieved by constantly changing colours in the landscape. On the left a low spur ran downwards to the lake, while over the high green reeds that skirted the shore we saw the waters of Nyassa, calm and cool in appearance.

CHASING A BLESSBOCK.

Coming towards us were seen, nodding above the waving grass, horns and heads of a hidden herd of water-bucks. Within shot on our right was a herd of ten buffaloes, whose black heads dipped once or twice before they were finally lost to view.

Night was approaching. Beneath the gloom of the leaden-hued clouds flashes of aureate light streamed to the distant hills, illumining their dark ridges and crests with resplendent gleams, whose rich light gradually

became softened and subdued as its flash disappeared from the drooping foliage of the tall palms which clothed the lower mountain-sides. The softer light lingered upon a scene of surpassing beauty, where the forest mosses clung to stem and bough, their graceful wreaths hanging from branch to branch of the slender mimosa and thorny acacia. Around our camp the earth was smoothly carpeted with young grasses drawn out by the misty showers. Westward, far away, like the rolling swell of the inflowing tide, the long yellow grass expanded, relieved here and there by small deep green bushes, which rose like islets from a grassy sea.

"Nyanja, Senhor!" exclaimed Mara.

"Yes," thought I, "it is Nyassa, and such are the lovely scenes that leave happy impressions on the traveller's mind, the recollection of their beauty blotting out the dismal thoughts of miserable days and incidents!"

That night was especially pleasant to me, owing to the keen feeling of satisfaction which thrilled through my veins, and I thought no one could feel otherwise upon such an occasion.

We had just completed one of the longest and most fatiguing marches of all the journey. Now that I had at last gained the shores of the big lake, how I longed, as I had done a thousand times before, for a companion with whom a few congratulatory words might be exchanged!

Reclining against the trunk of a tree I rested my jaded body, finding grateful comfort in the balmy air of the evening breeze. The soft wind which had sprung up from the lake helped to drive away the numerous mosquitoes which abounded around us.

While pensively observing the leaping flames of the camp fires, as they sprung up and licked the moss which dangled from the overshadowing boughs, thoughts sped rapidly through my mind regarding all that had passed during the long time—they seemed like years—which had elapsed since I said good-bye to the Cape of Good Hope.

Reflections on the past were diverted by pleasant anticipations regarding the future. What lay in store for me during the next few days? Bright thoughts of the morrow dispelled the clouded memories of bygone times; for now it could not be more than a day before we would make the curve round the southern bay, and so reach Livingstonia. My reckoning as to position was, I knew, not far out, and even remembering that we were in Africa—that land of startling misadventure—it was not unreasonable to conclude that upon the succeeding day we would be welcomed with gladdening smiles from white faces lightened by the influence of warm hearts.

Many hundreds of miles had still to be covered before I reached the end of my journey, so that the comforts of a few days' repose, with relief from constantly recurring difficulties and dispiriting doubts, could not fail to be most refreshing. The hardest fact of all was that my pedlar's shop was nearly empty, and the end of barter meant the end of progress. What would follow?

At last Mr. Kerr reaches Livingstonia, expecting to grasp the hand of a countryman and be once more among friends.

CHAPTER X.

LIVINGSTONIA—BLANTYRE—QUILLIMANE.

It was night, and, in a deep reverie, I sat on a long bench watching an inch of candle burning slowly away. The surroundings were four whitewashed walls heavily draped with cobwebs, for I was in the deserted home of a missionary.

The silent scene formed a striking contrast to my exciting experiences among the savages of Urongwe. But disappointment again! I seemed to have been smitten by the bitterest blast that could give the lie to the venerable adage, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Again and again I thought of the day's proceedings, and every incident that had occurred was re-enacted in meditation. Above all, I remembered the feeling of surprise, when walking up the beach followed by a motley crowd of blacks, I only viewed the cheerless sight of abandoned houses which lined the streets. In a moment all my long-cherished hopes—the hopes that had chiefly cheered me in protracted adversity—that I would be welcomed with the smile of a British face and the warm grasp of a British hand, were dashed to the ground! Every bright anticipation was cruelly obliterated. I had walked along the lonely street looking in vain for the WHITE MAN! Deserted houses appeared on every hand. A few sad-looking tombstones, half buried by rank vegetation, added to the gloom of the view, the long creepers coiling and drooping to emphasise the sorrow. Nature, mankind's only true friend, never forgets. The vicissitudes I had passed through of late had certainly

been many and varied; but this last unlooked-for experience put every former affliction entirely in the shade.

Even the most sombre scenes and the saddest experiences have comical sides, and in this instance I remembered the appearance of the odd creature with the red umbrella. Disappointment had not been wanting in its share of comedy. When I stepped ashore I proceeded with the greatest confidence towards the brilliant

EGYPTIAN GOOSE ON MIMOSA TREE.

umbrella, being fully convinced that it was the grateful shelter of some Christian divine, but on nearing the emblem of civilisation I found a very black and sorrowful-looking individual under the tattered and torn gingham.

This melancholy mortal could speak a few words of broken English, so that when I inquired where the white men were, he had said;

"Veree seek contry. All dead, all gone!"

When I with a slight difficulty explained that I

wanted to see one white man, he began to count on his fingers.

"Mees—dead. Mees—dead!" until he had counted seven; and then he ended up: "All dead. Veree seek contry. No good white man—all die. All gone Bandawe." With this information he pointed across the lake.

The story was sorrowful enough, but still the manner in which it was told was irresistibly droll.

Not for a moment since I put my foot upon the shore had I been idle. I had walked through the station and ransacked every house. Through the kind help of the man with the red umbrella, I had burglariously effected an entrance into the well-secured house, which had evidently been used for keeping stores, and on entering had discovered various articles such as anchors, kedges, and chains. Had I been superstitious, the emblem of security might have been encouraging. Dust lay thick upon the empty shelves, and substantial cobwebs festooned the dingy ceilings. Boxes piled in the corner told only of the good things they had at some time contained.

Two rewards of my diligent and painstaking search were a small tin of biscuits and about eight yards of strong pink calico.

I had almost forgotten that in the room adjoining that which I occupied, and underneath a rudely-made bier, beside which no doubt many a sorrowful burial-service had been said, I found the small piece of candle which was now flickering its last light as I meditated upon the rough experiences of the day.

When the dim light was totally extinguished my discomfort reached a climax. I felt as though I was sitting in a sepulchre. A yellow flag of sickness or the black flag of death would have represented the situation, which was one of sickness, desertion, desolation, and death.

The Angoni, when they saw that no whites were to be found, said:

"The old men at Pantumbo spoke truth: it was the white man who lied."

Surrounded as they were by their natural enemies, it would have been absurd to expect them to stop in this

country. They would be sure to desert me. Where was the cloth I had promised them on arrival?

My only hope now was to make for the Shiré river. Difficulties, as usual, were numerous. How was I to get there? How was I to pay off the Angoni? How was I to pay boys to take me there? How was I to buy food even now?

These were serious questions for me to decide. Above all, I thought of my kind friend da Costa, who in all likelihood would have to bear the brunt of the awkward misadventure; for assuredly Chikuse would be told the wildest lies by his disappointed people, whose troubles would magnify during their journey across the great mountains and the wide plains.

It was impossible not to think that my friend would be deeply mortified by the inevitable imposition, for he would be compelled to pay a monstrous indemnity by that sly scoundrel Chikuse. Remembering da Costa's position, I determined to pay the Angoni as much as I possibly could, even if I was deprived of the last rag. I had promised to pay them on arrival, so I made up my mind to do so that very night and take the chances of their bolting.

This resolution was soon put into action. Having made a small fire in the centre of the floor, I wrote a few lines upon a sheet of my journal paper telling da Costa of the predicament in which I had been landed; of my having found the nest, while the birds had flown; but I hoped to be able somehow to work my way to the Shiré river; and with that view would try to keep the three Maravi with me. Coins to the natives were worth about as much as porcelain beads, so I wrapped a few sovereigns in my letter to da Costa, begging him to be so good as to pay the Angoni the remainder of the cloth which was justly due to them.

From that eventful night until now, I have not heard anything of the result.

A cheerful thought came to my mind. The Angoni might follow me to the eastern shores of the headland to one of the Nyanja villages; now then I might be able to

get canoes to proceed down the Shiré! I would try them. It was my only chance.

At the back of the house the scene wore a more lively aspect, for great camp fires were blazing merrily. The Angoni, being very clannish, were crouched over the friendly flames, evidently indulging in a big talk. The Maravi were seated beside them.

Much now depended on the straightforwardness of Mara, and I called him into the house, where by this time I had the cloth ready torn off in pieces of the required length.

"Os Angoni fugirão!" (the Angoni will run) were his first words.

Explaining the position occupied some time. My guide, philosopher, and friend, was in one of his thwarting, antagonistic moods. It would have been beyond the powers of persuasion to induce any of the Angoni to carry a letter; for such a burden would unquestionably be thought a bewitching element of extraordinary power in a mischievous direction. Sufficient indeed to cause the sun to hide its face would be this white leaf from the white-skinned mystery.

The letter was therefore wrapped around the gold, and along with two or three handfuls of rubbish, tied up tightly in a piece of blue calico. When this had been done, the headman of the Angoni was summoned.

"You see that the white men lived here," I said. "Do the black men live in houses such as these? Stay with me. To-morrow, we will go one day to the east, to the villages of the Nyanja people. Then you may leave me."

The cloth, part of what I owed them, was then given An awkward circumstance was that they would not take the pink calico I found, saying that Chikuse or his son were the only people who could adopt that colour, so I had to sacrifice the remaining yards of blue calico, which was accepted with avidity. Then I repeated that they should wait to take me to the Nyanja villages. The small blue bundle was given to the headman (for I dare not risk their going back without a note to da Costa).

with the request that he would deliver it to my brother at Urongwe, when he and his men would be paid the remainder of the cloth that was due to them.

"The white man will have gone," was the quick response.

"No," said I, "he will be there yet for one moon."

So as to avoid the chances of an out-and-out stampede taking place during the night, I decided to have the three Maravi—Mari and his two companions—under my per-

WHITE ANT HILLS.

sonal charge; so after the conclusion of the various palavers, I shut them into the sombre-looking dwelling along with myself. I dared not sleep before my prisoners had dropped off, so I sat nodding over the fire, and cursing the vexations of the day. The shake of the previous night had left me in rather a weak condition; but my anxiety in case the Maravi effected their escape kept me pretty wakeful. Hours thus passed, during which I continued to sit watching and wondering over the smouldering embers, every dying spark seeming to start a new train of thought in my perplexed mind,

until my endurance failed, and I fell into a profound slumber.

> "Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
> Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.
> I must be gone and live, or stay and die."

These lines speak of my feelings when, shortly after the grey dawn I went out to reconnoitre, and to learn, if possible, whether my plans of pushing on another day's march eastward could be realised.

Where were the Angoni? There were the ashes of the fires of the previous night lying at the back of the house. I looked into the deserted kitchen, which smelt strongly of soot, and looked quite as black. Not a soul was to be seen. My presentiment had not been groundless. The Angoni had fled!

What a lovely dawn smiled upon the earth! I walked down to the water's edge. White-necked fish-eagles piping their shrill and wailing notes soared high in the fresh morning air, and perched on the branches of the large baobab, which reared its lofty form close to the deserted house. Male and female cried alternately to each other. Fish-hawks in large numbers were busily at work searching for their morning meal, while clearly and grandly the sun silvered every ripple of the great lake. Around the shore Nature seemed to rejoice with the waking day, giving a glorious welcome to the dazzling orb which brought light and life to the grateful earth.

No matter how bleak, how black, how weary the night may have been, uprising day, graced with a bright unclouded sky, rarely fails to bring to the traveller a little liveliness of hope, along with fresh ideas and new aspirations. Mentally his plans under such conditions are gilded with triumph at their very birth, and he feels inspired with boundless energy of purpose and self-confidence to face emergencies and overcome every obstacle by which he may be confronted.

To detail how the days following the desertion of the Angoni men were passed would be a tiresome and unpro-

fitable task, for monotony is their chief characteristic in the tables of my memory.

Every morning I walked about with my rifle, wandering alone among the hills and along the shores of the lake, visiting some villages of the Nyanja. From these expeditions I seldom returned until night. One morning, during a ramble of this description, I found a pile of wood stacked close to the water's edge. Two men were close by basking in the burning sunshine, and I persuaded them to come back with me.

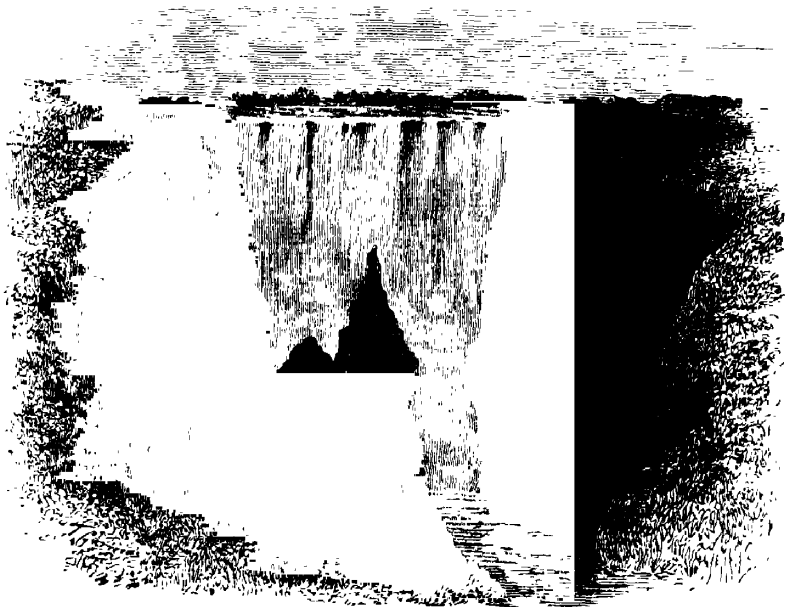
Mara then interpreted the intelligence that the wood was sold at intervals to the mission steamer. I had often read of this steamer which was employed to supply the stores of the missionaries, but at that time I could not imagine what she could do in that locality, which was certainly out of her course, while there was no one to supply. The men counted with their fingers, and, as usual, got very much mixed, one holding up the little finger, the other the index finger, while both squabbled violently about some numerical discrepancy that bothered them. All this trouble was in the endeavour to show me how long it had been since the steamer had been at the spot.

By this time it was about as much as I could do to reach the "look-out" high amidst the rocks, from whence could be seen the tops of the houses that formed the village streets peeping up above a maze of faded and sun-parched leaves, and looking like the tops of hay-ricks.

On every visit to the "look-out" I earnestly scanned with the telescope the north-eastern horizon for the long-hoped-for sign of smoke. Upon a day that shall not easily be forgotten, I gazed longingly at the far-off stretch of the silent inland sea lying undisturbed by wind-tossed waves. All at once a distant speck attracted my wakeful attention. It was long ere I could distinguish the form of the object, but in time something white struck out from the distant blue. It was a sail! I watched its appearance eagerly as it grew larger and larger, making my heart thump with the thoughts of rescue. For a long time the vessel remained in view,

drawing close down upon Elephant Island. Was she making for the bay? No, the breeze soon strikes the white expanded wings; they fill, and she scudded along, borne by the western winds, until she faded into the distant veiling mists and utterly disappeared.

Ah! afar off, on Nyassa's waters, I had seen such sights before, awakening all the bitter grief of falsest hopes; for the vessel proved to be a slave dhow, of which not a few sometimes hove in sight and disappeared.

Monkeys, a numerous family, were my only com-

THE MOZI-OA-TUNIA, A CATARACT ON THE UPPER ZAMBESI.

panions during these long watches in the "look-out." Nimbly they climbed the trees, chattering ceaselessly amongst the leafy branches, and sometimes peeping inquisitively over the tilted slabs of rock to have a glance at the pale intruder. Great fish-eagles, appearing first like minute specks in the distance, would draw nearer and nearer, piping the wild sounds of their strangely weird cries, which found a sad echo amidst the lifeless rocks. With a swoop they would swiftly fly past the "look-out," until their still and outstretched

wings could be seen floating daintily downward towards the lake buoyant on the soft languor of the evening breeze.

Often from this favourite retreat I watched the signs of opening and departing day, bathing with varied glories scenes that were lovely beyond description. Now, however, wearied as I was, and too conscious of failing strength, I followed with vacant eyes the decline of the orb of day slowly disappearing over the soundless waters of Nyassa.

> "The whole wide lake in deep repose
> Is hushed, and like a burnished mirror glows."

Returning to the beach at night-time, I threw my miserable body upon a pile of logs, so as to get a last look at the shining lake and the departing sun.

Poets for ages past have sung of thy glories, thou mighty orb! for thou art the life as well as the light of man: but still thou art only a glow-worm in the eternal universe—a thing that wakes and dies!

Slight encouragement could be found in looking at the deserted streets of Livingstonia, which only aroused thoughts of desertion, and of the fruitless labours of the missionary who has sown in barren fields, and even sacrificed his life for his controlling belief. The throbbing noise I could hear was the beating of the batuka, mingled with the shouts of the beer-drinking feast-makers, the sound taking the place of the inviting cadence of the bells of church and school. To me the mission seemed to be a thing of the past.

How strange is the Spirit of Philanthropy! Its failings belong to an oft-told story. We continually hear of the sons of the Holy Churches seeking in distant lands the inspiring thoughts which stir their anxious hearts. Setting lucre aside as a mean instrument, how are human lives to be considered—I mean such lives as are laid fearlessly down to give the Bible to the black man?

In thousands of streets and thousands of lanes and alleys in the big cities of England, the desolate, the degraded, the starving, are to be rescued by the million.

Do not let me hear people say, "Oh, that is an old story!" It is emphatically a sign of the times. We have half-tilled soil at our own doors, and neglect to cultivate it. Religious labourers of our day are becoming lazy: they do not keep themselves abreast of the age, either in action, in thought, or in sympathy. There is too much shouting about easy charity, and too little heard of the doctrine of self-reliance.

The sadness of the scene at Livingstonia must have a cause. Where was it to be found? Could it be attributed to the empty houses, the desertion or the absence of whites? No! again we must go to the threshold of the unknown, to the great impenetrable mystery, Death!

> "Life is vainly short,
> A very dream of being; and when death
> Has quenched this finer flame that moves the heart
> Beyond is all oblivion, as waste night
> That knows no following dawn, where we shall be
> As we had never been: the present then is only ours."

Livingstonia had its skeleton in every house. Men had lived there in love, and died in faith. Often, indeed, must the piteous cry have ascended heavenwards: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Awaking to the realities of my harshly solitary position, I heard the hawk's high call and the strange long notes of the fish-eagle dying upon the wind as they left their watery fields of food, and sought their roosts high in the trees amidst the rocks. The native fishing canoes had been beached. The sound of the drums which had echoed over the still waters gradually lessened and ceased.

A few people passed to and fro over the gravelled paths, the soft tread of their naked feet being scarcely perceptible as they hurried rapidly along; the Ajawa being far from home when he is outside his hut at night. They think that the evil spirits of the departed are out and about seeking for whom they may devour.*

* The Ajawa believe in the existence of all manner of hidden influences wishing to eat their dead.

Through the dark veil of night bright Cynthia smiled, and under other circumstances my perceptions of a beautiful scene might have been quickened, even the solitude giving a deeper sympathy with nature.

But how long, how dismal those moments of loneliness seemed! The feelings they aroused are utterly beyond description, even were description of any use; for no one can appreciate the despondency of a man being thrown entirely upon himself, except those who have been similarly placed.

The wind that nightly whistled through the stunted boughs of the baobab died with the sinking sun, and anon the atmosphere became gloomy with gathering mists which masked the stars, leaving the still scene in a darkness as black as the pall of death. Nothing could be heard but the murmuring wash of the restless waves beating and playing upon the shore.

Retiring from the scene I was soon wrapped in the folds of the familiar plaid, and being exhausted in mind and body, unconsciousness was soon upon me.

Rattle, rattle! went the clattering window-frames. "Good heavens, how it blows! No rest for the weary in this unfortunate place!" The disturbance occurred in the middle of the night, and half awakened me. I tried to sleep, but the noise was repeated louder than before, and I was now startled by an accompaniment of excited human voices.

"Mzungo! Mzungo!" was shouted vigorously, and the sound was not noise, but music to my ears.

"White men!" I shouted, as I sprung from the blanket as quickly as could be done at a fire alarm, and actually leaped through the window; failing energies being braced to a wonderful extent by the suddenness of the incredible news.

Getting to the outside, I heard the story. It appeared that Mara and two others were coming back late from a pombe feast, and were now before me declaring that they saw a light far out on the lake. They said "it was the white men's light."

As fast as I could I ran along the beach, and sure

enough in the pitchy gloom soon distinguished a dot of faint light twinkling in the distance over the waters. It did not take long to set fire to heaps of the dry grass which lay along the verge of the beach, and soon a blazing bonfire was sending its ruddy rays far across the darkness of the slumbering lake. My sensations as I watched the shifting light are now an indescribable memory.

Joyful indeed it was to see the bows of a small

LIEUTENANT V. GIRAUD.

steamer emerging slowly and cautiously from the gloom. Even at this moment of happy expectation doubts arose. Perhaps she had only come for anchorage, and might leave ere daylight; so, with all the energy I could muster for a last effort, I shouted "Steamer ahoy!"

The vessel crept slowly up until she was within gunshot of the shore, and by the gleam of the fires which the boys were keeping up upon the sands I could see plainly a good-sized steam launch riding upon the waves

Vol. I

Two men put off in a small boat. How strange a meeting! In black midnight, with its darkness made more apparent through our rude grass fire, I as in a happy dream suddenly clasped the hands of white brothers as they stepped upon the shores of Livingstonia Bay! Both were thunderstruck at finding me, and many were the questions they asked as to where I had come from, where was my party (!), and what was I trying to do.

The morning of our departure from the tranquil bay of Livingstonia was beautiful; but I had no feeling of regret as I looked back upon the vanishing scene, although it was kept in view until the deserted mission station was lost in the distance. Gradually the horizon widened as we steamed into the open of the lake, the smoke of the steamer rolling in black volumes from the funnel, and contrasting strangely with the streaks of fleecy clouds sailing slowly across the high heavens. The pulse of the tiny engines throbbed a hundred and one to the minute as the little *Ilala* boldly breasted the billows on the broad bosom of Nyassa.*

A buoyancy of exhilaration was felt during this progress, which put into the shade the happinesses of years. The refreshing kiss of the soft breezes which swept over the big water was not only soothing, but strangely delightful.

I had every reason to be contented with my new surroundings, and especially with my rescuers and companions, who one and all did everything they could to make me comfortable. Ceremony was absent here, for in such wild surroundings men soon fall back into the natural state and learn each other's ways.

The rescuing party included Lieutenant Giraud, the intrepid French traveller who had been in command of an expedition sent out by his Government with a view to explore the little-known regions surrounding Lake Bangweolo. Lieutenant Giraud's expedition was successfully accomplished; but through intimidation by Arabs

* The *Ilala* is a small steamer belonging to the African Lakes Company. She supplied the missionaries at Bandawe, on the lake.

his Wangwana followers, from Zanzibar, had, with the exception of six who remained faithful, deserted him on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, carrying off his guns and stores. Procuring assistance at the Belgian station, under M. Storms (whom I have seen mentioned in English newspapers as the Emperor of Tanganyika !) Lieutenant Giraud made his way to Karonga, at the north end of Nyassa, where he had embarked on board of the *Ilala*.

The other members of the party were the Captain, who was a German named Fredericks (since dead through climatic effects), and the engineer, Mr. W. Harkess, a Scot, to whom I am indebted for many favours and not a little information.

They had put into Livingstonia Bay owing to their running short of wood, hence my never-to-be-forgotten stroke of good fortune.

I must not omit to say a word about Mara, who had bidden me "Adeus!" with much fuss, shuffling of feet and clapping of hands, his face all the while being as round and radiant as the full moon. Sincere satisfaction fills my breast when I look back upon the turn of fortune which enabled me to send him and his comrades with lighter hearts and heavier loads back towards Urongwe, bearing also the news to da Costa that I had at last been taken away by the white men of the lake. Mara would be in a position to tell the true story of my experiences; of the misadventure with the Angoni and the long delay.

Just as we were embarking in the small boat, an odd occurrence had taken place, several boys running down to the beach to tell us that a number of Angoni had been seen in the village without their shields, pretending that their mission was to sell some chickens; but it is beyond doubt that they were spies sent by Chikuse, to see what I was about. The suspicious mind of the king would be soothed when he heard positively of the final departure of the white mystery.

All's well that ends well! Now it seemed that progress would be all downhill or down-stream.

The steamer could not take us very far on account of the cataracts separating the Upper from the Lower Shiré. As we proceeded, the wind freshened until it was blowing half a gale, compelling us to run for shelter

STOOL OF STATE.

in the lee of the land, where, just before night time, the little vessel was anchored in a snug bay close to a mountain that had a history.

Riding at anchor that night the small craft tugged and jerked as though she would part her cable. The cabin, a sort of deck shed at the stern, was a tight fit

for four; the berths on each side being occupied by Fredericks and Harkess, while M. Giraud and myself made our beds as comfortable as possible on the benches beside the small table. Right in front of the cabin door was the engine and boiler, the fore part of the launch being used for cargo, such as ivory, of which there was a fair quantity. Lying like logs upon the deck were Giraud's six Wangwana, or Zanzibar men, and three black sailors.

There was an unwonted attractiveness inside the cabin, for supper was ready, and the warm light of the oil-lamp swinging from the ceiling gave the little snuggery an air of comfort, and even luxuriousness. Tin cups, brimming with hot tea, steamed up, perfuming the atmosphere with a welcome aroma that told of plenty, while the pile of bread and the pot of Moir's jam gave the rude table quite a homelike appearance; to my long unaccustomed eyes the turn-out seemed a veritable feast. Bodily ailments, however, precluded me from sharing in the good things; so I looked on and listened to the story of the mountain which reared its form above the bay where we had found shelter from the violence of the storm.

Like most African tales in which Englishmen are concerned, it was not without its load of disaster and its dead man. On the cone-shaped mountain, covered with loose broken slabs of rock and wild scrub bushes, an Englishman while hunting baboons wounded one, and coming to close quarters struck out at it with the butt of his gun, experiencing the inevitable result, of course: the gun went off, and he fell dead upon the spot.

One story led to another, and so on, in the usual way; but while listening, I suddenly remembered that on leaving the Diamond Fields in South Africa, a young man ran up to the stage, and said to me—

"Should you ever meet any one named B—— in your travels, remember me in speaking to him. He is a great friend."

I asked Harkess if he had heard of such a man.

"Oh!" was the answer, "poor B—— was eaten by a crocodile not long ago, while bathing in a river near the north end of the lake. He was with Captain P——, the elephant hunter; but before assistance could be given, the monster had carried him to the middle of the water, all the time holding him up to the view of his horrified friends. Then the brute dived under the water with his prey, and nothing more was seen."

Inquiring about the white sails which now and again at Livingstonia gave me so many false hopes when they hove into view in the horizon, I was told that in all probability they belonged to large dhows sailing between Makinjira's and Mpemba's for war purposes. On getting this piece of news I had little difficulty in coming to a conclusion as to why the Angoni would not take me to Mpemba's village, which in my ignorance I was endeavouring to get at, with a view to canoeing to Livingstonia.

The greatest slave ferryman, I was told, was Jumbe, at Kota-Kota, who builds large dhows for this special traffic, the sails being made of American sheeting, which is a strong kind of calico sold by Arab slavers. Jumbe's vessels take their human cargoes to Lozewa on the eastern shores of the lake; whence they go directly eastward to the coast. Most of the slaves from Mpemba's, however, passed round the southern end of the lake to Mponda's on the Shiré, which they cross, and go straight to Mataka's, a notorious slaving centre, about a day's march to the north-east. The Universities Mission once had a station here; but through the ill-timed zeal of an Englishman, who released a caravan of Mataka's slaves near the sea coast, that chief retaliated by robbing the station while the missionary fled to Zanzibar.

"This," continued my informant, "is one of the dangers of thoughtlessly releasing slaves. By so doing,

* Recently I have learned that the forces of Makinjira and Mpemba actually met in deadly conflict, Mpemba being killed. Makinjira dying soon afterwards, the oracles and witches of Mpemba say that his death occurred because he had killed their chief.

we are apt to harm others of our own race, for the natives look upon all white men as belonging to one tribe."

Further, I learned that the work on the carrier's road which was being cut between Lake Nyassa and Lake Tanganyika had been delayed on account of the death of Mr. Stewart, the engineer. Mr. McEwan,* a young and energetic man, had just gone up to continue the work; but it seems that the part of the road which is cleared one year, is overgrown during the next through the strength of vegetable life, while it is notorious that if the work is continued with the same disastrous results as heretofore the whole route may become a cemetery, rivalling the railroad across the Isthmus of Panama, in which every sleeper represents a sacrificed life.

Part of the gossip of the lake was that a mechanical engineer † was then busily engaged in putting together a steamer intended to run in connection with the missions at Tanganyika.

The much spoken of Makololo war was also a subject of conversation, and the reader will remember how the rumour echoed in our ears all the way through Angoniland to the lake. It appeared that an English ivory hunter named Fenwick had fallen out with a chief called Chiputula on the Lower Shiré. During the heat of the quarrel the chief was killed, and then the people rose *en masse* and killed the white man.

The steamer which ran between the missions on the lower portion of the Shiré (between the Zambesi and a village called Katunga, near Blantyre) was sunk by the enraged subjects of Chiputula, the cargo being stolen. The last news was that the steamer had been raised, and was then supposed to be undergoing repairs. No further intelligence could be expected until we reached the mission station in the hills. These mishaps on the Lower Shiré had caused very hard times, especially by making provisions scarce on the lake.

My long-lost twenty-four hours were now put right. A careful perusal of the journal showed that they un-

* Since dead. † Since dead.

Vol. I. *To face* p. 432

A MAZINJIRI WARRIOR, SHIRÉ RIVER VALLEY.

recorded day was that on which we had made the start with the Unyamwenda from the borders of Mashonaland in June, 1884.

Before dawn the wind had fallen, and the little craft was soon under weigh, pitching full speed ahead as she was steered straight towards the narrow gates of the lake. On each side the land converged as we neared the southern outlet; gradually a current was perceptible, becoming swifter and stronger, until, with a rush, we darted through the high reed-walled portals of Nyassa, and the great lake was left to the north. Two hours later Lake Pamalombe, girt with tall and trembling reeds of a deep green hue, is passed, and we enter upon the waters of the Upper Shiré.

As we glide quickly and swiftly past the river's banks, the grass tops of numerous village huts are seen; and twice the white-robed robbers of liberty could be distinguished standing in groups with their numerous followers, their garb of purity glaring in the sunlight. Speedily, however, the scene of slavery was left behind, passing away like a moving panorama, as we went on to the land of unenslaved and wildest freedom.

Wonderful were the new scenes which surrounded us as we entered these regions of teeming life, in which both air and water were animated. As the steamer ran rapidly along, panting and coughing forth volumes of spark-charged smoke, out from the silent and seemingly lifeless trees came immense flocks of waterfowl—divers and ducks, spoon-bills, kingfishers, fish-hawks, and open-bills; black ibis, too, filled the air, uttering their vociferous screams of protest as they flew away in every direction, dazzling the eyes with their rich purple-green plumage, flashing in the mellow light of the evening.

Less pleasant to look upon were the amphibious and creeping things, which were sadly disturbed by our progress. Numbers of crocodiles could be seen on every hand, with wadd ling steps hurrying their loathsome bodies from jungle and from mud-bank, to slide into the darksome deep.

The ponderous hippo with his great yawning cavern-

like mouth was seen in herds, all in sportive mood, gambolling, gaping, and grunting among the waters. Some of these monsters would wait until the bow of the launch was within a few feet of their broad-beamed heads, and then, with an angry snort, would plunge away from their too formidable rival, to writhe and roll with leviathan lunge, and double on the stream.

SHEPHERD.

All day long we had lived in the hope that by sunset we would reach Matope; but at various portions of the way the water had been so shallow—owing to the gradual silting up of the river—that we had frequently been bumping bottom, and so ran the danger of unshipping the rudder, or, worse still, driving a hole in the hull. These contingencies had necessitated a reduction of speed, so that ere long the stars were seen shining brightly above the line of trees which studded

the river's edge. The lively *Ilala*, however, was well handled by Fredericks and Harkess, and cautiously groped her way along in the dark. Another four miles was over, and then the launch was safely moored close to the bank at Matope.

No time was lost in despatching native carriers with letters to Blantyre, about thirty-six miles distant. M. Giraud and myself in the meantime amused ourselves by hunting during the early hours of the morning; usually starting about daybreak and returning before noon, when the heat became excessive, and the task of writing up journals was thought more conducive to comfort than wading in long prickly grass and jungle. Abundance of game could be found on both sides of the river, but more particularly on the west side, where it swarmed in great variety. Never, on even a single occasion, did we return home without bagging.

Early one morning as I walked up the right bank of the river, I saw a most marvellous sight upon an open flat which verged the banks, and was studded here and there by a few stray bushes and dwarfed trees. The situation commanded a full view of a big bend in a broad part of the stream.

Animal life seemed to fill the water, the land, and the air. Feathered flocks were indescribably numerous. Crocodiles and storks mingled together in blissful enjoyment like the members of one family, in fearless intercourse. Hippos were out in full force, some being partially immersed, whilst others showed only a part of their ugly heads above the water. On the brink of the bank was a herd of bush pig; further inland towards the centre of the flat were reed-buck and impala, while close to the borders of the forest was a large herd of buffaloes and nearly a score of zebras.

Buffaloes were rather hard to stalk, the young forest of thin-stemmed trees affording very poor shelter. However, on that day a zebra and a boar fell to my rifle. When walking home I came to within fifty yards of a small herd of water buck, but they behaved so well that there would have been no more pleasure in

shooting them than in shooting tame cattle in an English park.

At the side of the river an ancient hippo came within easy range, and as these animals are always fair game I sent a three-ounce ball crashing through his tough old head. *A-propos* of these most formidable creatures (formidable when in the water only), some gentlemen from the mission were once crossing this part of the river when a sportive hippo elevated the boat, party and all, into the air, consigning the occupants to the tender mercies of the water; the ducking being nothing compared with the horrible thought of falling a prey to the devouring crocodile. All had a most miraculous escape as they succeeded in scrambling to the shore. The valuables, as a matter of course, were utterly lost.

The hippos have been very destructive to the mosquito fleet of the missionaries, some of the best boats being sent to the bottom.

Coming back from the morning hunt I found that Giraud had reached the launch before me, having killed two reed-bucks and one impala antelope. Upon that and succeeding days there was great feasting for the villagers of Matope.

On approaching the village I perceived a large number of blacks assembled on the banks, each with a cloth around the waist, quite a civilized lot of men, I thought, as I remembered how long it was since I had been in such decorous company. They were the carriers from Blantyre.

Mr. Harkess handed me a small bundle of letters which had been sent on by some ever-mindful friends to the care of the missionaries at Blantyre, who doubtless wondered from what direction the mysterious man was to appear. Friendship's missives are always welcome wherever we may be, but how thoroughly they are appreciated when they happen to be the first we have received after a long and enforced silence!

In this instance the only letter that could be of any interest to the reader was that of Mr. Moir, Manager of the African Lakes Company, which briefly stated that

we would be welcomed at Mandala (Blantyre), and that a number of carriers had been sent to fetch our luggage. Mr. Moir added that our mode of reaching the coast would be a subject for our own decision; because the steamer *Lady Nyassa*, of the lower river, was high and dry, undergoing repairs. The latest accounts told of war upon the river; but Mr. Moir said we might be assured he would give us every assistance in his power.

At Matope a number of new cases lay on the river bank. They contained the outfit of Mr. Harris * of the London Missionary Society, a young clergyman who was bound for Lake Tanganyika.

By this time it was evident that under present circumstances there would be some trouble in reaching the coast. M. Giraud and myself had common interests; both of us had been deserted, and both were anxious to reach the coast. In my new found friend I could see many manly traits of character, and his whole demeanour was such as to encourage the forging of a link of good fellowship. We agreed to remain shoulder to shoulder and together find our way to the sea, a compact which I never had any cause to regret. Future progress I then thought would be child's play compared with the weary past.

With the change from solitude to companionship, from despair to hope, and from starvation to plenty, all doubt and all anxiety fled from my mind. This sudden revolution had been productive of good results: my dysentery had disappeared and the appetite had returned, so that I again felt quite fit for the road.

For the benefit of those whom it may interest I may as well state the cure, which was given me by M. Giraud, who had himself suffered during the early stages of his long journey. The remedy consisted of one ounce of sulphate of soda, taken in doses of one ounce to begin with, and diminishing daily, the accompanying diet being rice-water only—the rice boiled out, strained, and allowed to cool. The treatment was a speedy remedy in my case.

* Since dead.

The time soon came when we had to say good-bye to Harkess, Fredericks, and the crew of the lively little *Ilala.* For my part, memory of the first sight of the welcome craft coming through the gloom of the dark night on Lake Nyassa, and of the first meeting of those we were now about to leave, impressed me deeply,

A GOOD SHOT

indescribably I may even say, as I remembered especially the kindness of their relief and care.

Two days after the departure of Harkess and Fredericks, my friend and myself, severely tattered in apparel and tarnished in general appearance, through constant exposure, but nevertheless in capital health and spirits, marched with cheerful steps at the head of a long black caravan. The men were laden with ivory and horns; also spears and baskets of native make. The white sweeping curves of the tusks which crowned the heads of the Yao porters, whose loins were decked

with folds of white calico, gave a curiously picturesque appearance to the chainlike column, as it entered the long gravelled streets of Mandala, where the slight stream of sparkling water played, and an avenue of the eucalyptus waved gently in the morning wind. The leaves danced beneath our feet, and borne by the breeze floated upward as we stopped to salute the British flag flying proudly over the mission station in the highlands of Blantyre.

Passing down the street we saw that the ground was enriched by fragrant flowers, in lovely bloom, which wreathed the heart-shaped borders of the nursery beds, whose smiling verdure and radiant tints contrasted pleasantly with the bright red brick houses that lined the street.

Still further we descended, sheltered by the cool foliage of red and blue gums. On our right a field of young coffee trees, ranged in lines, were budding and bursting into blossom, shaking from their pearl-like petals the silver dewdrops of early day.

We crossed the Mudi mountain torrent, hidden beneath dark evergreen leaves of giant fig-trees (*Mkuyu*), and thus passed from Christianity to Commerce, the creek dividing the mission station from the quarters of the African Lakes Company consisting of the store and the manager's house.

Ascending the steep hill leading to the trading station we passed the gateway in the loopholed stockade of Mlomba trees, covered with creepers of impenetrable thorn, and arrived at the porch of the spacious dwelling of the white chief Mandala, the name given by the natives to Mr. John Moir, the Company's manager.

Descriptions of Blantyre and its surroundings have been printed so often that it is quite unnecessary for me to add to those which have already appeared. I must confine my words to a narration of our travels onward to the sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Moir gave us a very hearty welcome, and we soon found enchantment in the civilised surroundings of our comfortable quarters. The sight of

jugs and basins, iron bedsteads with neat brass knobs, sheets, towels, and looking-glass, with a Bible lying upon a prettily covered table, awoke both in Giraud and myself long dormant thoughts. Perhaps they were something like those of Devilshoof, in the Opera of *The Bohemian Girl*, who lights his pipe with leaves of books and starts aghast when he looks in the truthful mirror which reflects "himself as others see him," an uncouth weather-stained individual with dishevelled hair, who tries the springs of cushioned mattresses for their virtue as springs, and not as downy protectors of sparsely fleshed bones.

That we enjoyed the change goes without saying. We endeavoured to occupy as much of the commodious beds as we possibly could, stretching a toe to each foot-post, while with our hands we clasped the cold iron, right and left. Had our hair been cut, the touch of civilisation might have been complete.

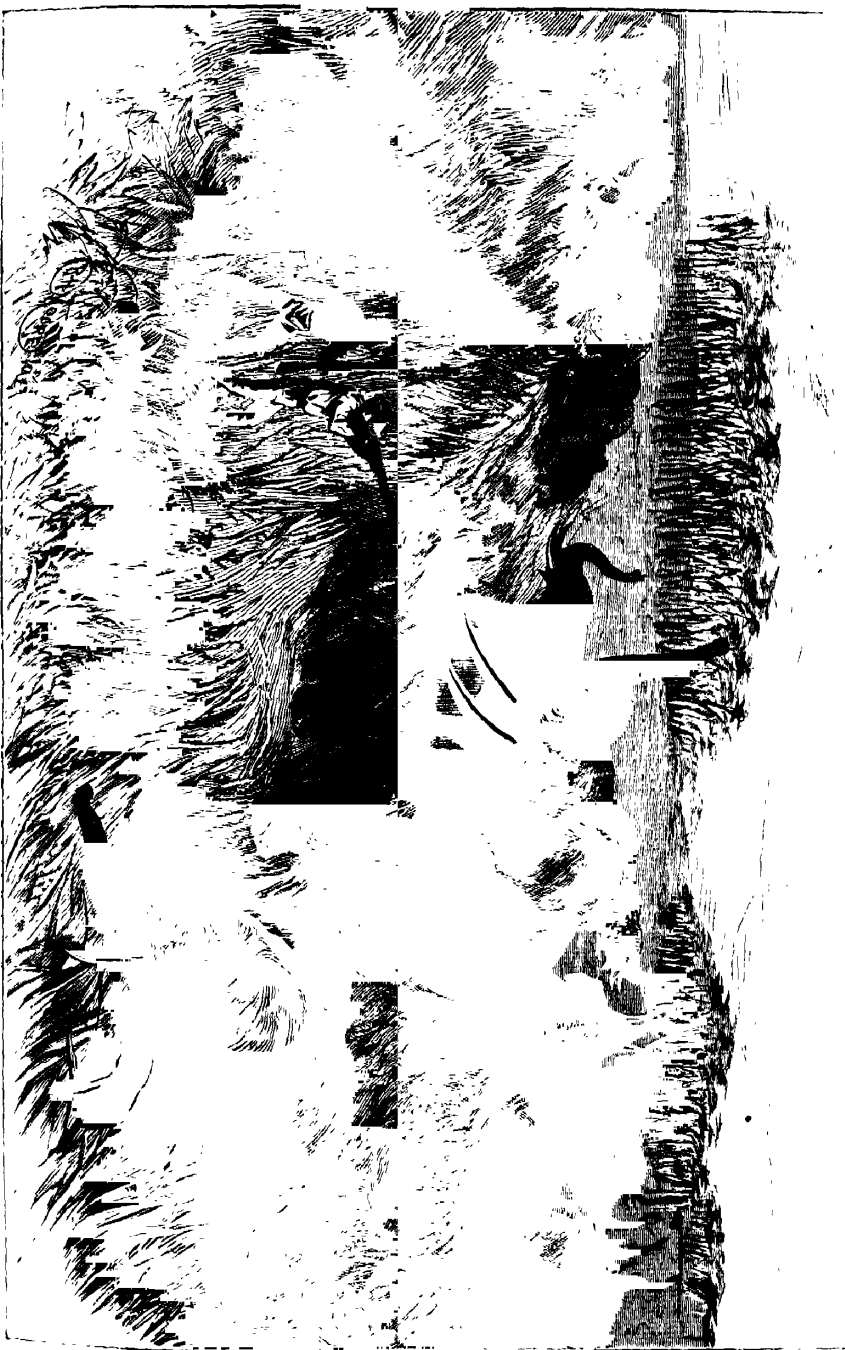
After a time Mr. Kerr and Lieutenant Giraud arranged to descend the Shiré river in canoes, and so reach the Zambesi and the sea. On their way over they found a Portuguese force making its way up river, and practically carrying on a war with the natives. On their way down the river they had frequent adventures with hippos and occasional sport with elephants.

Here is an elephant adventure of Mr. Kerr's :—

The wind, being shifty and light, was bad for stalking. We were almost blinded by the glare, but waded along sturdily until we were close up to the herd. The grass was so high at this point that, for the matter of outlook, we might as well have been in thick bush.

However, I could just discern the tops of the heads of the immense beasts, and, listening, I could hear the tramp of their huge feet clipping the grass like a sickle. Now and again a cough, or mayhap a low bugle note, would come from some tough old trumpet as the herd swept irresistibly and majestically along. Those were exciting moments. The keenest eye and steadiest nerves were necessary.

Beckoning to Fred—who did not seem to relish the

VOL. I — ON THE GREAT ELEPHANT MARSHES, SHIRÉ VALLEY. — *To face p. 440*

position very much—to be ready with the second gun, I seized the eight-bore, a good opportunity having occurred, for the grass was somewhat shorter, and at no distance off two fine bulls were moving along. With the object of seeing more distinctly, and yet knowing well what the result would be, I drew my feet together.

A flash, a crash, and away went three ounces of lead to lodge in the massive body of the nearest bull, whilst I fell violently to the ground in the opposite direction. Immediately regaining my feet, I discharged the other barrel in elephant number two, an ancient and splendid tusker of gigantic proportions.

Down I went again, having been standing on tiptoe. The kick of the rifle was not heavy when an ordinary position was possible; but at that time it could only be compared to a stiff match with the gloves against some adept in the noble art. The second recoil resulted in a cut cheek and a black eye.

Both the bulls, however, fell when I fell. The rest of the herd with uplifted trunks broke away in all directions. The wind being weak, they were uncertain which course to strike, which doubled our by no means improbable chance of being run over. As usual, the empty cases stuck in the big gun, and for the life of me I could not extract more than one of them, although in less time than it takes to write this both the bulls were again on their legs, trumpeting wildly as they broke impetuously through the high grass. I managed to replace one cartridge, and after a hot chase succeeded in finishing off elephant number one.

At the sound of the rifle's report, number two—the biggest bull and badly wounded—instantly wheeled and faced me, his trumpet tones shrieking in the air, while his ears, spread out in anger, flapped like a foresail in a shifting wind. The formidable beast was in the act of charging, and a thrill went through my nerves when I felt how weak I was without the big gun. Not a moment was to be lost, so I fired both barrels of C.L.K. right into his temple, which made him shake his old grey head and, with piercing screams, beat

a rapid retreat towards the gloomy shades of the great palms.

"Confound those cartridges!"

"Look out!" shouted Fred at the top notes of his voice, "dere is elephants coming."

I had nothing but C.L.K., and sure enough a number of cows were seen advancing with thundering strides, until I thought they were on the top of us.

"Look out! look out!" was the warning which again and again came from Fred's lusty lungs.

A rapid glance towards the right gave the alarming view of a grey mass of heads breaking through the high grass, and bearing down upon us like a cohort in mad alarm. Expecting to turn their course, I yelled as loudly as possible, and when they came within a few yards was relieved to see them swerve to one side and sweep past.

Not caring to lose another chance, I tried C.L.K. again. Knowing the lightness of my bullets I aimed for the ear shot, and let fly right and left, bringing down, wonderful to say, a fine cow stone dead with the first shot, and the bullets half-hollowed!

Sport on many occasions was utterly spoiled by the sticking of the empty cases; but the disappointment in this case was excessively annoying, for the lost bull was the finest African elephant I had seen. The tusks appeared to be very long.

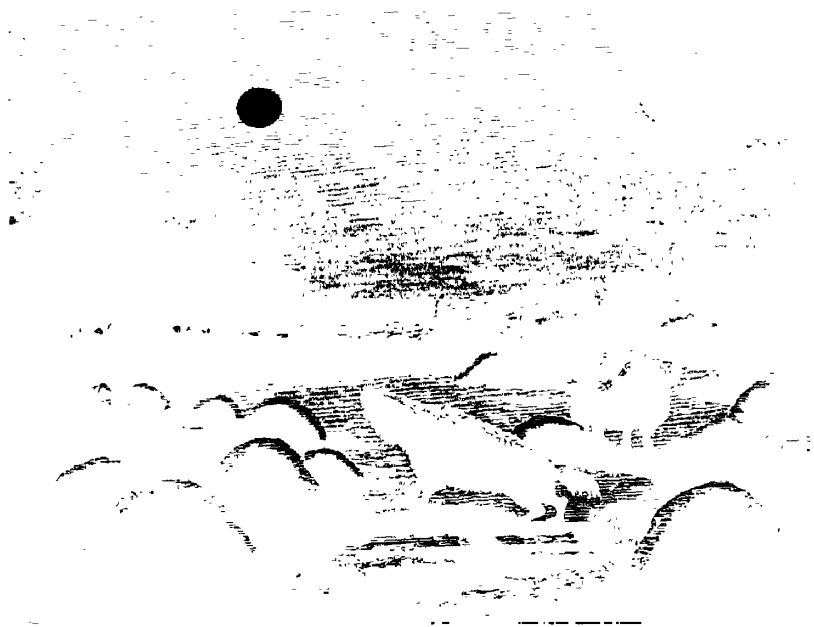
"Master can't get to Chiromo on the Ruo river to-night. It is very far," quoth Fred.

"We must, Fred; for I promised M. Giraud I would be there to-night."

The hottest hour of the day was upon us, and we were at least two miles from the canoe. I had no fear of the Manganja people, who had shown much appreciation of my efforts on their behalf during the previous night. A little cloth to each would urge them to do wonders. But not a moment was to be lost. Hurrying on under indescribable heat we reached the river, with our bodies bathed in perspiration.

All plans were matured by this time. The Manganja

people worked well. By four o'clock in the afternoon the tusks and trunk of the elephant were on board the *Leviathan*, and we were again skimming down in the run of the silver stream.

The day's adventures, however, were not yet over. We found the hippos in a defiant and daring humour. Passing through herd after herd, some of the monsters would rise half out of the water close to us, and facing the canoe would plunge as though bent upon swimming

HYÆNA HUNT.

under the fragile craft. Right and left, front and rear, the threatening animals surged and dived.

All at once a crashing noise was heard among the reeds which fringed the river's banks, past which we were slowly gliding.

I heard Fred shouting: "Shoot, master, shoot!" and at the same moment there came plunging with furious force, from amidst the yielding dark green walls, one of the biggest of the mighty monsters of the river.

The boys braced their long bamboos simultaneously

to stop our "way," but the depth of water defeated their efforts. As I fired, the hippo nearly struck the bow. Then quick as lightning he dived, the canoe passing over him, so that for a moment I felt as though we were passing over a torpedo. Little more than a second elapsed before he was up again, this time alongside, erecting his ugly head high out of the water.

Another shot, with better direction than the first, was followed by a tremendous splashing of water, which frothed and seethed as though it was in a boiling cauldron, and amidst the trembling confusion we saw the last of the formidable brute.

This herd consisted of about ten hippos, all playing and romping in blissful contentment whilst this exciting bother was in progress.

The incident was nearly the cause of the total wreck of the *Leviathan*; for during the strenuous endeavours of the boys to stop her, the stern swung out, and now the canoe lay athwart the stream, a most unmanageable position, considering her great length.

Down we went. The poles could find no bottom. A promontory jutted out from the bank in front, forming the whirl of a strong eddy, the two currents flowing in opposing directions with equal velocity.

"Thunder and lightning, Fred! This will break us up."

The backwater, running like a mill race, caught the *Leviathan's* nose, while the strong central current swept her stern in the opposite direction. Round she spun like a top, and came into violent collision with the abutting bank, which met her like the ram of an ironclad. The cranky craft struck with a heavy thud, and heeled over, threatening to discharge both crew and cargo without further ceremony. We clung to the long reeds which inclined invitingly towards our eager hands, and managed to get a hold just in time to prevent a repetition of the pirouette movement, and the certainty of the craft going to the bottom.

Considerable delay resulted from this unforeseen mischance. Water, which had been shipped, had to be

Vol. I.

bailed, and the saturated cargo righted. As soon as this was over we shoved off once more, rejoicing at the two very narrow escapes we had had within a few minutes.

Towards evening the hippos became more playful, being about to enter their feeding grounds. They appeared on every hand, and we no sooner passed one

HORSE ATTACKED BY A LION.

herd of eight or ten than we ran into another, while difficulties and dilemmas were increased by the fall of darkness, the mountains in the far west helping to shut out the light. Laying to the south-east was the village of Chiromo, where M. Giraud and I had arranged to meet.

Pitchy darkness was the chief characteristic of the night, rendered more gloomy by occasional thunder showers coming down heavily, and increasing discomforts

that were already bad enough. Not a dry rag nor a dry stick could now be found in the canoe.

We were quite lost in the misleading currents, which threw us carelessly from one sand bank to another, until at last we grounded hard upon a hidden reef, and there firmly stuck. Busy boys were at once at work endeavouring to launch the old log again, when we heard a splash in the water as of something passing down in the safety of the deep current.

Could it be Giraud in the other canoe? We shouted, and needle-like from the gloom shot a tiny dug-out, propelled by a solitary Manganja, who in answer to our inquiries said that he had not seen the other large canoe. He agreed to pilot us, and at the close of that stage of the journey the troubles and vicissitudes of the day were over; the relief excusing a general sigh of satisfaction as we walked along the village street, Chiromo on the Ruo river.

The day had been weary through incessant work. Not a morsel of food had been touched for four-and-twenty hours. We found the other canoe moored at the bank.

"Ah!" exclaimed Giraud, "you have arrived at last: we have been waiting here and wondering what had become of you."

"I heard a good deal of firing after you left in the morning," I remarked.

"Yes," was the reply; "we were among hippos, and succeeded in killing an old bull. It was hot work; but we landed him. He had fine tusks. We bagged a monster crocodile too."

Exchanging stories of our hunting experiences, we sat down to supper, which had been receiving the attention of the Wangwana people for about a couple of hours. The viands were served in tin plates, placed on a split reed mat. Absolute silence ensued. Considering our protracted fast we were to be pardoned for devoting assiduous attention to the repast, and while I was engrossed with the attractions of the feast my small tea-kettle was appropriated by some appreciative native.

As we moved down the winding river we saw that it washed deserted shores, upon which the most common sights were the fields of battles that had been waged and won. Morambala, which had frowned upon us during the previous night, was approached.

Stark scenes of devastation expanded from the river's brink. Over the land the skull and crossbones might have fitly waved.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the untold wretchedness which has made the Shiré valley a vale of blood and of tears. Sad indeed has been the fate of its persecuted people. The ruthless work of fire and sword has driven them hither and thither. Slavery and war here found a congenial soil; and even to-day may be seen on the river's banks the white-robed prince of slaves.

Close upon the heels of heathen slavers, more excusable, perhaps, than any, advanced the bristling phalanx, paid by Christian gold, to strengthen the power of the harsh half-caste chief, and so rid the land—*where no other people can sow or reap*—of its struggling but natural sons of toil! Thus fields are fertilised by the bodies of the slain, and the mocking sun looks down and bakes the bare bones until they return to their original dust.

The boats speed on, and we see gardens laid waste while the river runs green with their despoiled produce. Village after village is passed, all devastated by fire, showing rows of roofless huts, like heaps of smouldering straw. Far away we see leaping into happy daylight, seething flames that danced over the ruin of some luckless inland village. Fire, the soldier's only constant friend, is here left to complete the wreck that man began.

Could these poor sufferers be worse if civilisation had never approached their land? Of course, we must not forget that there are two tellings for every story. I, perhaps, have experienced that which enables me to speak only of one, which, unhappily, is on the side of sorrow.

A rough noise has followed us down stream. We look upwards and see that the water is black with a fleet of canoes, from which comes the merry beating of many drums. It is the Portuguese flotilla, carrying the triumphant army homeward. Borne along at the rate of four knots an hour they rapidly approach, and louder and louder becomes the heavy thud of many paddles and the babbling of a thousand tongues.

The larger boats soon sweep past, being well manned by Mazara boatmen (noted as expert watermen), with red caps brilliant on their black heads. They bend their bodies to the stroke as they plunge their paddles deftly in the stream. At the stern of some of the boats we see the luxury-loving young officer, reclining on a soft mattress enjoying a siesta, or smoking the soothing cigarette. A happy crowd truly to pass through a scene so gruesome!

That Portuguese flotilla was a novel sight. The army was the queerest assemblage that could well be imagined. No particular rule or order existed about anything, for the only anxiety that was evident was the desire to hasten helter-skelter home. None of the canoes were large; few contained more than eight men, and some with only two men were no bigger than long bath tubs. The large keel-boats might have about fifteen or twenty on board, and were propelled by paddles, the men facing the bow. No oars were used. There was a great abundance of drums, many of which were taken from the Mazinjiri.

One of the keel-boats, we were informed, had the Governor of Quillimane on board, very ill with fever. A hail came from another as it passed. A Senhor Leal was on board, and he told us that there was still war lower down the river.

Two days passed, and we were beginning to hope that the confluence of the river would be reached before long.

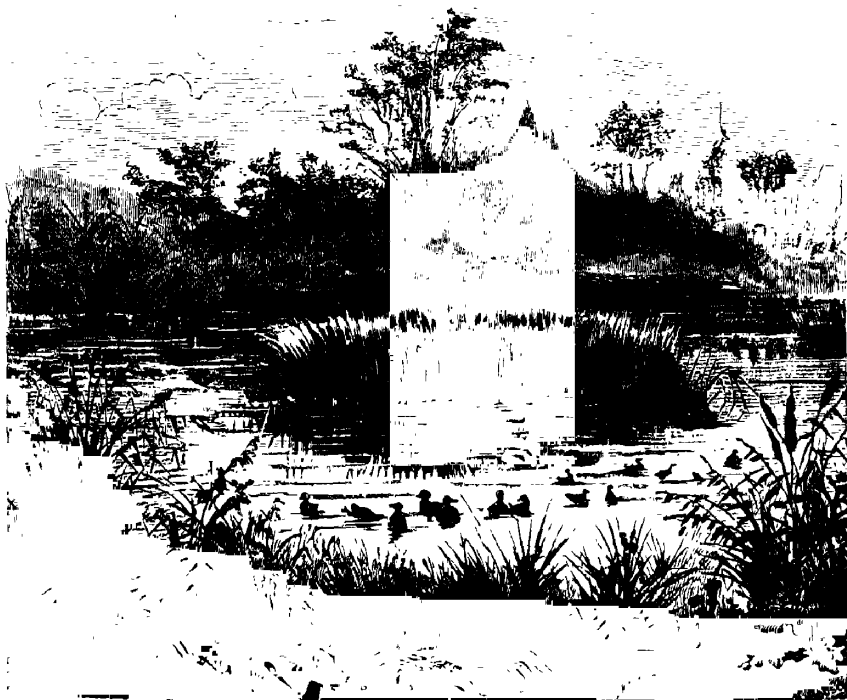
Dysentery broke out among the crew. One man who went ashore disappeared altogether.

Further down the stream the marshes were observed

Vol. I.

PROTECTING A HOSTAGE

To face p. 449

to be becoming more extensive, until they stretched as far as the blue horizon. By that time we had reached the foot of the Morambala mountain, which from north to south rises like a pyramid. The natives dare not call the mountain by its name, but speak of it as Salumbidwa, which literally signifies "I cannot call you by your name." At times, when great floods prevail in

A QUIET SPOT.

the Zambesi delta, all the land here, as far as the eye can reach, becomes an immense sea.

Salumbidwa's influence instils awe into the poor black who voyages in his rude dug-out, and sees the towering pyramid rising in solitary grandeur from the vast sheet of water stretching from horizon to horizon. Sometimes the voyager may encounter a floating island, for whole banks, often acres in extent, break away from the reed-covered swamps, to drift under the careless whims of

wind and current. With strained and anxious eyes he looks out for the crescent moon to gild the western skies; and full of fearful awe he watches the cloud-omens which hang over the misty crest of Salumbidwa. If perchance the dreaded deity frowns and thunders, flashing the transient but deadly fire from its beetling brows, he will turn away in terror, and with all his might hasten to the distant shore, there to await the pleasure of the mountain spirit, when the wild winds shall be stilled and the angry waves subdued.

A camp was formed at the foot of the mountain, but we were soon again on our way. The moon shone brightly, lighting up the scene. Passing a large camp of the Portuguese army they challenged us, but we answered that we were Govea's men. They warned us to keep a good look-out below, for we might be fired on.

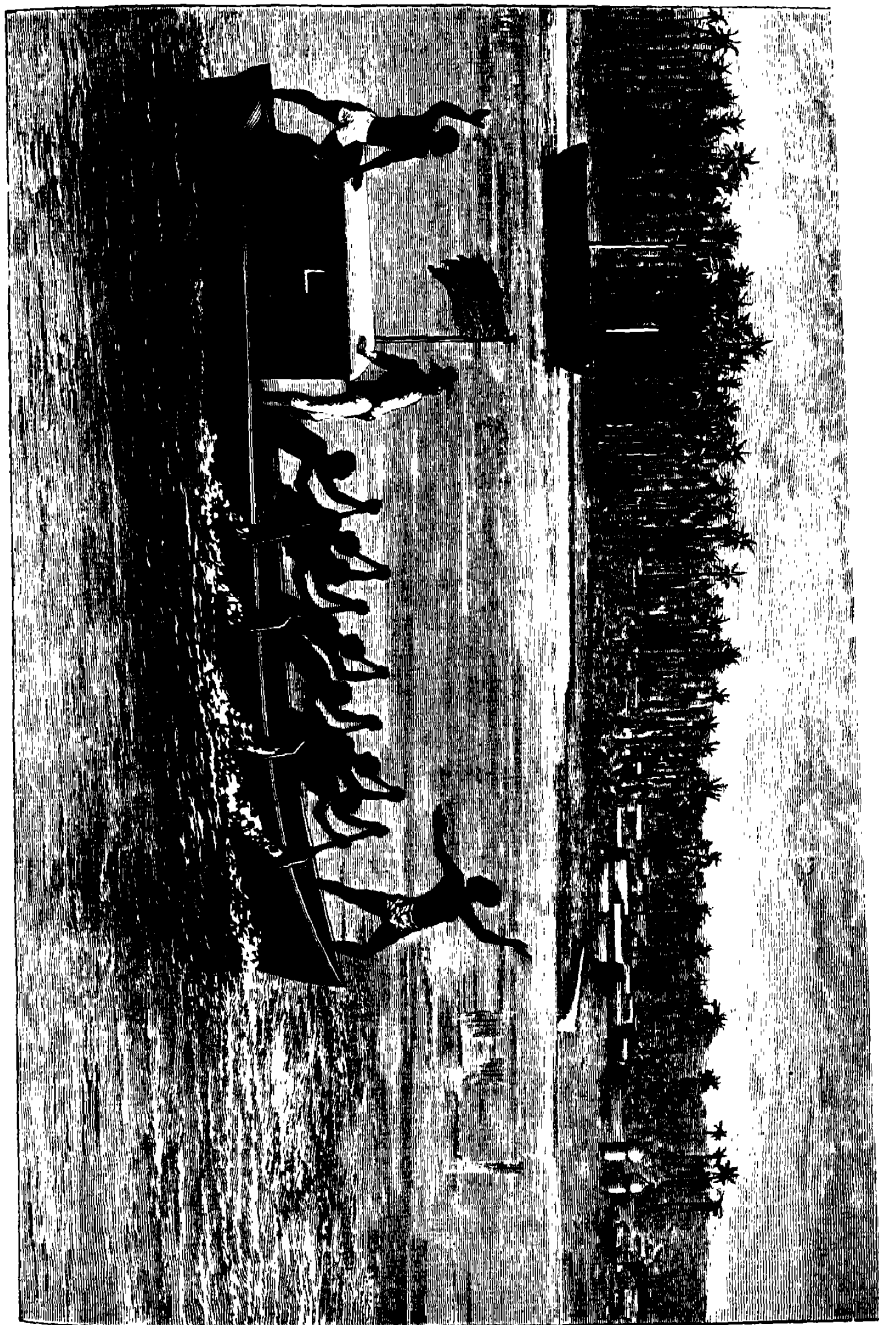
The canoes parted at this point; the Wangwana working so well in the coolness of the morning that the *Leviathan* was beaten. My men had worked so hard that I had not the heart to press them. The canoe was an old one, very heavy, and so unwieldy at times that the work of navigating was doubly difficult.

Without the slightest appearance or sound of anything to warn us, firing all at once was opened on the left bank. We happened to be keeping in the deep stream on the right, and before I could even protest, the canoe was ashore and the men jumping out of her.

"Come, master," shouted Fred. "We must get out. They are Mazinjiri, and will fire on us.

The Portuguese guide, too, ran in hot haste up the bank, calling out, "Quick, quick! Mazinjiri, Mazinjiri!"

A great deal of shouting was indulged in, during which I heartily eulogised all hands for their effective funk. Some time after, the words in native tongue came echoing across the water, "We are Frau's men, and thought you were Mazinjiri." This adventure made us challenge every one we saw. Even numbers of the Portuguese flotilla we roared at as they passed, our shouts astonishing the natives very much.

Vol. I. WO-OH! AI! OH! SINGING TO THE SEA.

The canoes met near a burning village. Pumpkins by the score were found, so that our stores were replenished. We skirted the left bank, passing a deserted French station, and finally reaching a post occupied by a Dutch trader (Mr. Hooft), who had been a great favourite among the natives; so much so, that they had given him timely warning to leave during the earlier stages of the war. On hearing of the close of hostilities Mr. Hooft had returned, only to find that there was nothing left in the house. Through sheer want he was about to leave directly overland to Quillimane.

While we were here some soldiers arrived bearing a message from Portuguese officers, begging Mr. Hooft to let them have some provisions, from which request it was evident that the country had been pretty well drained of supplies.

From this point both M. Giraud and myself concluded that it would be useless to attempt to hold together, seeing that no one knew the channels, which, near the junction of the rivers, break away in all directions. The Portuguese guides, with their banners, bag and baggage, had left in order to join their friends on the homeward march.

Once again we had run out of provisions, and the men were devouring raw pumpkins.

If the *Tricolour* and the *Leviathan* kept together, unnecessary delay would arise, so that the best plan would be to divide what trifling supplies were left, and each find the course as well and as quickly as possible to Mazaro. My share in the grand division was a tin of pea-soup.

Giraud's Wangwana men, poor creatures, suffered most, owing to their religious scruples forbidding them to eat that which they had not themselves killed, or to dip in a dish with others not of their own kin.

Each canoe strikes out on its own account, and before two miles had been covered they part.

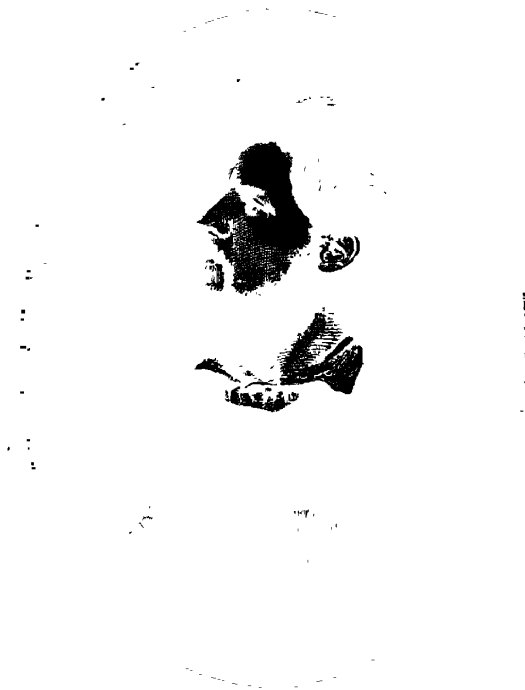
The sea at last was reached, and both travellers reached their homes in safety.

CHAPTER XI.

BETWEEN ANGOLA AND THE ZAMBESI.

EXCEPT that there are no railways, Africa is now almost as easy and as safe to cross as America, at least in its southern part. It was not always so; Livingstone was the first white man, as we know, who crossed the continent from west to east. Stanley followed some years later from east to west. When Stanley arrived at St. Paul de Loanda, after leaving the mouth of the Congo, he met with Major Serpa Pinto, who was then making preparations to follow in the footsteps of Livingstone. Accompanied by Colonel Capello and Captain Ivens, he had undertaken the command of a great Portuguese expedition into the interior of Africa, starting from the possessions of Portugal on the West Coast. For reasons into which we need not enter, Capello and Ivens separated from Major Serpa Pinto, ere the expedition had well started, and undertook an exploration of their own in the interior of the province of Angola. Serpa Pinto resolved to cross the continent, and he succeeded in doing so. Since then—it was in 1877–79, Africa has been crossed several times; by Major Wissmann, by Oscar Lenz, by M. Trivier, by Mr. Arnot, and a second time by Mr. Stanley and his companions on the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition. Let us follow Serpa Pinto, who landed at St. Paul de Loanda about the middle of 1877. He had great difficulty in obtaining carriers, and like most African travellers had trouble in this respect all through the expedition. He had to go south to the town of Benguella, capital of the province of the same name, and his account of what he found there throws great light on the position of Portugal

in Africa, and it was all the more valuable as coming from a patriot so enthusiastic as Major Pinto.

Alfredo Pereira de Mello,* Governor of Benguella, on hearing my request for hospitality, exhibited an amount of embarrassment which was only too perceptible, and after a pause said that he had no accommodation to offer me. His answer surprised me, as I knew him to be naturally courteous and open-handed. I had received

MAJOR SERPA PINTO.

invitations, from the very moment of my arrival, both from Antonio Ferreira Marques and Cauchoix, but I had made up my mind to take up my quarters in the Governor's house.

He then said that he had not a bed to offer me, at which I pointed to my travelling bed, for I had had

* Alfredo Pereira de Mello, a captain in the army and Governor of Benguella, was the same Lieutenant Mello referred to by Cameron in his work 'Across Africa,' and who was then aide-de-camp to the Governor of the Province, Snr. Andrade.—*Note of the Author.*

my luggage brought up with me. Defeated in this quarter, he asserted that he had not a room; to which I responded by saying that a corner of the hall in which we stood would serve my turn. Finding his objections thus overruled, he gave in, and I stopped. I was curious to learn the cause of the Governor thus denying me hospitality, and a little investigation unravelled the mystery.

Alfredo Pereira de Mello was a new man, although he had attained to some rank in the navy. Congenial and intelligent, he was esteemed by all who knew him intimately, because to a finished education he joined a singular rectitude of character, and that energy which is peculiar to every good sailor. He had served in the English navy, and was an experienced navigator. He had visited both the Americas, and before going to Africa in the capacity of aide-de-camp to the Governor Andrade, he had made voyages to India, China, and Japan. His Excellency, who knew me very well by name, on hearing my request, forgot that he had the explorer before him, and only thought of the man, habituated to a life of comfort and even luxury. The truth therefore was, that Pereira de Mello was ashamed to offer me shelter. A Governor of Benguella, however upright and honourable he may be, is bound to live in the very humblest fashion, if dependent on the pay that he receives. The Government house is a hired one. Its furniture, many degrees below the designation of simple, is barely sufficient to garnish a sitting-room and one bed-chamber. In the former, in striking contrast to the furniture, and in a richly-gilded frame, was a portrait of the King, the best I have ever seen.

Foreign vessels of war frequently put into the harbour. The officers, on coming ashore, naturally called upon the Governor, and invited him on board, where they regaled him in right royal fashion, but not a glass of water did they get in return; and why? because the negress who constituted the chief part of the domestic establishment of his Excellency would have had to present it on a cracked old plate. The so-called

dinner-service was, I verily believe, like another sword of Damocles, suspended over the head of Pereira de Mello, when I appeared before him and obstinately determined to remain his guest. And yet he was quite wrong. The neatness and cleanliness which presided at his board made you quite forget that the glasses were cracked and the plates chipped and otherwise disfigured by time, and the simple but admirably cooked food was so appetising after exposure to the air of Africa that—though I have no wish to offend the cook at the Hôtel Central in Lisbon—I must aver that I have dined better in the Governor's house at Benguella than ever I did off his savoury viands; and yet I will lay any odds that the negress Conceição, who performed

CHIPULO FROM THE RIVER CUCHIBI.

such wonders of cookery, never even heard the name of that hero of pots and pans, the celebrated Brillat-Savarin. The very first day of my forcible entry on his privacy, Pereira de Mello opened to me his heart and entered into many details of his inner life. Three official notes addressed to the government of the province, wherein he begged for authority to make certain reforms in his household, had remained, he said, unanswered.

How little novelty is there in human affairs! On turning over the leaves of a copy letter-book, existing in the archives of the government of Benguella, I happened to fall upon certain official notes dated as far back as 1790, wherein the then governor made an appeal to the king in almost identical terms; averring that he had complained in vain to the governor-general

of the province about the state of the carriages of two brass guns, which urgently required looking to;—application and appeal having been both, alas! equally fruitless, as the pieces are carriageless at the present day! These are the very pieces of ordnance alluded to by Cameron. He will be pleased, however, to know that the carriages have been ordered, and cannot be much longer delayed; for as the order appears to have been given at some time in the said year, 1790, they must surely be nearly ready now.

Benguella is a picturesque town which extends from the shore of the Atlantic to the very summit of the mountains which form the first steps of the lofty plateau of tropical Africa. It is surrounded by a dense forest, the *Matta do Caraco*, even at the present day peopled with wild beasts; a fact, however, which should cause no particular astonishment, inasmuch as the Portuguese generally are not greatly given to sport. The residences of the Europeans cover a large area, for all the houses have vast gardens and dependencies. These gardens are well looked after; they produce all the known European vegetables, and a good many tropical plants besides. Extensive *patios*, or courts, surrounded by overhanging galleries, serve as shelter to the large caravans which descend from the interior to the coast for the purposes of traffic, and remain three days under cover in order to effect the barter.

A river, which in the summer season, looks scarcely more than a broad ribbon of white sand running from the mountains to the sea through the forest *do Caraco* constitutes nevertheless the great source or spring of Benguella, whose wells, that have been dug there, produce excellent water purified in its passage through calcareous sand. The broad and straight streets of the town are planted with two rows of trees, for the most part sycamores, but of no great age, and as yet therefore somewhat small. The squares or *places* are of vast size, and in a public garden are flourishing many fine plants that are very agreeable to the eye. The houses, which

have no upper storey, are built of unbaked bricks, and the flooring is composed either of tiles or wood. The custom-house is a good building, recently erected, and has spacious warehouses for the storing of goods. This establishment and the public garden before alluded to, as well as other improvements in Benguella, were the work of a former governor, Leite Mendes. To him also is due, I believe, the foundation of a magnificent pier with iron architraves, subsequently carried to completion by Governor Teixeira da Silva. It is furnished with two cranes and trams, by which goods are conveyed from the vessels into the custom-house. I am grammatically wrong, however, in using the present tense in respect of such conveyance; I should rather employ the conditional, and say they *would be conveyed*, if there were any men to do the work; but as these are wanting, they are not conveyed at all. The town further boasts of a decent church and a cemetery, well placed and walled in. The European population is surrounded on all sides by *senzalas*, or the huts of the negroes, which in fact are occasionally discoverable in deserted grounds in the very midst of the dwellings of the whites. Take it for all in all, the general aspect of the place is agreeable and picturesque.

QUIMBANDE WOMAN CARRYING HER LOAD.

Benguella has a somewhat doubtful reputation among the Portuguese possessions in Africa. Many suppose the country to be infected; that it exhales pestiferous miasma too often causing death from plague. But this is really not the case. True, I was not acquainted with the Benguella of the past, but I

can aver that at the present day it is neither better nor worse than many other places in Africa. Cleanliness and plantations of trees must certainly have considerably modified its former hygienic conditions, and a small amount of goodwill would make it, sanitarily, far better than it is. This cannot fail to be done as time goes on, inasmuch as it is not likely that a place of so much importance, from a commercial point of view, and which is in such close contact with the rich lands in the interior, can remain neglected.

The chief products which make up the trade of Benguella are wax, ivory, india-rubber, and orchilla weed, which are conveyed to the town by the caravans from the interior. These caravans are of two kinds. Some, under the guidance of agents of the trading houses, carry back to the firms which despatch them the products of their trade with the interior; others, composed exclusively of natives, come over to trade on their own account, as being more profitable to themselves. The trade with the natives is effected by direct exchange of their produce for cotton stuffs, white, striped, or printed. Other European products form the object of a second exchange for the stuffs already received; and thus, after the first barter of the ivory or wax for cotton, the latter is given for arms, powder, rum, beads, &c., at the will of the buyer, because cotton stuffs are, so to speak, the current money of this traffic. The trade is in the hands of Europeans and creoles, and we fell in there, fortunately, with a good many of those adventurous young spirits who leave their homes and country to seek for fortune in these distant climes. A few convicts of minor importance also do some trade, either on their own account or as the *employés* of foreign houses. The greatest of the criminals of the mother country—those for instance who are transported for life—are sent to Benguella, and as a natural consequence a good number of rascals are to be met with there, to whom it is well to give a wide berth; taking care not to confound them with the many really honest and worthy folks who occupy the place. The police duties

are entrusted to a military force told off for Benguella from one of the regiments, and from Benguella itself various forces are scattered among the communes of the interior, thus weakening the garrison of the town, which is small enough, in all conscience, already.

We possess two armies, one in the mother country, the other in the colonies, which have no connection between them. Our home army is good, because the Portuguese are good soldiers; our colonial army is bad, because the blacks, of which it is composed, are bad soldiers, and the few whites that are mixed up with them are even worse than the negroes. Transported for offences which exclude them from society and cause them to forfeit in Europe the rights of citizenship, they follow in Africa the noble calling of a soldier, by which it happens that our African autonomy and the public and private safety are entrusted to the defence of men who can give as sole guarantee a past career of crime or misdemeanour. Hence the constant scenes of a shameful character that are there enacted. During my stay in Benguella an impudent burglary was committed in the military department, and a large sum of money was carried off. The Governor displayed extraordinary energy in his endeavours to discover the thieves, and received great assistance at the hands of his secretary, Captain Barata; and in the end their efforts were successful, both in catching the rascals and recovering the money. It will scarcely be credited that the robbery was planned by the very sergeant of the detachment, and was carried out by him with the aid of some of the soldiers!

If our army at home can escape the censure of fastidious military critics, our colonial forces are objects for the well-merited lash of all foreigners who deign to bestow upon them any attention.

Serpa Pinto did at last succeed in getting together a scratch lot of porters, but was in continuous trouble in this respect, and also on account of the scanty provisions. From Benguella he proceeded eastwards along the lofty Bihé plateau, and on in a southerly direction

to the upper waters of the Zambesi, down the latter as far as the Victoria Falls, then southwards through Khame's territory and the Transvaal, into Natal, arriving at Durban early in 1879. The following extract will afford some idea of his early troubles, as well as of the nature of the country through which he passed. Capôco was chief of a district about 150 miles from the coast, and had treated Serpa Pinto in a very friendly way.

It was on the morning of the 21st of February, 1878, that I took leave of Capôco, and with the fever still upon me wended my way towards the Sambo territory. Before I reached the Caláe I received a note from the guide Barros informing me that during the night the carriers had all fled, leaving their loads in the village of the petty chief Quimbungo, the brother of the chief or native king Bilombo.

I turned back and sought an interview with Capôco, to whom I related what had occurred. He advised me to go on to his uncle's settlement and that he would remedy the mischief. I therefore again proceeded, and shortly after crossed the Caláe, which runs N. and S. to the Cunene, it being at this spot 33 yards wide by 3 feet 2 inches deep, with a violent current. It flows through vast plains, slightly undulated and clothed with gramineous plants, among which rises, here and there, a solitary dragon-tree. The soil is of animal formation, the whole of the ground being covered, or, more correctly speaking, covering an infinite world of white ants. A bridge, roughly thrown together and composed of the trunks of trees, unites the two banks of the river. Some 110 yards above the bridge the Caláe receives an important affluent, the Cuçuce, which contributes a volume of water as great as its own. I marched N.E. and at ten o'clock passed close to the village of the petty chief Chacaquimbamba, at the entrance of which there was a large assembly of people. I went by without their saying a word, but had not gone more than 50 yards when I heard a great noise from the direction of the settlement. At the same moment Verissimo came

are [illegible]ng up to me with the intelligence that one of our
fron[illegible]arriers was the innocent cause of the commotion.
vari[illegible]urned back and found the negro Jamba, on whom
inte[illegible]ved the duty of carrying my trunk, in a great
is s[illegible] of excitement owing to the natives having stolen
[illegible]gun—a feat which they performed the more readily
t[illegible] apprehensive of dropping his load, which he knew
[illegible]ontained the chronometers and other delicate instruments, he made but a feeble resistance. Besides the firearm, they had carried off to the village a she-goat and a sheep, a present from Capôco. I gave them to understand that they must restore what had been stolen, but I got nothing but murmurs of a threatening sound in reply. I made a rapid survey of my position, and did not feel particularly comforted by the reflection that my party consisted of ten men, opposed to upwards of 200.

Urged, however, by a sudden impulse, and putting aside the dictates of prudence and common sense, I determined to test the mettle of those ten men, who were destined to be my comrades in even greater dangers. Moving, therefore, towards the entrance of the village, I cocked my revolver, and ordered them to enter and regain possession of our property. My Benguella negro, Manuel, a young man of whom I had never previously made any account, became, as it were, another being, and cocking his gun led the way at a trot into the village. He was at once followed by Augusto, Verissimo and Catraiogrande, and a moment after by the rest of my troop, leaving me alone to stand the brunt and become perhaps the victim of the fury of the populace. The audacity, however, of our proceeding in all probability saved it from failure, and when Verissimo marched out from the place in triumph with the goat, and Augusto with the sheep, covered by their companions with their guns ready for use, the natives retired to a more convenient distance, and offered no opposition to our movements. We, however, lost the gun—easier of concealment than the animals, it was hidden securely away; nor did a second search, which

the success attending the first emboldened us to make, bring the missing article to light.

My negroes, heartened by the indecision of the natives, now became loud and warm in their desire for vengeance, and I had to exercise all my authority to prevent them opening fire on the groups that were watching us. I succeeded in calming them at last by a promise of speedy and complete satisfaction at the hands of Capôco, in whom, to tell the truth, I began to feel a certain confidence. This adventure detained us upwards of an hour, so that it was not till 1.30 P.M. that we crossed the Põe, an affluent of the Caláe, which is 5½ yards wide by nearly 4 feet deep; the bottom being soft and muddy rendered it difficult to ford.

At three o'clock we reached the village of the petty chief Quimbungo, brother of the native king of the Huambo, where we found the negro Barros in charge of the abandoned loads. Quimbungo received me very cordially and promised to furnish me with carriers to the Sambo country. On learning also of our adventure of the morning, he begged me not to let my anger fall upon Chacaquimbamba, and he would take care that the stolen gun was restored and full satisfaction given for the insult. About six in the evening Capôco arrived, bringing with him several of the porters who had fled, and the goods which had been given to the others by way of advance of pay. He further told me that on the morrow the gun should be brought back and the chief of the little village be placed at my disposal, that I might inflict upon him such chastisement as I thought proper. And more than this, he assured me that I need no longer fear the flight of any of the carriers, as he himself or his uncle would accompany me as far as the Sambo. I retired to rest burning with fever, and passed a horrible night.

On the following day a lot more carriers were got together, but still not enough for our purpose. Capôco started at daybreak for Chacaquimbamba's place, and at mid-day returned with the stolen gun and that chief himself, to whom I graciously extended full pardon for

the offence of his people. The delinquent was profuse in his expressions of gratitude and—what was even more satisfactory — presented me with a couple of splendid sheep. This done, Capôco, the renowned and ferocious chief, the terror of the neighbouring countries, whom I had succeeded in so completely winning to my service that he had heaped me with favours, took his leave, and recommending me warmly to his uncle, quietly returned to his own residence. As evening fell, a frightful tempest broke over our encampment. Torrents of rain descended amid constant crashes of thunder, and forked

GANGUELLA WOMEN.

lightning darted perpendicularly into the earth all around us. My fever increased amid this war of the elements. The storm contiñued with more or less violence throughout the night, but the rain moderated somewhat. Quimbungo, shortly after daylight, informed me that the carriers were ready, but that they demanded payment in advance. This I positively refused, for besides the experience recently acquired of the folly of the practice, Capôco had advised me never to pay them beforehand. The men in turn refused to go, and disbanded. Quimbungo assembled some of his immediate followers and ordered them to accompany me; but the number was very small, so that, even with the addition of those

brought me by Capôco, I had still twenty-seven loads without carriers for them, and was compelled to leave them behind under the charge of Barros, Quimbungo promising to send them after me to the Sambo, whither I decided forthwith to bend my steps.

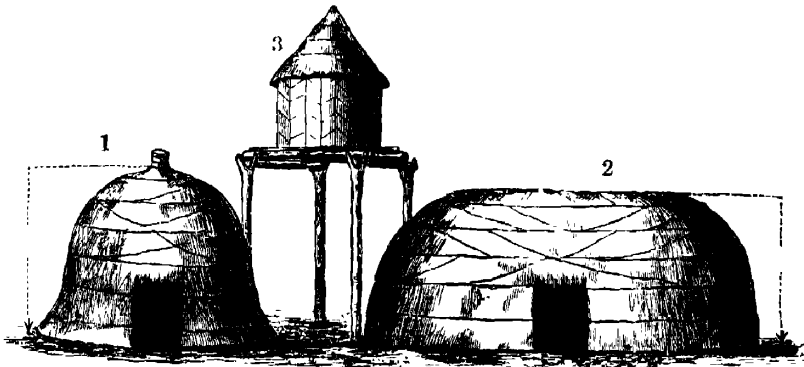
I started at 10 A.M. in an easterly direction, and an hour afterwards crossed the river Canhungamua, 33 yards in breadth and from 13 to 16 feet deep, which running southwards mingles its waters with those of the Cunene. A bridge of recent construction, formed of the trunks of trees, gave an easy passage to our party, but our carriers on reaching the left bank expressed their determination to go no farther that day. I was compelled to use the utmost energy to make them continue their march until three in the afternoon, at which hour we fixed our encampment in a thick forest of acacia-trees. The bad weather still pursued us, nor could I throw off the fever which weighed upon me, although it yielded somewhat to the irregular treatment I was enabled to apply. During the night an awful thunder-storm travelling from south-west to north-east passed over our heads, the vivid flashes of lightning being accompanied by torrents of rain.

Breaking up our camp on the following morning at six, we pursued our journey, reaching the Cunene a couple of hours later. This we crossed by a bridge constructed, like all the bridges in this part of Africa, of unhewn trunks of trees. At this spot the river was found to be 22 yards wide and 6 feet deep, the stream running southwards. The banks are slightly undulated, covered with tall grasses but with little wood. A double row of trees, however, very similar in appearance to the stunted willows of Europe, was traceable by the eye for a considerable distance, in the shape of tortuous lines, between which the river flowed with a rapid current over a bed of fine white sand. I took a short rest, after making the necessary observations to determine the altitude, and started again at noon, arriving at 2 P.M. at the village of the native chief of the Dumbo in the Sambo territory. This chief is a vassal of the king

VOL. I.

A WRECKED SLAVE DHOW.

To face p. 404.

of the Sambo, is a man of considerable wealth, and reckons a large number of inhabitants in the villages and hamlets over which he holds sway. He received me very courteously, and invited me to take up my quarters within his village, which I accepted. He promised me carriers for the following day, although, as he said, I had not arrived at a very favourable juncture, as many of his people were absent upon a war excursion. I paid and discharged the Quimbungo carriers, and felt confident about resuming my journey on the following day. A short time before my own arrival, a wealthy chief, by name Cassoma, had reached the Dumbo. He was a friend of my host, whom he had come to visit, travelling

1 AND 2. LUINA HOUSES—4 FT. 7 IN. HIGH. 3. GRANARY.

for that purpose from his residence on the bank of the Cubango. This Cassoma was far from being sympathetic to me, although he was himself profuse in his expressions of friendship, and even offered to accompany me to the Bihé.

In the evening I sent three bottles of *aguardente* to my host and reminded him not to fail me next morning in the matter of carriers. Contrary to the hospitable customs of the natives in these parts, the chief had sent me nothing whatsoever to eat, and as none would sell us flour, we were beginning to get very hungry. It was about eight o'clock at night that, in a very bad humour and with an empty stomach, I was about to retire to rest, when I heard a knocking at my door, which was

immediately followed by the entrance of my host, the chief Cassoma, another by the name of Palanca, a friend and principal counsellor of my host, and five of the wives of the latter. We conversed awhile about my journey, but Cassoma suddenly broke in with the remark, that they had not come there to talk, and addressing himself pointedly to his friend, he added, "We want *aguardente*, as you know, so tell the white man to give it to us." My host, encouraged by the impudence of Cassoma, then told me that I must give him and his wives some liquor. To this I replied that I had already given him three bottles, although he had not offered me bit or sup in return; that it was the first time in the course of my travels I had been allowed by a chief, who proffered me hospitality, to go to my bed fasting, and that I should not therefore part with another drop of *aguardente*. Cassoma then took up the cudgels and did all he could to awaken the anger of his brother chief; a warm controversy ensued between us, which lasted for more than an hour, and although I managed to keep my temper, my prudence and patience were tried to their utmost limits.

Patience and prudence, however, alike gave way when my unwelcome visitors declared that, as I would not give them what they wanted by fair means, they intended to help themselves. Pushing the cask towards them with my foot, I seized my revolver, and cocking it, asked who intended to take the first drink. They hesitated a moment, when Cassoma cried out to my host, "You are king here, and have a right to the first swill." Dumbo threw off his outer garment, which he delivered to Palanca with the words, "Take care the white man doesn't steal it," and took two steps towards the cask. I raised my revolver to the height of his head and fired; but Verissimo Gonçalves, who stood by me, knocked up my arm, and the ball went crashing into the wall of the hut. The three negroes, trembling with fear, retreated to as great a distance from me as the dimensions of the building would allow, and the five women set up a horrible chorus of screams. I then for

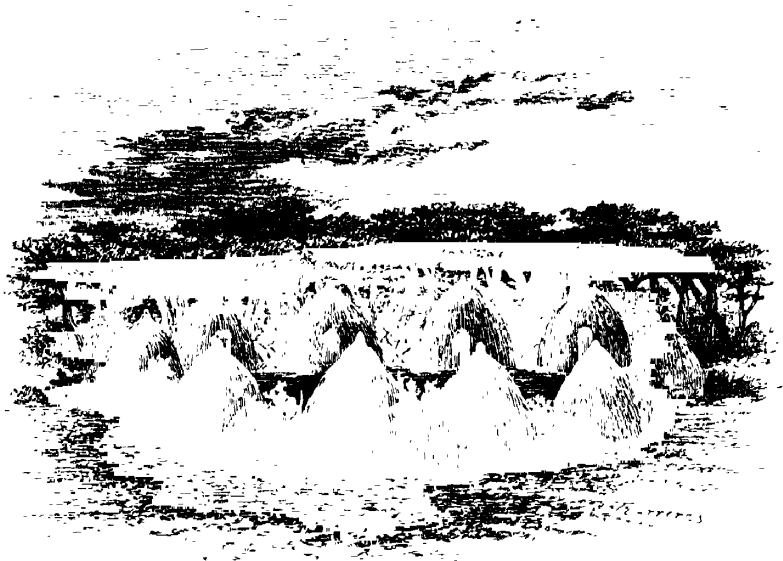
the first time became conscious of the sound of other human voices mixed with that laughter so peculiar to the blacks, and looking towards the door I discovered my faithful followers Augusto and Manuel who, on hearing the discussion, had softly approached, with the rest of my men in the rear, and now, armed with their guns, were keeping guard at the entrance, and heartily enjoying the scene. Verissimo then, in a confidential tone, informed my host and his companions that they had better retire and not say a word to arouse my anger, for that if I should put myself in a rage again he would not answer for the consequences, or be able perhaps to save their lives, as he had done awhile ago. They lost no time in taking his advice and filed off, one behind the other, in the utmost silence. But for Verissimo's knocking up my arm in the way he did I should have killed the chief, and in the position in which we then stood we should in all probability have been massacred to a man. In saving my host's life, he had therefore saved the lives of us all.

WOMAN OF THE SAMBO.

The excitement occasioned by this last adventure so increased the fever within me, that when the place was cleared of my visitors I dropped in a state of utter exhaustion upon the skins which, spread in a corner of the hut, served me by way of bed. My faithful blacks stretched themselves across the door and told me to sleep in peace, as they would watch over my safety. On three different occasions, therefore, within four days had my life been in jeopardy. First, in my encounter with the buffalo in the Huambo; secondly, in the forcible entrance into Chacaquimbamba's village; and thirdly, in the adventure of that evening. After a short and broken sleep I awoke to the sounds of a tempest that was raging violently outside. As I lay, I turned over in my mind the events of the few hours before, and did not derive much comfort or tranquillity

from their contemplation. What would the morning bring forth? There was I, with my ten men, within a fortified village whence it was not easy to escape, and even were the passage clear, where was I to obtain carriers now that I was, so to speak, at daggers drawn with their chief? My readers may form some slight idea of the anxiety with which I watched for the first gleam of daylight.

When the dawn at last appeared I took it as a good omen that the fever had somewhat abated. I rose, made all preparations for departure, and then took the bold course of summoning the chief, who was not long in making his appearance. I told him that I was about to continue my journey, and should leave my property under his care, until such time as I could send for it. In a very subdued manner he begged me not to do that, as he would furnish me with carriers; he made a thousand apologies for the occurrence of the evening before, the whole blame of which he threw upon Cassoma, whom, as he averred, he had turned out of his house. This, however, was not true, as I caught a glimpse of the fellow a little later on. At ten o'clock the requisite carriers appeared. But I saw at a glance that they did not all deserve that name, for amid the group were half-a-dozen girls with bangles about their ankles; so that, in his hurry to get rid of me, he had not waited to draw men from the surrounding hamlets, but put all he had at my disposal, and made up the desired number by these female slaves. I, however, thanked him warmly and expressed my satisfaction at such a proof of courtesy, adding that I had not got with me a present worthy of his acceptance, but that I should be happy to offer him a handsome gun if he would send a man with me, in whom he placed confidence, to receive it at the Bihé; hinting, at the same time, that I should be pleased if he selected for such office his confidant, the chief Palanca. My delight was extreme (though I took care to conceal it) at his yielding to my request and appointing Palanca to accompany me. By so doing, this Dumbo princelet delivered into

my hands a precious hostage, who would be responsible not only for my own safety but for that of the loads I had entrusted two days previously to the care of Barros, whom I informed of the circumstances by a letter which I left for him at the Dumbo. I quitted the village, which had so narrowly escaped becoming a scene of successful treachery and bloodshed, at 11 A.M., marching at the head of my strangely assorted crew, consisting of my ten Benguella braves, ten very doubtful cha-

ENCAMPMENT BETWEEN THE SAMBO AND THE BIHÉ.

racters of the Sambo country, and six virgin slaves of the native chief of the Dumbo. The rain was falling in torrents; but heedless of this inconvenience I trudged steadily on, anxious, as may well be supposed, to put as many miles as possible between myself and that inhospitable township.

Four hours later, having travelled N.E., I pitched my camp near the village of Burundoa, completely soaked through and shivering with cold and fever. I declined the hospitality offered me by the chief of the locality, for not only had I been vividly impressed with the expe-

rience of the evening before, but I began to see the wisdom of the counsel given me by Stanley, namely, never in Africa, if it could possibly be avoided, to pass the night under native roofs. Several girls made their appearance at my camp, offering for sale Indian corn, both whole and in flour, and some magnificent potatoes, in no way inferior to those of Europe. Rain still continued falling—less heavily, but most persistently—and I really began to feel very ill. In the vicinity of my camp there was a little brook, whose waters helped to swell a rivulet, an affluent of the Cubango, into which it flowed somewhat farther to the westward. During the night the rain kept falling, and increased in violence between four and five in the morning, at which latter hour it held up. There is great abundance of excellent tobacco in this country, where a good deal was sold me at a very cheap rate. Few of the blacks, however, in those parts seem to smoke, but all use tobacco in the shape of snuff. This they prepare in a very primitive way, by roasting the leaf before a slow fire and then pounding it in the very tube or box, out of which they take it, by means of a little wooden pestle fastened to the box by a fine strap.

I started at 7.40 A.M. in a N.E. direction, traversing a highly-cultivated and thickly-peopled region. At 8.30 we passed close by the large hamlet of Vaneno, and at 10 made a short halt close to the village of Moenacuchimba. We resumed our march half an hour afterwards, still pursuing a N.E. course; at 11 were abreast of the hamlet of Chacapombo, a very populous place, and at 11.30 had another rest near Quiaia, the most important of all these inhabited places. The chief of this latter village turned out to salute me and made me a present of a large pig. I returned him its value in striped cotton stuff, at which he was very pleased, and subsequently sent a lot of pumpkins for the use of my people. We pursued our journey in the same direction, and two hours later pitched our tents in a wood near the hamlet of the Gongo. The latter part of this day's march was very tedious owing to the heavy

showers of rain; and a S.W. wind that was blowing was searching and cold. In the evening an envoy arrived at my camp from the native chief of the Sambo, whose township was described to me as being situated at a distance of some nine or ten miles in a N.W. direction. The object of his message was to get something out of me in the way of a present, and to inform me that if I would pass by the chief's place he would give me an ox in return. I thanked him for the kind intention, and promised to let him have a trifle on the following day, for I was apprehensive, if I sent him off empty-handed, he would induce my carriers to abandon me; a matter that it would have been very easy to do, as they had already shown a disposition to mutiny, which it had required all Verissimo's eloquence to overcome.

A chief of the name of Capuço, who held sway over the neighbouring hamlet, paid me the compliment of sending me by three of his wives (all very ugly women) a present in the shape of a fowl and three pumpkins. In return I sent him about three yards of striped cloth and gave a few beads to the women. At nightfall we had other female visitors, offering flour, maize, and manioc for sale. All these women indulged in the most extravagant head-dresses, the hair being interlaced with white coral and made to shine with a lavish expenditure of castor-oil, which seemed to be a favourite article of the toilet. The men furnished me by the chief of the Dumbo were the most insubordinate rascals I ever came across; they were always either quarrelling with one another or with the Benguella porters, so that the only quiet spot in the camp, at night-time, was that occupied by the six negresses, my gentle virgin carriers. A very rough night it was—rain and wind contending for the mastery. At daybreak the chief Capuço came to thank me for the cloth I had given him, and as if to make up for the insignificance of his former gift, had brought with him a handsome pig and a good fat hen. The envoy of the great chief came shortly after to receive the present I had promised him; and as I

considered it was only an exchange for an *intention* to give me an ox, if I went ten miles out of my way, I did not think it worth while to make it a costly one.

At 8 A.M. we were on our way, and at 9 passed close to the hamlets of Chacaonha, inhabited by the first of the Ganguella race in West Africa. The Bomba rivulet was shortly after forded and we continued along its left bank for about a mile and a quarter, when the carriers suddenly laid down their loads, saying they would not move another step, and demanded payment that they might return to their homes. We were then about a mile or so from the Cubango, and being very desirous of crossing that river, I tried to persuade them to go at least that short distance farther, and promised that, so soon as I was on the other side, I would pay them what was due and dismiss them. My persuasions, however, had no effect. They gave me to understand that the reason of their refusal was the fear of my vengeance—that I had been grossly insulted in the village of their chief at the Dumbo—and they were convinced that I should not spare them if I once got them on the other bank of the river and consequently out of their own territory. I tried to reason them out of such an absurdity, but it was labour in vain. I then refused to pay them at all if they did not carry the loads to the other side of the river. To this they replied that they would rather go without their pay than follow me, and they at once called the six girls and bade them come away with them. I was at my wits' end. Within a stone's throw, as it were, was the hamlet of that fellow Cassoma, and I thought I perceived in this business a craftily devised plan to betray me into his hands, he having gone on before to make his preparations.

Any loads abandoned in such a place were as good as lost beyond redemption, and with this conviction on my mind my readers may imagine with what feelings I contemplated the departure of the carriers. I turned my eyes, in perplexity, towards my goods, and a sudden revulsion of feeling came over me. Seated on one of

the packages that were spread upon the ground was a tall, thin figure of a man, with a face as immovable as if cut out of stone, and with a long gun lying across his knees. It was the petty chief Palanca, who had accompanied me from the Dumbo, and whose existence I had almost forgotten. Now or never was the time I could make him useful. Making a spring upon him, I disarmed and threw him to the ground. Calling to my men, I ordered them to bind him hand and foot, and in

CASSANHA BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER CUBANGO.

a loud voice commanded Augusto and Manuel to hang him up to the projecting branch of an acacia which conveniently presented itself for the purpose. Seeing by the rope put about his neck that the order was being most undoubtedly carried out, the fellow exclaimed: "Don't kill me, don't kill me; the carriers shall go across the Cubango!" at the same time he gave vent to a loud halloa which brought back the men, who were already at some little distance. When they were reassembled he gave the word for them to take up their loads and follow him, a command which they obeyed

without hesitation. I then ordered that his feet should be unbound, and threatened him with a bullet through his head at the slightest mutiny of the carriers. Half an hour afterwards we passed the Cubango by a well-constructed bridge, and camped on the left bank near the hamlets of Chindonga. I found between the river and my camp some iron mines whence the natives extract abundant ore.

At length I stood in the Moma country, and free of the territories of the Nano, Huambo and Sambo, of which I shall retain a life-long memory. The Cubango there runs to S.S.E. and is 38 yards wide, by 6 to 13 feet deep. I made some observations to determine the position and altitude, but was forced to take speedy refuge in my hut, as a squall from N.N.E. discharged upon me a copious amount of rain. I paid and discharged the Sambo carriers, giving them a yard of striped cloth each, which was the recompense agreed on. I then called the six girls and told them I should give them nothing, as women were bound to work, and deserved no pay. They hung their heads in a very downcast fashion, but made no remark at my decision, so degraded is the position of women in this part of the world. Just as they were about to start, and had turned their heads towards the Sambo, I ordered them to come back, when I made each of them a present of a couple of yards of the most brilliant chintz I possessed, and some strings of different beads. It is impossible to describe the delight of these poor creatures at receiving so splendid a gift. The men looked on in envy, and I improved the occasion by pointing out to them that, if they had not mutinied on the other side of the Cubango, I would have given them the same guerdon. This was my revenge, and I hope the lesson was not lost upon the fellows.

In the course of the evening a petty chief from Chindonga came to visit me, bringing with him a pig as a present. He promised me carriers for the following morning, at the rate of half a yard of striped cloth per day, telling me, however, that they would only go as far

as the Caquingue country, where I should readily obtain men for the Bihé.

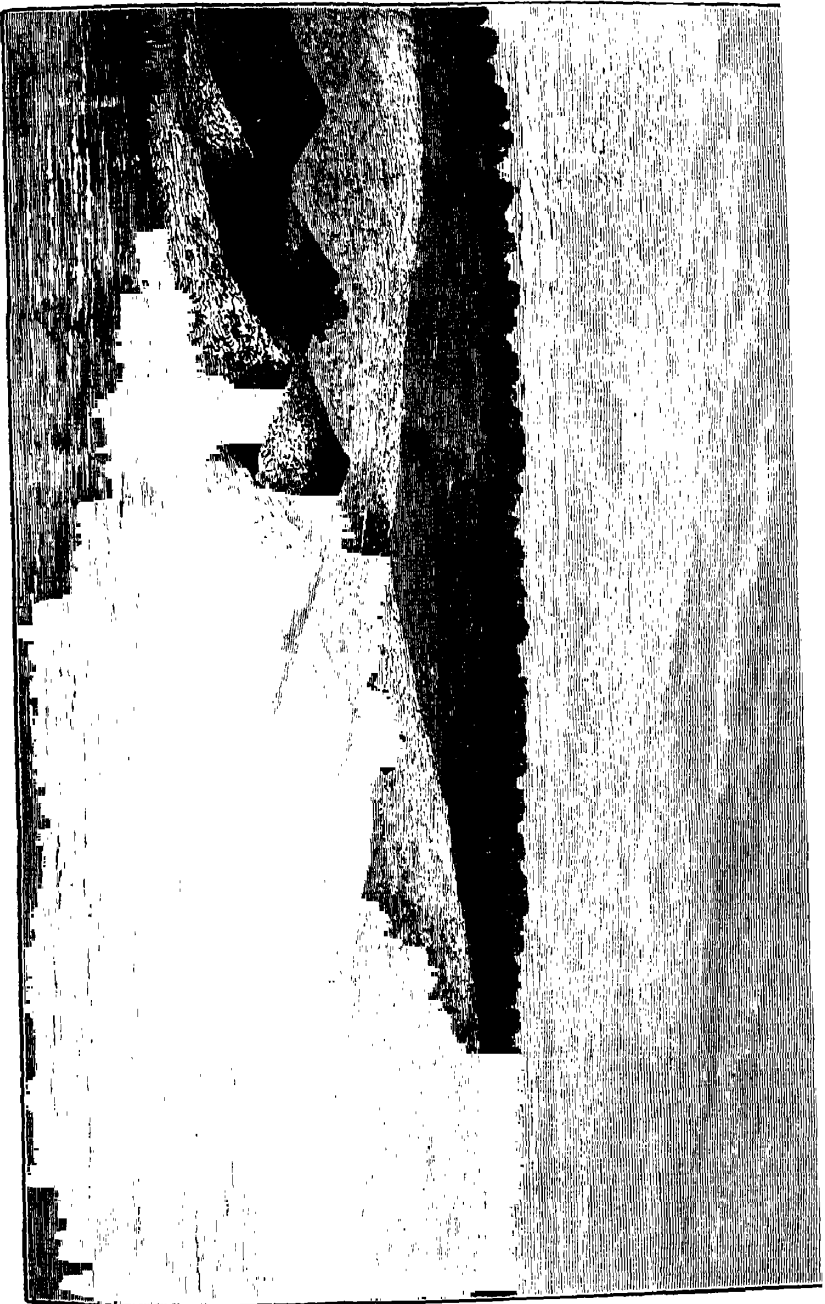
My fever had yielded to the tremendous doses of quinine I had taken; but, completely wetted through for three whole days, I began to feel the first symptoms of that rheumatism which threatened more than once to bring my journey to a sudden close. The night was tempestuous, and the following day continued very wet. The chief was as good as his word, and put in an

THE SECULO WHO GAVE ME A PIG.

appearance early next morning with the carriers; but I had resolved to give myself some hours' rest, and therefore dismissed them till the following day. I learned from the chief that my companions had passed through his place on the previous eve, coming from the south.

The chief, Palanca, from the Sambo was carefully watched, but was otherwise free. The day before I had despatched a message to my former host of the Dumbo, informing him that the head of his friend should answer for the loads that had been left behind

in the care of Barros, a resolution which Palanca found most just and natural, as it was the law of the country. It is not improbable that this, and other proceedings of mine, which will be found most frankly avowed in the course of this narrative, may be censured by some of my readers; but I would beg my censors to ponder for a moment upon my position, accompanied as I was by a mere handful of men, in a country where everything was hostile, climate and inhabitants included. If I do not profess the principle that the end justifies the means, neither do I lay claim to that virtue which would present the other cheek when the first has been smitten. Far from the restraints of the civilised world—outside its two circles of iron—the penal code and social conventionalities, which, close and rigid as they are, still leave sufficient room for crime and infamy, the African explorer, hemmed in by savage races whose rules of conduct differ essentially from his own, having the Almighty as sole witness of his acts, and his conscience as sole censor of his proceedings, requires a more than ordinary strength to preserve his honesty of purpose and moral dignity amid scenes and circumstances where his passions might so easily lead him astray. For myself, I candidly confess that the ovations which have been showered on me by the civilised world, for having happily overcome the material obstacles of my journey, might have been perhaps more justly bestowed upon me for my victories over my own self, if the terrible internal struggles I had to undergo had only been as patent to the eye.

To conquer his own unruly passions, to overcome the material and moral habits he has formed during his civilised life, are the two great labours of the explorer. He who can do this successfully will attain his end and fulfil his mission. At the outset of my journey I must confess I had some apprehensions on this score, and as time went on I discovered that my fears were not unfounded. I had to wrestle severely with my own spirit, but though exhausted with the struggle, I managed to come out victorious. By dint of indomitable will, I

Vol. I.

ANT-HILLS ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER CUTATO OF THE GANGUELLAS.

To face p 176.

succeeded in establishing an empire over myself, and though lacking time to produce a written code of conduct, I formulated one in my mind by which I guided my proceedings. My principles were those of natural right; my law, brief but excellent, was summed up in the ten precepts of the Decalogue. Let it not be for an instant imagined that I put forward any claim to canonisation, or that I pretend to have rigorously followed the precepts laid down in the twentieth chapter of the sublime Book of Exodus, certainly the most beautiful of the Pentateuch; but I did my best not to depart too widely from them, and in so doing I did well. If this digression do not greatly help on the narrative, it may at least be useful in awakening some chord in the heart of future explorers, and to them it is in all heartiness addressed.

To resume.

During the day a great many negroes came about us offering for sale various articles of food, of the usual kind, but there was one comestible which was singular enough to deserve a passing notice. A large basket displayed a quantity of caterpillars, very similar to the *Acherontia atropos*, and of the same size. This gigantic lepidopter, when young, feeds upon the grasses and is then easily caught. The Ganguellas devour it ravenously, but my own men refused to touch it. On the following morning, at the first appearance of daylight, a good many more carriers presented themselves; but, as I had already my number, I was compelled to dismiss them. I left about ten o'clock, by which hour the rain had fortunately held up. Just as I was starting I had the ill-luck to break my spectacles, which I had worn ever since I left Lisbon. Our course was N.E., and after five hours' tramp we pitched our tents on the left bank of the river Cutato dos Ganguellas, the stream being passed by stepping-stones a little above a small cataract.

On the road we forded a petty brook called Chimbuicoque, an affluent of the Cutato. At that point the river runs eastward, bending subsequently to the north

and then east by south. This gigantic S is a series o rapids, where the river rushes with a tremendous roa over the granite rocks which form its bed. At the sit of the stepping-stones, or natural stone bridges, i measures 88 yards across, and about 30 yards bot higher up and lower down, with a depth of 13 to 1 feet. It flows into the Cubango, so say the natives, a fifteen days' march to the south of this point. Th right bank is covered with the plantations of the inha bitants of Moma, which occupy a space that I calculate roughly at upwards of two thousand acres of land They are the largest I have ever seen in Africa. Th crops produced by these people consist mainly of maize beans, and potatoes, but maize fields are those whic chiefly meet the eye. Before reaching the plantations I crossed a forest of enormous acacias of surprisin beauty. The aspect of the banks of the Cutato is very singular. Where the granite of the river-bed termi nates, a soil commences of termitic formation, the groun undulating in thousands of little hills, some cultivated others covered with sylvan vegetation ; and as they ar all connected, the aspect is that of a system of miniatur mountain chains which perfectly enchant the beholder. I fixed the position of the large village or township of Moma at the distance of two miles bearing W.S.W., and after determining the altitude of the river there, I sought my tent, wet through from the incessant rain, and with another attack of fever upon me. Threats of rheumatism continued. During the night the rain came down in torrents, and, as was constantly the case now. I went to sleep in the wet, for at this period of the year the grasses, with which I covered my roughly con- structed hut, were never more than some 20 inches long, and with such short stuff it is difficult, if not impossible, to keep the water out.

It was not till noon on the following day that the rain ceased ; and though my pulse was going at the rate of 144 per minute, from fever, I resumed my journey at 2 P.M. I tramped along on foot, as I found it impossible to keep my seat on the ox ; but after

an hour's march my legs refused to carry me farther. We therefore camped; and I met with the utmost attention and care not only from my own negroes, but even from the Ganguella carriers. The spot where we rested was near the hamlet of a tribe called Lamupas, from their residing near the cataracts of the river, which in the language of the country are styled Mupas. It is very thickly peopled and extensively cultivated, as the inhabitants are greatly devoted to agriculture.

On my road I fell in with several graves of the

TOMB OF A NATIVE CHIEF.

native chiefs, which are covered with clay, similar in shape to many in Europe. These graves are protected from the rain by a species of open shed with thatched roof, and are always shaded by a large tree. Upon most of them I saw earthen vases and platters, placed there by the relatives of the deceased, as we are accustomed to deposit garlands and immortelles upon the tombs of our own loved ones. Towards night the rain moderated, and on the following morning it was misty but warm. The fever had considerably diminished, but my rheumatic pains began to worry me excessively. Still I went on, and half an hour after having left the camp I passed

near the large village of Cassequera. After crossing a little brook which ran on the other side of the village, I came upon some enormous clearances covered with grasses, which excited my attention on account of their huge size and mature growth at a period of the year when the plants of this family are only just beginning to develop.

My young negro Pepeca had so violent and sudden an attack of fever that he sank down powerless. I called a halt, and sent off a messenger to the village of Cassequera to hire a man for the purpose of carrying the poor fellow on his shoulders. At noon I passed near the residence of the captain of the Quingue, the first village in the Caquingue country. I took up my quarters in the house of João Albino, a half-caste of Benguella, the son of the old Portuguese trader Luiz Albino, who was killed by a buffalo in the wilds of the Zambesi. João Albino resides in the compound of Camenha, son of the captain of the Quingue. Camenha himself was absent, having gone to take the command of the forces of the native king of Caquingue, in a war then waging with certain chiefs of the Cubango.

The weather improved and my fever entirely left me, but I had not got rid of my rheumatism, which gave lively evidence of its presence.

It is worthy of note that night came on without rain, and was followed by a cloudless morning.

I paid a visit to the old captain of the Quingue, taking with me, by way of offering, a piece of linen cloth. He made me a present of an ox, which I ordered at once to be slaughtered, as we had eaten no other flesh than that of swine for a long time past. The captain was very old and infirm. He conversed with me at great length about my journey and its motives, and could not comprehend what I intended to do. When I was about to leave him he said, "I know now who you are; you are a chief of the white king, and he has sent you to visit these parts, and study the roads; for the white king knows that many things are done here that are not good, and he wants to put a stop

to them. I pray you, when he does so, not to forget that I gave you an ox, and treated you as my brother. I have not long to live, but then you can remember my sons, and will do them, I hope, no injury." I was touched by the old man's words. His chiefs accompanied me respectfully to the village of the son, where I was lodging, and there were few of them who failed, during the day, to bring me over some little present, such as a hen or two, some eggs and sugar-cane. I saw a small plantation of the latter within the captain's enclosure, of even a more flourishing character than that visible on the sea-shore, where this plant nevertheless assumes colossal proportions. I mention this circumstance, because I was under the impression until then that, at so considerable an altitude, nearly 5580 feet, the cane would not grow. On my return to the village, I found Francisco Gonçalves, known as Carique, the half-brother of my follower Verissimo, who, learning of my arrival, had come to pay me a visit. This Carique was, like Verissimo, the son of the trader Guilherme, but by a different mother, and on the mother's side he was heir to the throne of Caquingue. He lives with the native king, his uncle, and is married to a daughter of the future sovereign of the Bihé. He was educated at Benguella, and has some sort of culture and a good deal of intelligence. He brought several negroes with him, slaves of his father, whom he placed at my disposal to accompany me in my journey eastward from the Bihé country. Thus, before I had even reached that desired goal, I had several carriers in readiness.

Carique, Albino, the captain's son and others who trade with the interior, start from that point for the Mucusso and Sulatebelle, descending by the Cubango to the Ngami, always on the right bank; and they do business also in the Cuanhama, a country to the east of the Humbe, on the left bank of the Cunene. Their staple article of trade is slaves, exchanged, on the road, for oxen; and these again, with bale goods, are bartered for wax and ivory. I resolved to remain there a day,

not only to get a long rest and dry my wetted things, but also to procure some information about the country, whose customs differ considerably from those of the tribes I had hitherto met with. In the evening Carique and João Albino kept me company, and furnished me with lengthy data concerning the territory and its people, the most noteworthy of which I here transcribe from my diary.

The Caquingue country is bounded on the north by the Bihé, on the west by the Moma territory, and on the east and south by confederate tribes of the Ganguella race. This latter race occupies in this part of Africa a vast tract of land, and is divided into four large groups, which are susceptible again of further subdivision. Their language and customs are the same throughout, but there is a difference in their political organization. In the Caquingue country the Ganguellas assume the name of Gonzellos, form a separate kingdom, and admit but one sole head. In their other divisions they form confederations, which are very common in Africa, each large village or township being governed by an independent chief. Those who live to the S.E. of Caquingue style themselves Nhembas; those to the south, Massacas; and they who dwell to the east of the Bihé, Bundas. Of the last mentioned I shall have occasion to speak at some length later on. The Gonzellos, the Ganguellas of Caquingue, are cultivators of the soil and traders, and, of all the peoples of South Central Africa, are those which approximate most to the Bihenos in the way of commercial exploration. When at home they work a good deal in iron, and this branch of trade establishes between them and other tribes very active commercial relations. They have not the slightest idea of any religion whatsoever, and though thorough believers in sorcery, they never give a thought to the existence of a Supreme Being, by whom all things are ordered.

During the coldest months, that is to say June and July, the Gonzellos miners leave their homes, and take up their abode in extensive encampments near the

iron-mines, which are abundant in the country. In order to extract the ore, they dig circular holes or shafts of about 10 to 13 feet in diameter, but not more than 6 or 7 feet deep; this arises most probably from their want of means to raise the ore to a greater elevation. I examined several of these shafts in the neighbourhood of the Cubango, and found them all of a similar character. As soon as they have extracted sufficient ore for the work of the year, they begin separating the iron. This is done in holes of no great

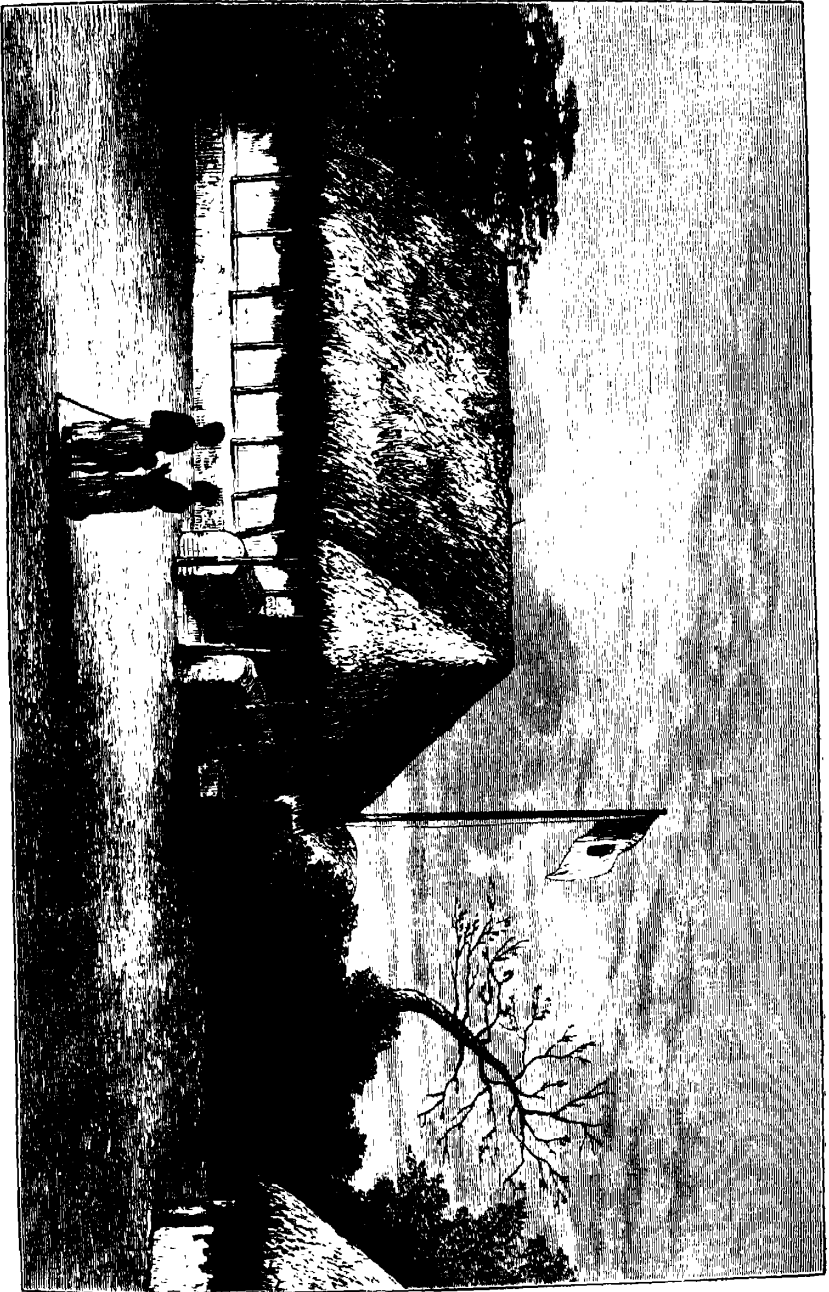
CAQUINGUE BLACKSMITHS

depth, the ore being mixed with charcoal, and the temperature being raised by means of primitive bellows, consisting of two wooden cylinders, about a foot in diameter, hollowed out to a depth of 4 inches and covered with two tanned goat-skins, to which are fixed two handles, 20 inches long and half an inch thick. By a rapid movement of these handles, a current of air is produced which plays upon the charcoal through two hollow wooden tubes attached to the cylinders, and furnished with clay muzzles. By incessant labour, kept up night and day, the whole of the metal becomes trans-

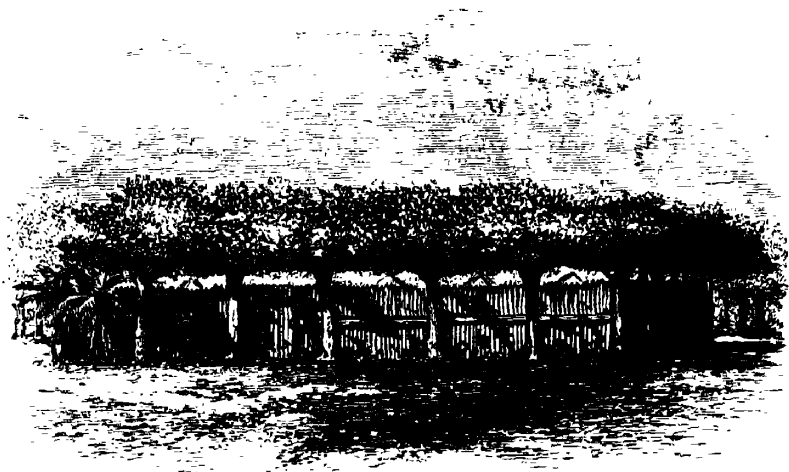
formed, by ordinary processes, into spades, axes, war-hatchets, arrow-heads, assegais, nails, knives, and bullets for fire-arms, and even occasionally fire-arms themselves the iron being tempered with ox-grease and salt. I have seen a good many of these guns carry as well as the best pieces made of cast steel.

During the whole of the time that these labours last no woman, under any pretext, is allowed to go near the miners' camp, for fear, as they say, of the utter ruin of the metal. My own opinion is, that the object of the prohibition is to prevent the men being distracted in their work, which, as I have stated, is kept up night and day. So soon as the metal is converted into articles of trade, the miners return to their homes laden with their manufactures, which they subsequently dispose of by sale, after reserving what they require for their own necessities.

At last the expedition reached the Bihé country, a magnificent plateau region, the capital of which is about 250 miles from the west coast. Both country and people are so remarkable, that Major Pinto devotes considerable space to them.

The Bihé is bounded on the north by the country of the Andulo; on the N.W. by the Bailundo; on the west by the Moma country; on the S.W. by the Gonzellos of Caquingue; and on the south and east by the free Ganguella tribes. The river Cuqueima is almost a natural boundary of the Bihé on the west, south and east; but, in point of fact, the authority of the native king of the Bihé extends beyond that river at various points. The country is small in extent, but is thickly peopled for Africa. I roughly estimated its area at 2500 square miles, and a still rougher calculation made me estimate its population at 95,000 inhabitants, yielding thus barely 38 inhabitants to the square mile; and although this number appears to us very small, as being less than a third of that in our own country, it is considerable for South Central Africa, where the population is, as a rule, very scattered. Not so very long ago, this territory of the Bihé was covered with dense

VOL. I. BELMONTE, BIHÉ. *To face* p. 484.

jungle, abounded in elephants, and boasted but a few sparse hamlets inhabited by the Ganguella race. The river Cuanza, after its confluence with the Cuqueima, divides the Andulo country from that of the Gamba, which lies to the eastward. The monarch or *Sova* of the Gamba was a certain Bomba, who had a daughter of extreme beauty called Cahanda. This Sova Bomba resided on the left bank of the river Loando, an affluent of the Cuanza.

It happened that the beautiful Princess Cahanda

VIEW OF THE EXTERIOR OF THE VILLAGE OF BELMONTE IN THE BIHÉ.

requested her father's permission to visit certain relatives, ladies of distinction in the village of Ungundo, the only place of any importance in the Bihé of those days. King Bomba's daughter having gone on this visit, it also happened that a famous elephant hunter by the name of Bihé, son of the Sova of the Humbe, attended by a numerous suite, passed the Cunene, and in the pursuit of his sport reached those remote regions. One day, this worthy disciple of St. Hubert being hungry, and finding himself near the village of Ungundo, repaired thither to seek materials for a meal. On this occasion he cast eyes upon the beautiful Cahanda, and, as a matter of course,

fell deeply in love with her. In questions of love it would not appear that there is much difference between Africa and Europe, and very shortly after the accidental meeting of the young people, Cahanda was wooed and won, and Bihé planted the first stockade of the great village which remains to this day the capital of the country—a country on which he bestowed his own name and whereof he caused himself to be proclaimed the Sova or king. The scattered Ganguella tribes were little by little subjected, and the father of the first Queen of the Bihé, becoming reconciled to his daughter, allowed a considerable emigration of his people to the latter state. The marriage of their sovereign was succeeded by many other unions between the women of the north and the huntsmen who had followed in his train, and thus was the country of the Bihé called into existence.

The Bihenos are therefore Mohumbes,—a name bestowed in the western part of South Africa on the descendants of the Humbe race, who, however, are met with not only in the Bihé, but in various other points, more especially opposite the coast between Mossamedes and Benguella, mixed with the Mundombes, who are the genuine people of that country. At the present date, the true Mohumbe race in the Bihé is represented by what we may style "the nobility" and wealthy inhabitants of the country, descendants of the huntsmen of the first king; but although thus boasting of high lineage, it has greatly degenerated through the admixture of many different races. This is intelligible enough, for as the Bihé, from its very outset, was a great emporium of the slave-trade, and was colonised in great part by slaves of divers races, the lower classes are the issue of an inexplicable mixture, and the nobility itself, by its numerous *amours*, has introduced among its descendants blood of the remotest countries of South Africa.

Of the union of Bihé and the beautiful Princess Cahanda was issue an only son, on whom was bestowed the name of Iambi, and who succeeded his father in

the government of the country. Iambi had two sons whereof the elder was called Giraúl and the second Cangombi. Giraúl was proclaimed king on the death of his father, and jealous of his brother's power and influence among the people, caused him to be seized secretly at night, and sold as a slave to a negro who was conveying a gang of such unfortunates to Loando By the merest chance Cangombi was purchased at Loando by the Governor-General, whose favourite slave he became. As time rolled on, the tyranny and despotism of Giraúl caused him to be so detested by his people that they conspired against him, and certain of the nobles departed secretly for Loando, laden with ivory to ransom his brother and set him on the throne after deposing the tyrant. The then governor of Angola, seeing the profit which might be reaped by the Portuguese crown from this dispute, not only delivered up Cangombi without any ransom, but loaded him with presents, and even lent him assistance in the struggle against his brother. So it came to pass that Cangombi returned to the Bihé with a large following, among whom were many Portuguese. War being declared in due form against Giraúl, he was quickly defeated being betrayed by the desertion of his men; and Cangombi, more generous than his brother, when assuming the reins of power in his stead, assigned to him a village with territory attached to it, for his support. Four years afterwards, Giraúl, untutored by past events revolted and tried to surprise the capital. Again discomfited and made prisoner, he was delivered by his brother into the hands of the Ganguellas, who dwelt beyond the Cuanza, that *they might eat him*; not that these Ganguellas were positively cannibals, but from

WOMAN OF THE BIHÉ DIGGING.

time to time they had, it appears, no objection to feast off a fellow-creature.

I did not succeed in learning the name of the governor who lent armed assistance to the younger son of Iambi in order to raise him to power, but I feel convinced that some record of the circumstance must exist among the archives of the Ministry of Marine and Ultramar, as such a step could not fail to be communicated to the authorities of the Home Government. Cangombi became a great king, and had eight sons, whereof six were reigning Sovas of the Bihé, which is not so surprising when we consider that the nearest in point of kinship to the head of the family assumes the reins of power. Thus so long as there are any sons living of a native king, the grandsons are set aside, and the eldest son of the eldest son only ascends the throne in default of any uncles,—younger brothers of his father. On account of this law, Cahueue, the eldest son of Cangombi, inherited his dignity, and through successive deaths his brothers Moma, Bandua, Ungulo, Leamula, and Caiangula, did so likewise. The two sons of Cangombi who were not Sovas were Calali and Ochi, they having died early. Ochi came next in order of seniority to Cahueue, and leaving a son, the latter was proclaimed Sova on the death of his uncle Caiangula, as his father's eldest brother left no issue. This Sova was named Muquinda, and on his death the government passed to his cousin Gubengui, eldest son of the Sova Moma, the nearest of kin to his father. Gubengui was followed in turn by another brother Quilungo, who died, in the act of his proclamation, within his very capital.

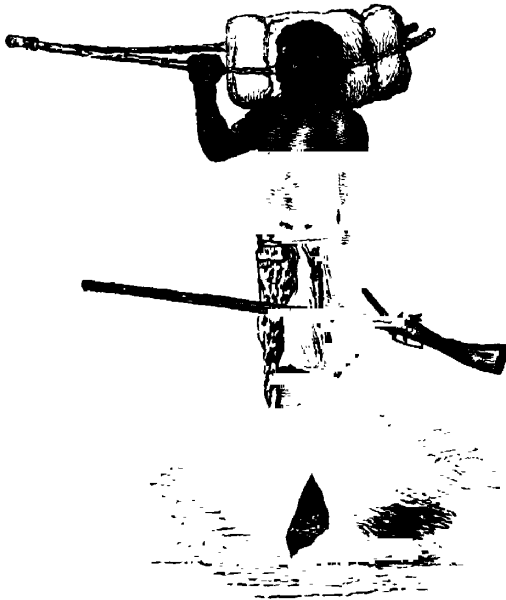
Of all the eight sons of Cangombi, only one legitimate descendant remained, son of the Sova Bandua, who then assumed power. This was Quillemo, the reigning potentate of the Bihé. There nevertheless exists a natural son of Moma, by name Canhamangole, who is pointed out as Quillemo's successor. And as he has many sons, they will in all human probability reign after him. It will be seen from this brief summary of

the history of Bihé that the country is of recent origin, and that almost from its very commencement intimate relations existed between the Portuguese and Bihenos, through the intervention of the Governor-General of Angola—on behalf of the Sova Cangombi, the grandfather of the reigning sovereign Quillemo, and grandson of the founder of the Biheno monarchy.

The Bihenos are little given to agriculture or to any kind of manual labour. All the work is done by women, who alone cultivate the earth. The men are fond of travelling, their roaming disposition being probably due to their origin, as their forefathers came from distant parts ; and they have no hesitation in penetrating into the most remote regions to carry on their trade in ivory and slaves. Availing themselves of this disposition, certain adventurous spirits, such as Silva Porto, Guilherme, Pernambucano, Ladislao, Magiar and other traders, began to direct and guide the Bihenos in their excursions, and by so doing bestowed a great service upon the world at large, for by opening new markets to trade they opened new fields for civilisation. But it was not their trade alone which little by little increased the commercial activity of Benguella ; encouraged by example, and gradually losing their fear of the white men, the natives of remoter districts appeared with their wares and did business directly with the commercial houses of Benguella.

The trading excursions into the interior of the country, initiated by the whites, were soon imitated by their black brethren, and at first a few, and afterwards many, obtaining a certain credit in the Benguella markets, proceeded to the Bihé to organise expeditions, which started thence for the interior in search of wax and ivory. I became acquainted with many negroes who turned over a capital of a thousand to twelve hundred pounds sterling, and some even more ; one of them indeed, by name Chaquingudne, originally a slave of Silva Porto, during my sojourn at the Bihé arrived from the interior, where he had traded on his own account to the extent of 14 contos of reis, or about

£3500 sterling! It is not uncommon to fall in with a Portuguese white at the Bihé, who has escaped from the prisons on the coast, acting as secretary to some wealthy negro trader.

Where travelling is concerned as connected with trade, nothing comes amiss to the Bihenos, who seem ready for anything. If they only had the power of telling where they had been and describing what they had seen, the geographers of Europe would not have

BIHENO CARRIER ON THE MARCH.

occasion to leave blank great part of the map of South Central Africa. The Biheno quits his home with the utmost indifference, and bearing a load of sixty-six pounds of goods will start for the interior, where he will remain two, three and four years; and on his return, after that lapse of time, will be received just as though he had been on a journey of as many days. Silva Porto, whilst engaged in doing business with the Zambesi, was despatching his negroes in other directions, and was trading at the same time in the

Mucusso country and in the Lunda and Luapula territories.

The fame of the Bihenos has travelled far and wide, and when Graça attempted his journey to the Matianvo, he first proceeded to the Bihé to procure carriers. A Biheno rarely deserts his caravan, or makes off with his load—events which are by no means uncommon among the natives of Zanzibar. But the Bihenos have another great advantage over the latter. Although much given to trade in slaves, they do not themselves incite internal wars to procure them; they will purchase them of any who are willing to sell, but they never seek to get them by force. This of course is referable simply to their trade with the interior; for in their wars with neighbouring countries they do pretty much as other negro tribes do, and commit unheard-of cruelties. Notwithstanding many high qualities, great pluck and readiness to undergo fatigue and danger, the Bihenos have many grave defects; and I do not know in Africa a race more profoundly vicious, more openly depraved, more persistently cruel and more cunningly hypocritical, than they. These people have a certain emulation among one another as travellers, and I met with many who prided themselves on having gone where no others had ever been, and which they called *discovering new lands.* They are brought up to wandering from their very infancy, and all caravans carry innumerable children, who, with loads proportionate to their strength, accompany their parents or relatives on the longest journeys; hence, it is no uncommon thing to find a young fellow of five-and-twenty who has travelled in the Matianvo, Niangué, Luapula, Zambesi, and Mucusso districts, having commenced his peregrinations at the age of nine years.

A trader who arrives at the Bihé with the intention of pushing into the interior has two means open to him for obtaining carriers. One is to apply to the Sova or the native chiefs for the required number, and make them presents in return; the other to give notice of the journey and wait for the men themselves to apply. The

former is a bad course, for beyond the great expense incurred in the presents that it is absolutely necessary to make to the persons to whom application for the porters is made, the latter are obliged to go, and the party obtaining them becomes responsible for their lives towards their families or lords. And besides, the persons applied to, with the idea of extorting more presents, throw all sorts of petty obstacles in the way so as to retard the departure of the traveller, and one may be sure that their exigencies will increase if the trader be in any way dependent on them. The second means is far the better, for they who come forward under such circumstances are free blacks; they offer themselves spontaneously, and should any unfortunately die during the trader's service, he becomes, by the law of the country, in no way responsible for the event, inasmuch as the men were under no compulsion in making the offer.

This is a favourable occasion to speak of Quissongos, and of Pombeiros. Porters and carriers of whatsoever tribe, Bihenos or not, form themselves into small parties under the command of one among them who becomes their chief. This chief, from the coast as far as Caquingue, is called Quissongo, and in the Bihé and Bailundo countries, Pombeiro. It is the Pombeiro who comes forward to negotiate, he having ten, or more, or fewer carriers at his call. The parties or groups are very differently constituted. Some are composed of kinsfolk, who select one of their number to act as Pombeiro, and they are of course all freemen. Others are formed of independent members, freemen also, who combine together under the orders of a Pombeiro in whom they feel confidence; and there are others, consisting of groups of slaves belonging to the very Pombeiros who command them. The duty of the Pombeiro is to watch over his band, and he is responsible for its members to the head of the caravan. He eats and sleeps with them, and in fact may be looked upon as their captain. The Pombeiro carries no load, but, in the event of the sickness or death of one of his men, he takes his place as temporary

carrier. During the march his place is at the tail of the train, and if a carrier lags behind he is there to look after or assist him.

These men are never paid in advance, and in regular trading journeys their recompense is very small. For instance, a carrier will receive for the trip from the Bihé to Garanganja (Luapula) twelve pieces of trade cloth to the value of about twelve shillings sterling, and for the return journey a piece of ivory worth say twenty

BIHÉ WOMEN POUNDING MAIZE.

more, making in all thirty-two shillings. This is irrespective of his food, as it is the duty of the chief of the caravan to feed all his people during the journey with the exception of the first three days after leaving the Bihé—the men carrying rations with them for that time. There is an exception also to this rule. Many traders after leaving the Bihé appoint a certain number of Pombeiros to start for different places, and these fragmentary bands are either detached on their way or at the end of the journey. They entrust to these officials

a certain number of loads, for which they are expected to account on their return. These loads are called *banzos*, and the Pombeiro and carriers engaged in such separate ventures board themselves from the very outset of the journey. Saving in this instance, the trader is bound to keep his men and their Pombeiros in food in the manner above described. The Pombeiros never undertake a venture for any determinate time, and their gains are the same for the shorter as for the longer period. They are employed, in fact, by the job, for it is well known that in Africa the negroes make no account of time.

The customs of the Bihenos are pretty nearly the same as those of the inhabitants of Caquingue, and contact with the whites has produced no change for the better among the natives. They have no idea of any religious faith, they adore neither sun nor moon, they set up no idols, but live on, quite satisfied with their sorceries and divinations. Nevertheless, a notion is prevalent among them as to the immortality of the soul, or rather as to its existence in a kind of purgatory until such time as the survivors are enabled to fulfil certain precepts or perform certain acts of vengeance on behalf of the dead. Their form of government is an absolute monarchy, and has a good deal of feudalism about it. Every one is, for the most part, a judge in his own cause, and when I speak of the *mucanos* I will describe how justice is done in this part of the world.

The most striking incidents among the Bihenos are those connected with their sovereigns or Sovas, and more especially with regard to the proclamation and death of the latter. Before, however, describing these two great events it is necessary to say a few words about the court. The Sova is surrounded by a certain number of subjects who are styled *Macotas*, and are assimilated by some to Ministers among ourselves, but this is really not the case. The Macotas form, it is true, a sort of council to which the Sova always submits his resolutions, but of whose opinion he makes but little

account. They are *seculos* and favourites of the Sova, but nothing more; and by *seculos* must be understood the nobility, sons of nobles, or personages ennobled by the sovereign. Many of these *seculos*, who possess *libatas*, or fortified places of residence, assume within their enclosure the airs of native sovereigns, and their people, when addressing them, use the expression *Ná côco*, meaning "Your Majesty." In addition to the Macotas, there are three negroes who are in attendance on the Sova, and who, when he gives audience, squat upon the ground near him, and carefully gather up the royal spittle, to cast it out of doors. There is another who carries the royal seat or chair, and there is the fool, an indispensable adjunct of the court of every Sova and even of opulent and powerful seculos. To the fool is assigned the duty of cleansing the door of the Sova's house, and the space all round it. The *libatas* are defended by a strong wooden stockade, almost always covered with enormous sycamores, and a second stockade within the other defends and encloses the residence of the great man. This second enclosure is called the *lombe*.

Having given these brief explanations, I will say a few words as to what occurs on the death or proclamation of the sovereign. The decease of the Sova is of course known to the Macotas, who keep the matter a profound secret. They give out to the people that their king is ill, and therefore does not appear. Meanwhile they lay out the corpse on the bed within the hut and cover it with a cloth—at least, this is the custom in Caquingue, but in the Bihé country they hang it up by the neck to the roof of the hut. The body so remains until putrefaction and insects have left the bones bare; or until, as in the Bihé, the head drops from the body. It is when this occurs that they announce his death and proceed to the interment of his remains. The bones are placed within an ox-hide and deposited in a hut which exists within the *lombe*, and serves as the mausoleum of all the Sovas. The hut in which the corpse putrefied is demolished and the material of which

it is composed is carried out of the enclosure and scattered about the jungle.

From what has been already explained, it is scarcely necessary to say that the death of a Sova is always produced by sorcery or witchcraft, and that some unfortunate has to pay with his life, not for the sorcery, which he never committed, but the private vengeance of one of the Macotas. No sooner is the death of the Sova announced, than the people rush madly about, and for some days not only strip and pilfer all persons who are met with in the neighbourhood of the capital, but make captives of the strangers themselves, and subsequently dispose of them for slaves.

GANGUELLA, LUIMBA AND LOENA WOMEN—METHOD OF SHAPING THE INCISORS.

The Macotas then seek out the rightful heir and accompany him to the *Libata grande* or capital; on his arrival, however, he does not at first penetrate the *lombe* or inner enclosure, but takes up his residence among the people, living, for a time, as one of them. No sooner, however, has the heir-apparent entered the Libata, than two bands of huntsmen issue forth, one in search of an antelope (*Catoblepas taurina*), and the other of a human victim. An antelope being started, a member of the former of the two bands fires at the animal and at once takes to flight, his companions rushing forward to cut off the creature's head, for should this be done by the huntsman who shot it down, he would be at once assassinated

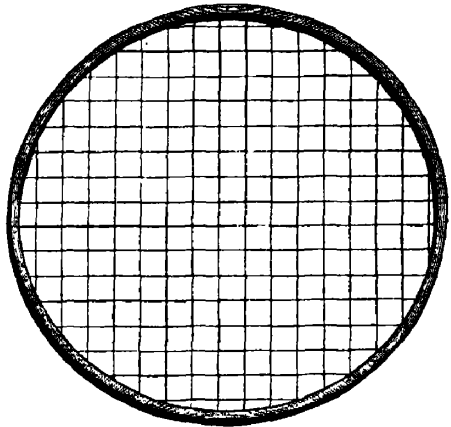
and none might say by whose hand. The other troop, in pursuit of human game, seize the first poor wretch, man or woman, who falls in their way, and hurrying the victim off to the jungle, cut off the head, which they bring back with great care, abandoning the body where it fell. On arriving at the Libata, they wait for the troop on the hunt for the antelope, as it is always much easier to find and kill a man than to find and kill any particular animal. Having put the two heads into one basket, the medicine-man appears and begins to perform the proper *remedies* to enable the new Sova to assume the reins of government, and his tomfoolery being at an end, he declares that the sovereign may enter the lombe. Attended by the Macotas, the Sova enters accordingly, in the midst of loud acclamations and a great expenditure of gunpowder.

The first step taken by the Sova on attaining to power, is to select from among his women the one he chooses to make his wife, who is styled *Inaculo;* the others still continue to reside in the Lombe but not within the precincts of the royal residence. Polygamy, however, is an established institution of the Bihé country, as it is of all South Central Africa.

Crimes in the Bihé are always tried in first instance by the parties injured or offended, and it is only if the convicted criminal refuses to submit to the payment of the fine imposed, that the matter, and then only in rare cases, is brought before the Sova. As a rule, sentence is passed and carried out by the injured parties themselves. The word which strikes most terror in the Bihé is *mucano,* a word that does not merely express a crime committed, but an idea that embraces both the crime and the payment of a fine. All crimes among these people are expiated by money, that is to say, the payment of a fine; and there are no intermediate penalties between a fine and death. When a wealthy person upon whom a *mucano* is pending, refuses to pay, the party injured, if he be powerful, makes a seizure of some of the other's property, for a far higher value than the amount of

the fine ; and the property so seized remains in deposit, to be subsequently sold, or appropriated by the person effecting the seizure. Should, however, a seizure be held unjust, the party committing it is compelled by the Sova to make restitution and give a pig, by way of solace, to the party prejudiced.

This system offers a premium to extortion, and not a day passes without the most stupendous *mucanos* being put forward. One of the most common excuses for its imposition is adultery, wives being urged on by their affectionate husbands to entangle some male friend

QUINDA, OR STAW BASKET WHICH HOLDS WATER.

LARGE SIEVE FOR DRYING RICE.

or acquaintance known to be possessed of means, so that he may be subsequently compelled to pay a *mucano.* The head of a caravan is bound to pay the *mucanos* of his negroes, and he is responsible for their good behaviour. When a white man, who is liable for the *mucanos* of his negroes, has sufficient force at his command to refuse to make such payment, his accusers will wait—sometimes for years—until they can fall in with another and a weaker white, on whose goods they effect their attachment, letting him know at the same time that they make him the scapegoat of his brother pale-face, out of whom he must get his compensation—if he can. If a man under the charge of a *mucano*

should die, the unfortunate wretch who heedlessly takes up his quarters in the dead man's house, becomes responsible for the former tenant. The mode in which justice, so called, is administered in the Bihé, is an enormous obstacle to trade, and the source of most serious losses to the Benguella houses.

During my stay in Silva Porto's residence, some negroes came in, bringing with them a hen which they intended using in certain *remedies*, and the gardener, at sight of the fowl, happened to say that it was very like one of his. These unlucky words became the object of a *mucano* and cost the poor gardener some eight yards of cotton stuff, which he had to pay the owner of the bird. No sooner does a stranger arrive at the Bihé with goods in his possession, than attempts are made to render him the victim of innumerable *mucanos*, under cover of which great part of his property is filched from him. The traders on reaching the Bihé are defrauded in this way to such an extent, that in many instances only a third of the goods they have brought with them is left wherewith to do business in the interior. Quilherme the Caudimba, Verissimo's father, on the very last occasion of his going there for trading purposes, was compelled to give up goods to the value of £150 sterling on account of a *mucano* planted on him, through one of his men having purchased a piece of mutton for three cartridges and not paying for it on the same day but offering payment on the day after, when it was refused. During my stay at the Bihé, Silva Porto himself had to pay a *mucano* of £175 on account of even a greater trifle still.

It is this *mucano*, this infamous, because legalised and authorised mode of wholesale robbery, which is the curse of the trade and the main cause of the decline of the Bihé. It was the *mucano* which drove Silva Porto and all the other honest traders out of the country. If this were once suppressed, and if the highway to Benguella were rendered safe so that trade caravans might pass to and fro unmolested, we should within an incredibly short space behold the trade of Benguella

tripled, and new founts of wealth, now choked and unused through want of security, welling forth and giving life to European industry.

The people of the Bihé are admirably fitted to carry out great undertakings. If we could only eradicate the viper of ignorance which devours their very entrails, raise them from their brute condition to the height of men, and direct them in the right road, we should soon see them take the lead in the march of progress and leave most of the other African peoples far behind them. The African negroes are not unlike the best breeds of horses, and those among them who at the outset are the most difficult of control end by becoming, with proper training, the most docile and obedient. The tribes in which indolence and cowardice predominate can with difficulty be civilised: but the laborious and high-spirited would offer a far easier task to their instructors.

The Bihenos, like all the tribes of this part of Africa, are much given to drunkenness. The inevitable aguardente has found its way hither, and where that fails they manufacture *capata*. *Capata*, *quimbombo* or *chimbombo*, for they call the liquor indifferently by the three names, is a species of beer made from Indian corn. In those parts where the hop (*Humulus lupulus*) is cultivated, the people use the conical seeds of that plant wherewith to make their drink. For this purpose the seeds are reduced to powder, and being mixed with maize flour, the whole is put with a large quantity of water into an enormous pipkin and made to boil for some eight or ten hours. When taken from the fire and allowed to cool, it is *capata*, which is drunk at once. Acetic fermentation predominates in this preparation, and the alcoholic fermentation is so small that it requires a great quantity to produce intoxication. As the liquor is not filtered, it of course holds a good deal of the flour in suspension, and is therefore rather a fluid mass than a pure liquid. It must have great nourishing power, as there are many of the negroes who will pass a whole day and even more without food,

Vol. I.

HUNTING WILD BOAR.

assiduously imbibing *capata.* In those districts where hops are wanting, their place is supplied by a flour made of maize in a state of germination; the latter produced by burying the corn or steeping it in water for a few days. In the honey season, considerable alcoholic fermentation is produced by the addition of honey to the *capata,* which becomes, in the course of a few days, transformed into alcohol. The liquor thus prepared is very intoxicating, and it then bears the name of *quiassa.*

There is also another drink which can scarcely be termed refreshing, but is nevertheless both pleasant and very nutritious. This is made from the root of a herbaceous plant that my imperfect botanical knowledge does not allow me to classify, and which the negroes call *imbundi.* They make a strong decoction of this root which, as containing a great quantity of saccharine matter, ferments readily, and add to it the flour of the Indian corn,—drinking it when cold. This liquor they call *quissangua.*

The food of the Bihé people is almost entirely vegetable, for having little cattle, which they never kill to eat, they go on for months tasting no animal food beyond an occasional treat off the flesh of swine. Pigs abound there in a domesticated state. They were, I believe, introduced by Silva Porto. The country being thickly peopled, game is scarce, and the little there is consists of small antelopes (*Cephalophus mergens*), difficult to bring down on account of their excessive shyness. It must not be thought, however, that the Bihenos have any objection to flesh; on the contrary, they devour all that falls in their way, and prefer it in a state of putrefaction. Lions, jackals, hyenas, crocodiles, and all the carnivora are consumed with like gusto, but they have a special liking for dogs, which they fatten up for food. This fondness may perhaps have arisen from the scarcity of animal food existing in the country. They are not positively cannibals, but they do from time to time indulge in a mouthful or two of a roasted neighbour. They prefer, it appears, the

old, and a white-haired ancient is a present fit for a Sova or a wealthy native chief who is going to give a banquet.

The sovereigns of the Bihé frequently hold high festival in their *libatas* called the "Feast of the Quissunge," at which are immolated and devoured five persons; viz. one man and four women, who may be thus classified: one woman who makes pipkins; another just delivered of her first child; another who has a goître (a common complaint in the country); and another who makes baskets. The man must be a deer-hunter. The victims being taken are decapitated and their heads cast into the jungle. The bodies are brought into the *lombe* or inner enclosure of the royal residence, where they are quartered, and an ox being killed, its flesh is cooked with the human flesh, partly by roasting and partly boiling in *capata*; so that everything which appears at the banquet is mixed with human blood. As soon as this sinister and repugnant meal is ready, the Sova sends out notice that he is about to begin the *Quissunge*, and all the inhabitants of the place hurriedly flock to the entertainment. The Bihenos, among other strange tastes, are passionately fond of *termites* or white ants, and destroy their habitations to seize and eat them raw. The people when at home are thorough thieves, and lay their hands upon anything which comes in their way; abroad, however, they not only abstain from pilfering, but, as carriers, are most faithful to their packs. Should a caravan happen to camp in the Bihé, while passing through the country, notice should at once be given to the chief who owns the land, accompanied by some trifling present; in default of which the inhabitants of the neighbouring village would be authorised to pilfer whatsoever they could lay hands on. The present, however, being made to the land-owner, he becomes at once responsible for anything that is missing. It is a matter of necessity also to make a present, or rather pay tribute (*quibanda*), to the Sovereign. It is not advisable to make this offering too costly a one, for his

Majesty, as a rule, is never satisfied with what is given, but always demands more.

The *libatas* or fortified villages (and they all of them are more or less fortified from the coast to the Bihé), are counterparts of each other, saving such trifling deviations as are due to the configuration of the soil. They are composed of groups of huts constructed of wood and covered with thatch, surrounded by a stockade or palisade, the height of which varies from six to fifteen feet. This palisade is formed of stakes of ironwood, seven inches in diameter, some of which are merely stuck into the ground, others are secured to cross-pieces by means of withes, whilst others again are strengthened by horizontal pieces fitting into enormous forked uprights. Another palisade of a similar character surrounds the *lombe* or compound of the chief or sovereign of the place. In many cases I observed groups of houses isolated as it were by means of a palisade. Most of the *libatas*, and the older ones more especially, are shaded by leafy trees, and are almost invariably on the banks of some river or brook. In many instances they are built over the stream, which thus runs through them. The majority of them are rectangular in shape, though some are elliptical or circular and others form very irregular polygons. There is not the slightest order observable in the buildings, and the formation of the soil evidently dictates their arrangement. The villages are fortified to resist the attacks of men, as there are too few wild animals in the district to create any fear of assaults from the latter; indeed, this is so clearly the case, that in the interior of the country, where wild beasts abound, the villages are open and unprotected.

Wars among the blacks in this part of the world are, in the majority of instances, utterly causeless, and a reputation for wealth of any particular tribe will be quite sufficient to ensure its being attacked. They are purely freebooting expeditions. When a sovereign has decided upon a war with another potentate or tribe, he sends his emissaries round to the native chiefs and

seculos of the vicinity, to invite them to take part in the campaign; they hasten to the call, and, as was the case in Europe during the feudal times, they come with their warriors to swell the army of their suzerain. There are some of these people who periodically and systematically make war, and in the Nano country, for instance, they swoop down every three years upon the frontier lands, and carry off the cattle of the Mulonda, Camba and Quillengues districts. Indeed they are apt to boast that the inhabitants of the latter countries breed cattle for them and act as their herdsmen. It is a noteworthy circumstance as connected with the wars in this part of Africa, that the attacking party is ever the victor.

There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, but they are very rare. The most remarkable of these exceptions was the attack made by Quillemo, the present Sova of the Bihé, upon the Caquingue country, in which the Bihenos were routed by the Gonzellos, and wherein Quillemo himself became the prisoner of the Sova of Caquingue. He would in all probability have lost his head as well as his freedom, had it not been for Silva Porto and Guilherme José Gonçalves (the Candimba), who paid a heavy ransom for his recovery.

In the wars among the peoples of these countries, perhaps not more than a fifth of the combatants carries fire-arms, the other four-fifths being armed with bows and arrows, hatchets, and assegais. A war is looked upon as something great and important, where every man who carries a musket is supplied with thirty rounds of ammunition. The guns in use are those known in the trade as *lazarinas*; they are very long and of small bore. They are manufactured in Belgium, and take their name from a celebrated Portuguese gunmaker who resided in the city of Braga at the beginning of the century, and whose productions acquired very considerable fame both in Portugal and the colonies. His name of Lazaro—*lazarino*, a native of Braga—is unblushingly engraved on the barrels of the pieces manufactured in Belgium for the blacks—and which are but a clumsy

imitation of the perfect weapon turned out by the celebrated Portuguese gunsmith. The Bihenos do not make use of leaden bullets, which are, they say, too heavy, but manufacture iron ones instead. The cartridges, which they also make, contain fifteen *grammes* of powder and are nine inches in length. The iron bullets are of much smaller diameter than the ordinary leaden ones, and weigh scarcely six to seven *grammes*. Being of wrought iron, their shape is rather that of an irregular polyhedron than a sphere. The guns thus loaded, are, as may well be imagined, of but slight

QUIMBANDE MAN AND WOMAN.

precision, and scarcely carry a distance of a hundred yards. The range of the arrow is from fifty to sixty yards, but in the hands of the blacks it seldom does execution at a greater distance than from twenty-five to thirty yards. The assegais are composed entirely of iron ; are short and ornamented with sheep's or goats' hair. They are never thrown—the Biheno in action grasping the weapon tightly in his hand.

I said that the assegai was adorned with *sheep's hair*, and I may mention, while upon the subject, that the sheep in this part of the world have no wool. There are two distinct species existing in the country, which

the blacks in Hambundo distinguish by the names of *ongue* and *omême.* The ongue has thick, short hair, and the omême, though furnished with much longer hair, has no pretence to wool. These animals, of exotic race, degenerate most decidedly from the effects of climate and pasture. The Bihenos have goats of a very inferior race, and their horned cattle are small and of poor and weakly breed. Poultry abounds, but, similar to all the domestic animals of the country, the birds are small of body.

Major Pinto's narrative of his journey through the country of the Ganguellas is of special interest.

On the 14th of June, as I had determined, I broke up my camp, and at ten o'clock commenced the passage of the Cuanza, which took a couple of hours.

My mackintosh boat, purchased in London, did me the greatest service; and I had also four canoes which were lent me by the Sova of Liuica. The passage was effected without the slighest accident, and by noon I was able to continue my journey, which I did in an easterly direction, penetrating into the country of the Quimbandes. Having passed near the villages of Muzeu and Caiaio, I encamped at about two hours' journey E. S. E. of the village near the source of the Mutanga rivulet, which runs N. W. into the Cuanza. I noticed that the villages in these parts were not nearly so strongly fortified as those on the other side of the Cuanza. The Quimbandes form a confederation, their country being divided into small states which always combine for the common protection. The whole of the numerous villages around my camp were under the sway of the Sova Mavanda, who is himself a tributary of the Sova of Cuio or Mucuzo, situated on the banks of the Cuanza but more to the northward. The sight which first struck my attention among the Quimbandes was the head-dresses of the women, the most extraordinary I ever beheld in my life. Some arrange the hair in such a way that—after it is embellished with cowries—it looks for all the world like an European woman's bonnet. Others friz it out, and twist and

turn it, till it wears the aspect of a Roman helmet. Cowries seem to be profusely lavished in the adornment of the female head, and white or red coral is also visible, but not to the extent observable among the people to the west of the Cuanza. The hair in these stupendous head-dresses is fixed with a most nauseous red cosmetic, formed of a resinous substance reduced to powder and castor-oil. Castor-oil is prepared in great quantities among these people. After extracting the seeds of the *Ricinus communis*, they dry them and then reduce them to powder. This powder, kept for several hours in boiling water, furnishes the oil, which, when cold, is

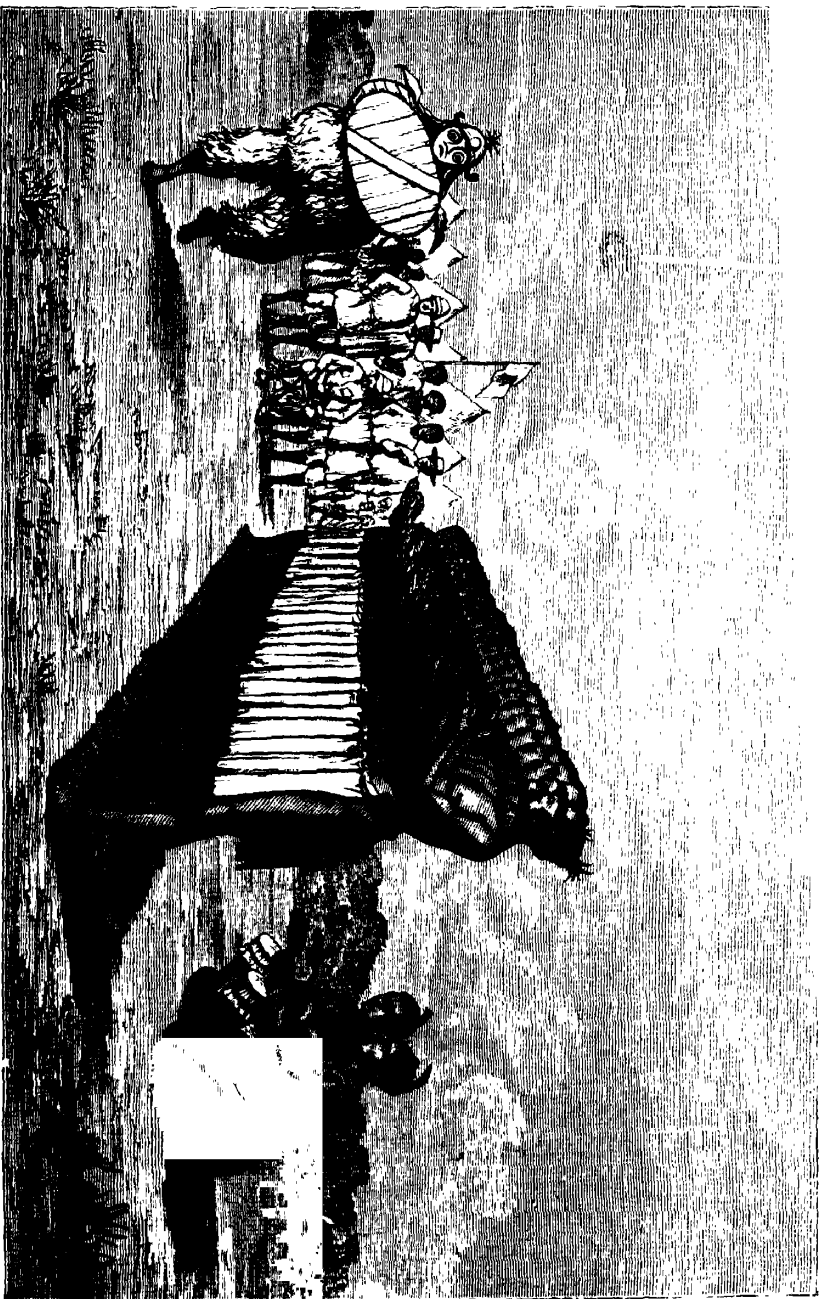
QUIMBANDE GIRLS.

roughly separated from the water and preserved in small calabashes. The oil is not used by the natives as a purgative. I speedily remarked that the feminine type among the Quimbandes approaches somewhat to the Caucasian, and I saw some women who would have been called pretty if they had not been black.

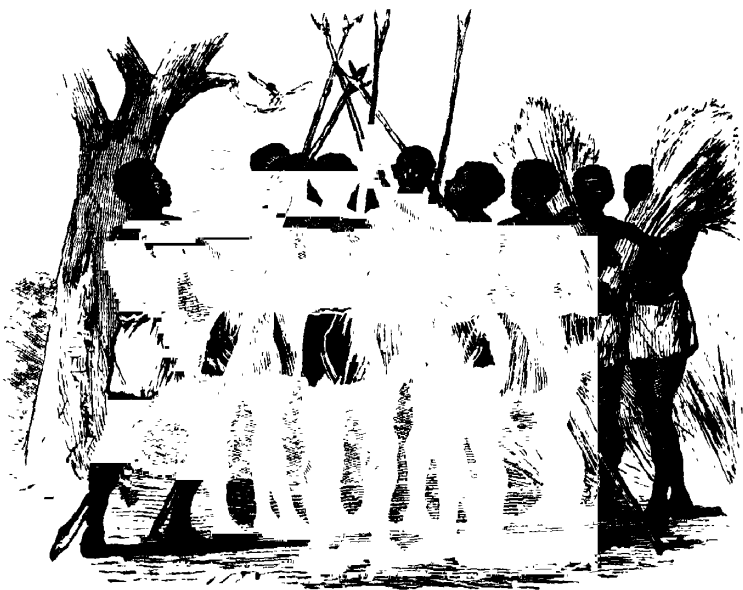
Immediately upon my arrival I sent a small present to the Sova Mavanda, who was profuse in his thanks, although he pressed me further to give him a shirt. A like request had already been made me by others, proving a tendency in the direction of body-covering. The male natives cover their nakedness with two aprons of small antelope skins, which they suspend before and behind from a broad belt of ox-hide. The Sovas alone use leopard skins. As to the women, they go almost

naked, and a fragment of cloth does duty for the traditional fig-leaf of our mother Eve.

The Sova Mavanda sent to inform me that the greatest favour I could do him was to give him a pair of trousers. I resolved to humour him, but having nothing that could fit those stupendous limbs within many ells, I called in old Antonio, and much to his astonishment turned him into a tailor and sent him to measure his Majesty for the wished-for garment. I then cut out the pantaloons and set Antonio to work to stitch them. I cannot say they were a wonderful fit; but they ought to have been big enough, as they took five yards of wide calico! The man was a veritable hippopotamus, though I must say a very good-tempered one.

On the morning of the 20th, an envoy from the Sova came to inform me that as it was the time when the people kept high festival (a species of carnival), his Majesty, to do me honour, would come to my camp, masked, and dance before me. At eight o'clock some of his attendants arrived and a great concourse of people soon assembled. Half an hour later the Sova himself appeared, his head thrust into a huge gourd painted white and black, and his enormous body made still larger by an osier frame covered with grass-cloth, likewise painted black and white. A sort of coat, made of horsehair and the tails of animals, completed his grotesque attire. Immediately upon his arrival the men formed themselves into a line with the attendants behind, and the women and girls removed to a distance. The attendants and men, with upright and motionless bodies, then began a monotonous chant which they accompanied by clapping their hands. His Majesty took up his station about thirty paces in front of the line and began an extraordinary performance, wherein he acted the part of a wild beast torn with rage, and jumped and capered about amidst the utmost applause from his own people and mine. This lasted half an hour, at the end of which time he ran off at full speed, followed by his men. He reappeared shortly after and

THE SOVA MAVANDA, MASKED, AND DANCING IN MY CAMP. *To face* p. 508.

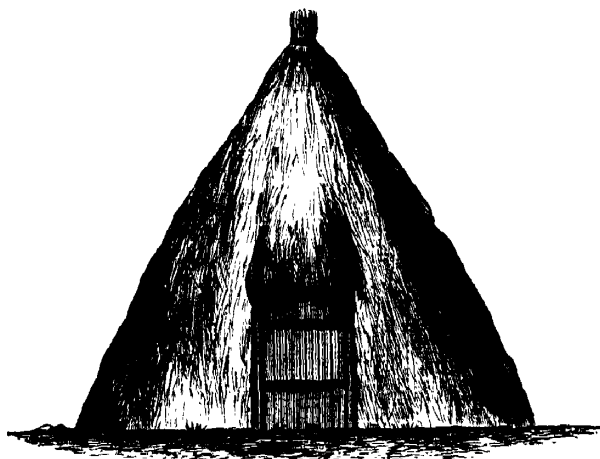
returned to my camp, in his ordinary attire, and passe the rest of the day with me. Decidedly I had succeede in winning his good graces.

Having obtained guides, a few carriers and a goo store of the despised food, I decided upon making fresh start on the 22nd of July in the direction of th villages under the sway of the Sova Caú-eu-hue on th river Cuchibi, through which runs the road originall traversed by Silva Porto. The former part of tha

BIHENOS CONSTRUCTING HUTS.

track I abandoned at the Cuanza, to pursue a more northerly direction. My guides informed me that I should have to travel through a desert country for eight whole days, and that I must consequently be well provided with provisions. My invalids had, by this time, considerably improved with the long rest and more abundant food; but they were far from being recovered, so that Moene-Cahenga supplied me with ten men to assist in the carriage of the massango with which he furnished me. The guides having assured me that for a couple of days we should have to stick to the

river's bank, I took it into my head to descend the stream in my india-rubber boat. Having ordered it to be conveyed to the river, I broke up my camp, and, entrusting the command of the caravan to Verissimo, I embarked with two young niggers, my attendant Catraio and another little fellow, about twelve years of age, called Sinjamba, the son of a Biheno carrier, whom I had selected for his knowledge of the Ganguella tongue, and converted into my interpreter. I confess that it was not without a certain trepidation that I pushed off from the bank into the middle of an unknown stream, with mere children for companions and a fragile canvas boat beneath me.

The river, which has its source 30 miles to the N., and is, as I have already mentioned, 16 yards across and 19 feet deep at Cangamba, widens out a little below that village, and shortly displays a breadth of 40 to 50 yards, and occasionally even more. Its bottom, varying from 10 to 19 feet in depth, is covered with a fine white sand, which evidently rests upon a bed of mud, as the aquatic flora is something wonderful. Many kinds of rushes and other aquatic plants take root in the prolific bed, shoot their leaves and stems, in constant motion with the current, through nearly 20 feet of water till they reach the surface, where they display their multi-coloured and elegantly shaped flowers. Occasionally this wealth of vegetation will occupy the whole expanse of the river, and seem to bar the passage of any floating thing. At the outset I had some hesitation about venturing my boat upon this aquatic meadow, as I thought it betokened too shallow a depth of water for navigation; but when my sound constantly gave me 12 and then 20 feet of depth, I acquired more confidence, and steered boldly through the floating garden. There were points, indeed, where we came to a dead-lock. These were places where the current, owing to some peculiarity of the river-bed, was scarcely perceptible, and the vegetation was so thick that it was more like a virgin forest than the growth of aquatic plants.

I saw abundance of fish darting hither and thither through the watery mass, many of them being at least a couple of feet in length. Flocks of geese fled at my approach, astonished, doubtless, at so unseemly an interruption as the visit of such a monster to regions hitherto sacred. Thousands of birds chirped and fluttered among the reeds and canes which lined the banks; the weight of a dozen of them producing scarce an impression on the gigantic grass-stems. Occasionally a brilliant kingfisher would be seen hovering motionless in the air, until at a given moment it would descend

HUT BUILT IN AN HOUR.

from its lofty observatory like an arrow from a bow, and carry off its glittering prey from the surface of the water. The birds were not the sole inhabitants of the clustering rushes on the banks. A sudden commotion amid the green stems would attract my attention, and a rapid glance would discover a crocodile just disappearing beneath the waters. Or the splash of a heavy body in the stream would betray the presence of an otter, either alarmed at our approach or, like the kingfisher, intent upon his daily meal. The whole place was instinct with life, and death, as usual, was following quickly in its train. The river, whose general direction

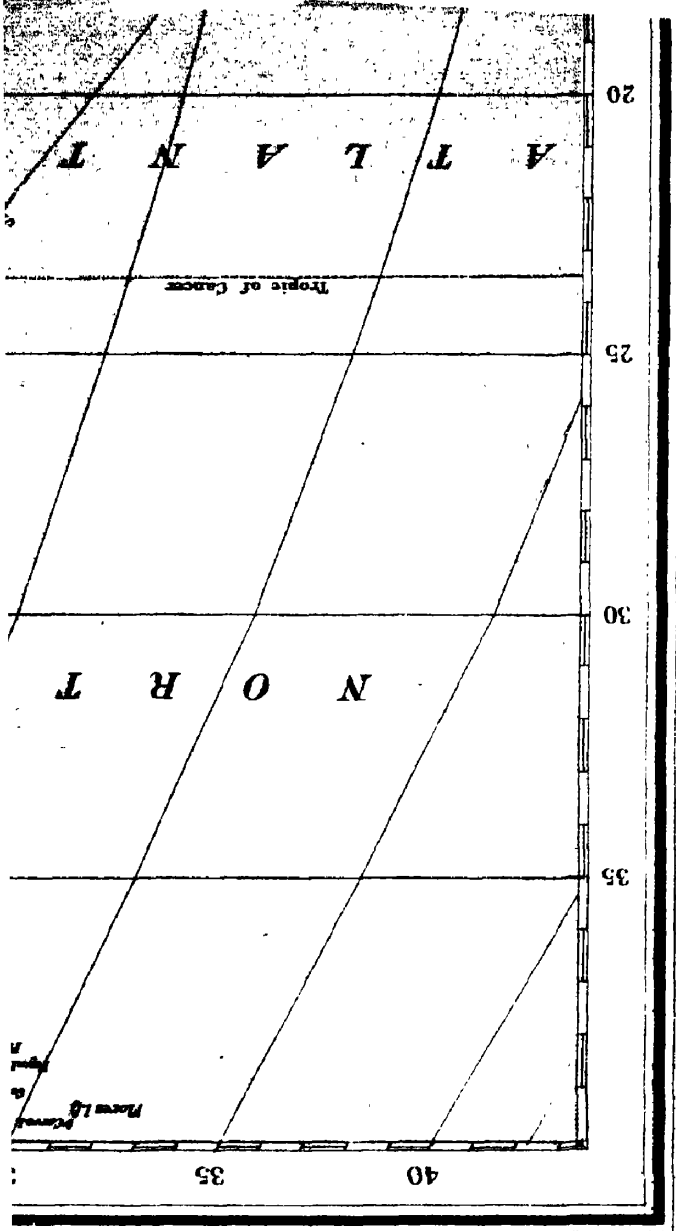
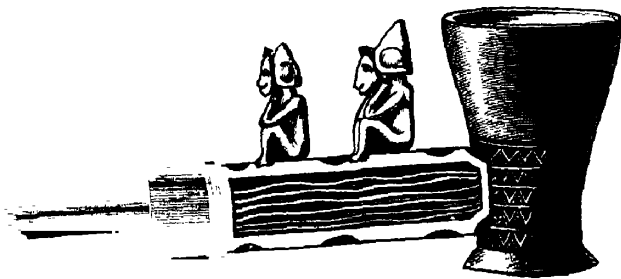
is north and south, winds in the most capricious manner; to such an extent, indeed, as to quadruple the journey. The right bank is a vast marsh of very variable width, attaining in some places to a thousand yards. It yields, in drainage, a huge volume of water, which produces a perceptible influence upon the growth of the stream.

Some three miles below Cangamba I came upon a bevy of eighteen women, who were standing on the bank and fishing up small fry by means of osier-baskets.

At one of the turns of the river I perceived three antelopes, of an unknown species, at least to me; but, just as I was in the act of letting fly at them, they leaped into the water and disappeared beneath its surface. The circumstance caused me immense surprise, which was increased as I went further on, as I occasionally came across several of these creatures, swimming and then rapidly diving, keeping their heads under water, so that only the tips of their horns were visible. This strange animal, which I afterwards found an opportunity of shooting on the Cuchibi, and of whose habits I had by that time acquired some knowledge, is of sufficient interest to induce me for a moment to suspend my narrative, to say a few words concerning it.

It bears among the Bihenos the name of Quichôbo, and among the Ambuellas that of Buzi. Its size, when full grown, is that of a one-year-old steer. The colour of the hair is dark grey, from one quarter to half an inch long, and extremely smooth; the hair is shorter on the head, and a white stripe crosses the top of the nostrils. The length of the horns is about 2 feet, the section at the base being semicircular, with an almost rectilinear chord. This section is retained up to about three-fourths of their height, after which they become almost circular to the tips. The mean axis of the horns is straight, and they form a slight angle between them. They are twisted around the axis without losing their rectilinear shape, and terminate in a broad spiral. The feet are furnished with long hoofs, similar to those of

Vol. I. THE QUICHÓBO. *To face* p. 512.

40
35
Flores I.
35
N O R T
30
25
Tropic of Cancer
A T L A N T
20

a sheep, and are curved at the points. This arrangement of its feet and its sedentary habits render this remarkable ruminant unfitted for running. Its life is therefore, in a great measure, passed in the water, it never straying far from the river-banks, on to which it crawls for pasture, and then chiefly in the night-time. It sleeps and reposes in the water. Its diving powers are equal, if not superior, to those of the hippopotamus. During sleep it comes near to the surface of the water, so as to show half its horns above it. It is very timid by nature, and plunges to the bottom of the river at the slightest symptom of danger. It can easily be captured and killed, so that the natives hunt it successfully, turning to account its magnificent skin and

AMBUELLA PIPE.

feeding off its carcass, which is, however, but poor meat. Upon leaving the water for pasture, its little skill in running allows the natives to take it alive; and it is not dangerous, even at bay, like most of the antelope tribe. The female, as well as the male, is furnished with horns. There are many points of contact between the life of this strange ruminant and that of the hippopotamus, its near neighbour. The rivers Cubangui, Cuchibi and the Upper Cuando offer a refuge to thousands of Quichôbos, whilst they do not appear either in the Lower Cuando or the Zambesi. I explain this fact by the greater ferocity of the crocodiles in the Zambesi and Lower Cuando, which would make short work of so defenceless an animal if it ventured to show itself in their waters.

In an interview which I had at Pretoria with celebrated antelope-hunter, Mr. Selous, I learned th he had heard my antelope spoken of by the natives the Upper Cafucue, a stream which, it appears, co tained an animal similar to the one I had met with. regret that my very limited knowledge of zoology d not permit me to make a more minute study of creature which I deem worthy the attention of men science on account of the strangeness of its habits.

On July 25, 1878, Major Serpa Pinto encamped c the right bank of the river Cuchibi, which flows in the Cuando or Linyanti, which again is a tributary the Zambesi. Major Pinto has some interesting e: perience at the village of Caú-eu-hue, at which l stayed some time.

There were several Ambuella girls who were dancir with my carriers, and the bangles on their arms ar wrists made a tinkling accompaniment to their motion I was much struck with the type of many of these girl which was perfectly European, and I saw several who forms, as they undulated in the dance, would hav raised envy in the hearts of many European ladie whom they equalled in beauty and surpassed in grac of motion. What followed was calculated to increa my surprise. It would appear that these Ambuella on the arrival in the country of a caravan, are accu tomed to flock into the camp, to sing and dance; an as night advances, the men retire, and leave the women-folks behind them. It is their hospitabl custom thus to furnish the stranger wayfarers with few hours of female society. On the following mornin at daybreak, the visitors steal away to their village and rarely fail to return to bring gifts to their husband of a night.

This custom led to an extraordinary adventure whic befell myself. Moene Caú-eu-hue, the old Sova, sen me his two daughters, Opudo and Capéu. Opudo wa about twenty, and Capéu counted some sixteen year The elder was a plain girl enough, and was wonderfull haughty in manner; but the other was an attractiv

little creature, with a smiling and agreeable countenance.

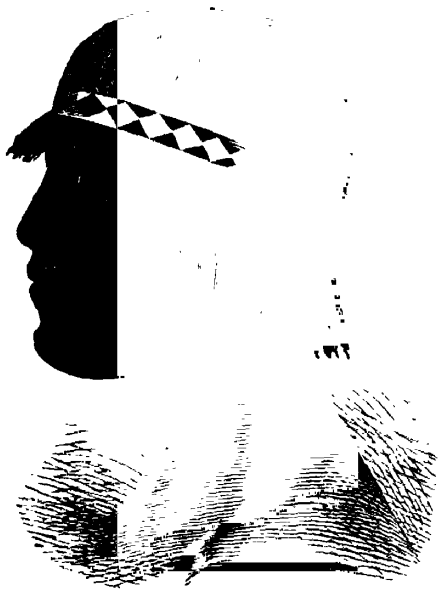
From the moment of my setting foot in Africa I had determined to lead an austere life, a practice which gave me considerable influence over my negroes, who, seeing me only drink water, and detecting me in no *aventure galante*, looked upon me as altogether a superior being. But now, notwithstanding my fixed determination, I was called upon to exercise no little

THE SOVA CAÚ-EU-HUE.

restraint upon my feelings to resist the temptations of the younger daughter of the Sova Caú-eu-hue. Capéu only spoke the Ganguella dialect, which I did not understand, but Opudo talked Hambundo fluently. "Why do you despise us?" she inquired in an imperious tone. "Are the women in your country more lovely and loving than my sister. Any way, we intend to sleep here; for it shall never be said that the daughters of the chief of the Ambuellas have been thrust out of his tent by a white man."

Here was a ridiculous position for a man to be placed in ! I was indeed so taken aback that I had not a word to say for myself. Of course, a ready reply might have been found, but it was just the one that I had no intention to give. There sat the two girls upon my leopard-skins, and there stood I. The large fire which separated us cast over the interior of the hut a ruddy light, somewhat subdued and softened by the green foliage which lined the cabin walls. The bright flame displayed to great advantage the undraped figure of the young girl, whose languishing eyes were occasionally fixed upon me with an expression half-pouting, half-beseeching. My own looks wandered away, but involuntarily turned again and again to the statuesque and graceful figure. Without, the noisy sounds of the barbarous music had ceased ; the voices were more subdued, and silence was gradually taking the place of the previous uproar. My braves were evidently selecting their companions for the night ; and there was I, still shut up with those irrepressible girls. "We intend to remain here," repeated the haughty Ambuella princess. "I don't mean to expose my sister to the scorn of all the old women of the villages ; and let me tell you, white man, that if you are a chief of the White King, I am the daughter of a Sova."

The ridicule of my position increased ; I was compelled to put the firmest restraint upon myself, and, conscious that if I looked or spoke softly I was lost, I had to assume a severity of aspect and hardness of behaviour that were quite foreign to my character. Still, things could not remain in the state in which they were, and I did not know how to alter them. I would have preferred, a thousand times over, risking a conflict with the warrior father to continuing this colloquy with the amorous little daughter. Suddenly the skin which formed the door of my hut was raised, and some one entered. It was little Mariana, who had overheard our limited conversation and came to the rescue. She approached the fire, which she mended and replenished. Then, turning to the Ambuellas and

repeatedly clapping her hands, as is the customary mode of complimentary salutation in the country, she uttered the words *Cô-qúe-tû Cô-qúe-tú*, and added: "The white man does not scorn you; but if he does not wish you to sleep here it is because I am the only one who does so, the white man is mine. My hut is alongside this one, and you are quite welcome to sleep there." The daughters of Sova Caú-cu-hue at once rose and left with Mariana, to whom I felt myself very greatly

CAPLU.

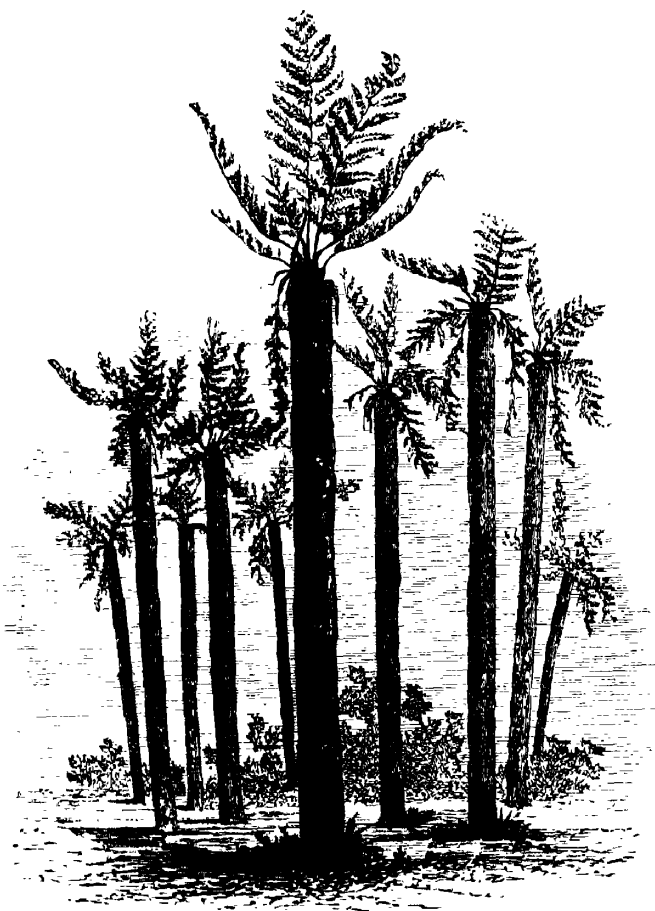
indebted for getting me out of my dilemma; but a few moments after, Opudo came back and whispered fiercely in my ear, "To-night we sleep elsewhere, but my sister does not mean to let you off."

I must confess it, this young woman inspired me with more fear than the wildest of wild cats could occasion. I lay down on my couch, reflecting upon my extraordinary adventure, and beginning to credit, with more sincerity than I had hitherto done, the story of a certain Joseph who left his garment behind him in Egypt. Next day the chief's daughters came in the usual way

to bring me presents. I gave them a few beads in return, and they retired without alluding to the scene of the previous night. Shortly afterwards a messenger came from the father, to announce that he expected me that afternoon, and that he would send a boat to convey me to his village. Our encampment had fresh visitors, in the shape of some cobras, which the negroes declared to be venomous, and several black scorpions, from 4 to 4½ inches in length. One or two of the men were bitten by these disgusting reptiles, whose poison, however, produced no further mischief than violent pain and swelling of the parts affected.

The Ambuellas were the first people I fell in with on my journey who did not conceal their plantations in the forest. Their fields under cultivation were all in the open, by the banks of the stream, and to this cause may be attributed their reputation as husbandmen. The inundations which occasionally occur leave deposits on the land of the richest kind, and the fields become thereby naturally manured. Although they do not, so to speak, irrigate the land—an operation which I never saw any African tribe practise—they nevertheless take the precaution, as I observed, of draining the ground by digging deep trenches beside their plantations.

My occupations had so engaged me during the day that it was not till evening that I remembered the canoe which the Sova told me would be in waiting near the river to convey me to his village. On reaching the appointed spot my surprise was considerable at finding the frail skiff referred to *manned* by Opudo and Capéu, the two daughters of the chief! I do not consider myself a man of a particularly timid nature, but the sight of these two girls caused me some alarm. This was no time, however, for indulging in such feelings, so I stepped into the canoe, and settling myself down, gave the signal for departure. The dexterity of these young women was remarkable, and they soon cleared the little creek or canal which led into the river. The sun was fast nearing the horizon. The canoe sped swiftly through the open spaces left by the abundant

aquatic vegetation, which displayed upon the surface of the water a vast wealth of beautiful flowers. So thick were the clusters of Victoria-regias and many species of the Nenuphar, that at times they held us as in a net. On one occasion we were so imprisoned that I fully

TREE FERNS ON THE BANKS OF THE ONDA

expected an upset, and in imagination saw those dark-skinned nymphs and myself struggling in the water among the crocodiles. No such mishap, however, occurred. By a skilful manœuvre of the paddles we were set free, and Opudo then found her tongue. "It is too late now," she said, "to go to our father's house.

We waited for you long. We will return by land, and you shall come to-morrow."

Shortly after, at a convenient spot, we went ashore, and they accompanied me to the camp. Night fell, and found the Sova's daughters again within my hut, conversing on indifferent subjects, whilst the sounds of dancing and merriment were heard without. When the noise attendant on these festivities had ceased, they lay down near the entrance of the hut, beside the brightly burning fire. I wanted them to take up their quarters once more in the hut of little Mariana; but Opudo declined, saying she was a fawn of the forest, and little cared where she took her rest. In the course of that day Augusto, who had been scouring the wood for game, fell in with a troop of small monkeys, the first I had come across in my journey from the coast westward.

On the following morning I paid my visit to the Sova; but being desirous of avoiding further adventures, I got out my india-rubber boat, and proceeded to the village in that conveyance. The canal I traversed communicated with an arm of the river, 22 yards wide by 19 feet deep, with a rapid current coursing along at the rate of 54 yards per minute. The river divides, forming aits, little bays and marshes, which are the beds of thick and lofty canes. It is upon these small islands, themselves intersected by other channels, which form a perfect labyrinth, that these Ambuella villages are planted, springing from a marshy soil, on the level of the river. The houses are perfectly imbedded in the thick tufts of cane. Their walls are formed of reeds; their foundations are stakes driven into the muddy ground, and the roofs are composed of thatch. As may readily be imagined, they are wretched habitations, badly constructed, and affording little effective shelter. Outside the doors, suspended from large poles, are immense calabashes, in which the inhabitants preserve their wax and other articles. The huts themselves are filled with calabashes. Indeed, among the Ambuellas these useful vegetables perform the office of trunks,

CAU-EU-HUE (TOWN ON THE QUCHIBI).

To face p. 520.

cupboards, and other household receptacles. The store-houses only differ from the dwelling-houses in being raised upon stakes a couple of yards high, and therefore out of the reach of the inundations of the river.

On one of the small islands above referred to a little group of buildings constitutes the residence of the Sova Moene Caú-eu-hue. One hut is occupied by himself, four more are assigned to his four wives, and the rest are store-houses. I observed near the chief's own habitation a kind of rustic trophy, composed of the skulls and horns of animals and other spoils of the chase. The Sova received me very graciously, he having two of his favourites by his side. No sooner was I seated than my interpreter and one of the favourites commenced vigorously clapping the palms of their hands together, after which, scraping up a little earth, they rubbed it on the breast, and repeated many times, in a rapid way, the words *bamba* and *calunga*, terminating with another clapping of hands, not quite so vigorous as before. This completed the ceremony of introduction. The chief expressed a wish to see my boat, and made a little excursion in it upon the river. His wonder at the floating power of this portable canoe knew no bounds; and again and again he urged upon me not to sell any such to the Ambuellas of the Cubangui, for that, if I did, he and his people were lost. I pacified him on this head by the assurance that the whites did not wish for war between them, and would take all possible care not to furnish them with the means of waging it. On our return to his island-home he sent for a calabash of *bingundo* and a tin cup, together with a pot of Lisbon marmalade, left there by some Biheno trader during one of his business journeys. Having filled the cup, the chief allowed some drops of the foaming liquid to fall upon the ground, and, covering the place with damp earth, he drank off the contents without drawing breath. The interpreter having informed him that I only drank water, he passed the calabash round to his favourites, who lost no time in disposing of what was left in it.

At noon I took my leave, and returned to the encampment. I passed the rest of the day with a petty chief, the brother of the Sova, who informed me that he intended starting for the Zambesi by way of the Cuchibi and Cuando. I found him to be a very intelligent fellow, speaking Portuguese pretty fluently, he having picked up the language while serving as a soldier in Loanda, to which place he had been sent as a slave when the horrid traffic was in the ascendant. He was a great hunter, and had frequently scoured the banks of the Cuando as far as Linianti during his sporting excursions. He assured me that the Cuando was completely navigable, that it was without rapids, and occasionally spread over so wide a bed as to present but little depth. Its aquatic vegetation was, however, so abundant and powerful that it not unfrequently barred the passage of any boats, and made navigation a matter of considerable difficulty. He further asserted, and I had afterwards occasion to confirm the correctness of the assertion, that the river Cuando bears that name as far as Linianti, and thence to the Zambe either Cuando or Linianti, but never Chobe or Tchobe, as designated on the maps.

AMBUELLA HUNTER.

The Ambuella race continue on the Cuando the same system of existence as they practise on the Cuchibi, and the little islands are always selected for the establishment of their villages.

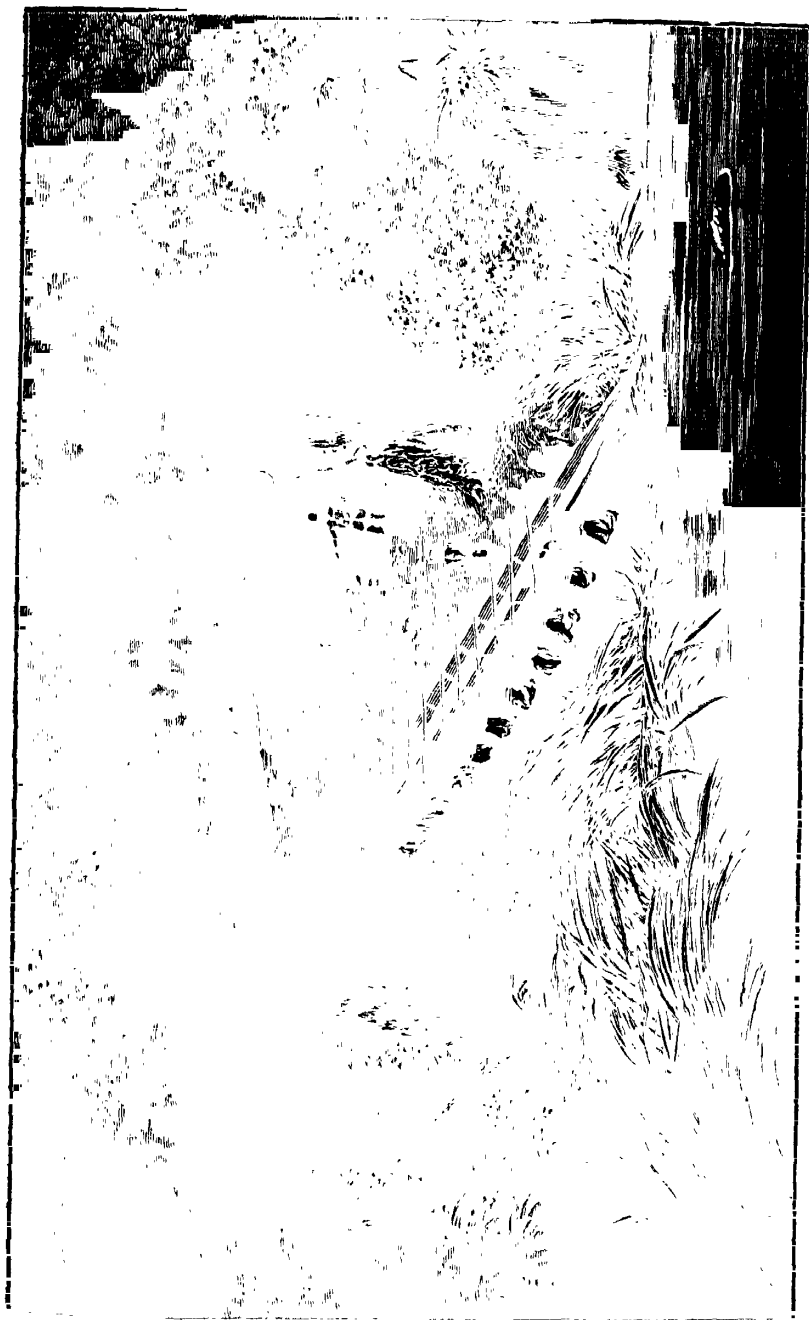
A DANGEROUS NEIGHBOUR.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BAROTSE COUNTRY.

THE Barotse or Barôze Country is of special interest as having been included in the sphere of the British South Africa Company. Major Serpa Pinto spent some time there, and indeed had great difficulty in getting away.

On the 25th of August I rose, feeling very ill and burning with fever. I was in the Upper Zambesi, close to the 15th parallel South, in the city of Lialui, the new Capital, founded by King Lobossi, of the Kingdom of the Barôze, Lui or Ungenge, for by all three names is that vast empire of South tropical Africa known to the world. We learn from the descriptions of David Livingstone that a warrior coming out of the South at the head of a powerful army, by name Chibitano, a Basuto by origin, crossed the Zambesi close to its confluence with the Cuando, and invaded the territories of the Upper Zambesi, subjecting to his sway the whole of the tribes who inhabited the vast tracts of country thus conquered.

Chibitano, the most remarkable captain who has ever existed in Central Africa, started from the banks of the Gariep with the nucleus of an army formed of Basutos and Betjuanas, to which he went on adding the young manhood of the peoples he vanquished, and as he drew nearer to the North, he organized his new phalanxes till they became as terribly successful in the conquest of the Upper Zambesi as in the defence of the subjected countries. On this army, formed of different elements, and of peoples of many races and origins, their commander bestowed the name of Cololos, hence the designation of Macololos, which became so well known throughout

Vol. I. CONVEYANCE OF BOATS. *To face p. 524.*

Africa. In the Upper Zambesi Chibitano met with many distinct peoples, governed by independent chiefs, who could not, separated as they were, oppose any serious resistance to the Basuto warrior's arms.

Chibitano turned out to be as wise a legislator, and as prudent an administrator, as he was a redoubted warrior; and he succeeded in uniting the conquered tribes and

THE KING LOBOSSI.

causing them to regard each other as brethren in one common interest. The said tribes might be grouped in three great divisions, marking three distinct races. In the South, below the region of the cataracts, were the Macalacas; in the centre the Cangenjes or Barôzes, and in the North the Luinas, a more vigorous and intelligent race than either of the other two, and which was destined in the course of time to take the place of the Macololos

in the government of the country. The reins of government have been indeed centred in the country of the Barôze or Ungenge since the time of Chicrêto, the son and successor of Chibitano, and while all the tribes of the West bestow upon the vast empire the name of Lui or Ungenge, those of the South distinguish it by the designation of Barôze. Later on in the chapter I shall have occasion to say something of the history of this people, between the last visit of Livingstone and my passage through the territory, but for the present I continue the narrative of my adventures under the reign of Lobossi and of his counsellor and intimate Gambella.

The political organisation of the Kingdom of the Lui is very different to that of the other people I had visited in Africa. It possesses two distinct ministries, that of war and foreign affairs, the last being subdivided into two sections, each having a minister of its own. One of them has to do with Western, the other with Southern affairs, so that while the former deals with the Portuguese in Benguella, the latter has to treat with the English at the Cape. At the time of my arrival, the King's counsellors were four, two of them not being in office; the ministry for foreign affairs was entrusted to a certain Matagja, whilst Gambella, the President of the King's Council, had the double charge of war and Southern foreign affairs. I made myself acquainted with these details the better to regulate my conduct in the serious matters I had to negotiate. I was advised at daybreak that King Lobossi was prepared to receive me. I at once undid my traps, and put on the only complete suit of clothes I possessed; repairing subsequently to the great Square, in which the audience was to be held.

I found the King seated in a high-backed chair, in the middle of the open place, and behind him stood a negro, shading him with a parasol. He was a young man about 20, of lofty stature, and proportionately stout. He wore a cashmere mantle over a coloured shirt, and, in lieu of cravat, had a numerous collection of amulets hanging on his chest. His drawers were of coloured cashmere, displaying Scotch thread stockings, perfectly white, and he

had on a pair of low well-polished shoes. A large counterpane of smart colours, in lieu of capote, and a soft grey hat, adorned with two large and beautiful ostrich feathers, completed the costume of the great potentate. He held in his hand an instrument formed of a wooden carved handle, into which were stuck bunches of horse-hair, that served to keep off the flies, and as he sat he waved it to and fro with great gravity. On his right, on a lower chair, was seated Gambella, and the three Counsellors

GAMBELLA

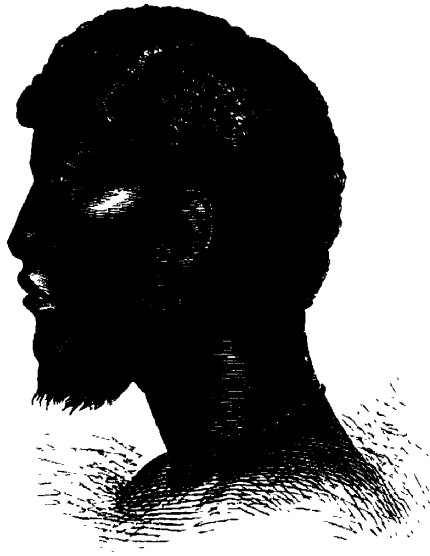
were on the opposite side. About a thousand persons squatted on the ground in a semicircle, displaying their hierarchy by the distance at which they were placed from the sovereign.

On my arrival King Lobossi rose, and after him the Counsellors and the whole people. I exchanged a pressure of the hand with the King and with Gambella, bowed my head to Matagja and the other two Counsellors, and then sat down near Lobossi and Gambella. After an exchange of compliments and polite greetings, which appeared rather to belong to a European court than a barbarous

people, I explained to the King that I was not a merchant, but came to visit him by order of the King of Portugal, and that I had that to say to him which could not well be said before so numerous an assembly. He replied that he knew and understood that it was so, and that the reception he had given me the evening before, and the one he made me on this occasion, must prove that he did not confound me with any trader whatsoever; that I was his guest, and that we should have time to talk about affairs, as he hoped to have the happiness of keeping me for some time in his court. After this amiable expression of opinion, he dismissed me, and I returned to my house in a high fever.

I found in my court-yard no fewer than 30 oxen, which the King had sent me as a present. The favourite slave of Lobossi hinted that it would be an act of delicacy on my part to order the animals to be slaughtered, to offer the best leg of beef to the King, and distribute meat among the courtiers. I thereupon gave orders to Augusto to act accordingly, and, the whole of the cattle having been killed, the flesh was divided among my carriers and the people of the court. I took good care to send to the King and the four Counsellors the better parts, not forgetting to make Gambella's the choicest, and letting him know that I did so. The hides, which are highly esteemed by the people, I presented to Matagja and Gambella.

At 1 o'clock I was received by the King in private audience in a house of the same semi-cylindrical shape, but of large dimensions, being upwards of 60 feet long by 25 broad. Lobossi, on this occasion, was seated on a stool, and opposite him were the four Counsellors upon a bench, attended by some grandees, among whom was a hale old man, whose sympathetic and expressive face greatly struck me. This was Machauana, the former companion of Livingstone on the journey which the celebrated explorer made from the Zambesi to Loando, and of whom he speaks in his 'Journal' in such high terms of praise. An enormous pot of *quimbombo* was placed in the middle of the room, and after the King had drunk of

it, all followed his example in copious draughts, without offering any to me, being informed that I drank only water. We conversed upon indifferent matters, and I understood that the time had not yet come to talk of my affairs. Among other subjects of conversation, we spoke about languages, and Lobossi requested me to say something in Portuguese, that he might hear how it sounded. I recited to him the Flores d'Alma out of the poem 'D. Jayme,' and the negroes appeared delighted to listen

MATAGJA.

to the harmony of our language, which that great and charming poet Thomaz Ribeiro so admirably brings out in those remarkable verses. On my retiring, the King whispered in a tone which none could hear, that he should like to see me that night. Shortly after my arrival at my own house, Machauana called upon me, and I had a long talk with him about Livingstone. He left me with many professions of friendship.

At 9 o'clock I repaired to the King's residence. I found him in one of the inner *pateos*, seated upon a stool, near a large fire burning in an earthen brazier, a couple of yards, at least, in diameter. Opposite him, in a semi-

circle, were some twenty men, armed with assegais and shields, who, during our conference, remained as motionless and silent as statues. Shortly after my arrival, Gambella came in and our conference began. I commenced by saying that I had been compelled to leave upon the road the rich presents I had brought for him, but that, even as it was, I had been able to save a few trifles, and among them a uniform and hat, which I then presented him. The former was one of those richly bedizened liveries that all Lisbon has seen worn by the lacqueys seated in the ante-chambers of the Marquis de Penafiel, and which were sold when that wealthy nobleman changed his luxurious Lisbon residence for the more restless life of the capital of France. Lobossi was delighted both with the uniform and hat, and thanked me very warmly for the gift. We then, after some conversation upon indifferent subjects, began to talk of business.

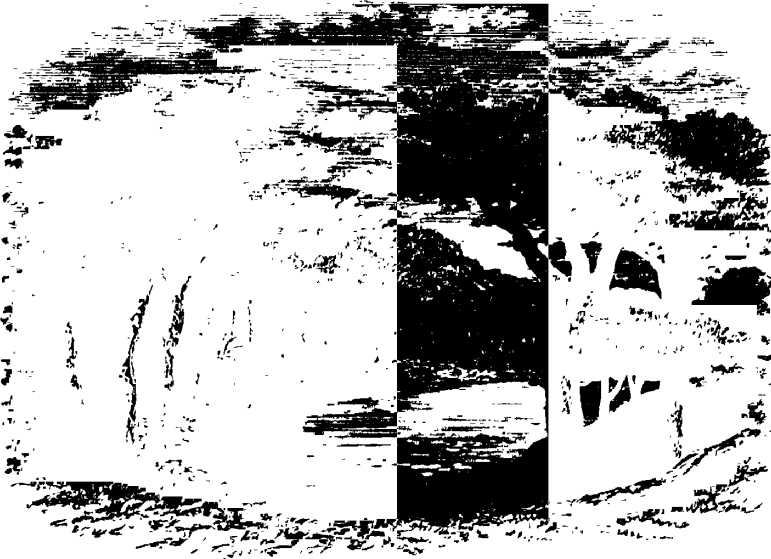
Three languages are spoken in the Barôze country—the Ganguella, the Luina and the Sesuto; the last-mentioned being a dialect left behind them by the Macololos, who modified the customs of the conquered people to the extent of introducing their own tongue, which still remains the official language and the one affected by the Court. It was this idiom that was spoken by Lobossi and Gambella, and wherein Verissimo and Caiumbuca served me as interpreters. I at once informed the monarch that I came as the envoy of the King of Portugal (the *Mueneputo*, for by that name His Most Faithful Majesty is known among all the peoples of South Africa, and which is formed of two words, *Muene*, meaning King, and *Puto*, the name given to Portugal in Africa). I said that my chief aim was to facilitate commerce between the two countries, and that, as Lui was in the centre of Africa, and already in communication with Benguella, I desired to open the road to the Zumbo, which would afford a much nearer market, where it would be easy for himself and his subjects to furnish themselves with those European products of which they stood most in need. He complained warmly of the

dearth of such products for some time past, owing to the absence of Benguella traders, nor did he conceal from me that, among other articles, he was absolutely without powder. To this I replied that they would come fast enough if they saw a chance of doing good business, and that I could assure him the Mueneputo was willing to protect any trade between the two countries, if he, on his part, would engage to forbid, in his States the purchase and sale of slaves. I did not disguise from him the want of resources under which I was labouring, and, whilst urging upon him the desirability and advantage of throwing open the Zumbo road, I promised that, if he aided me in my enterprise, I would procure for him from Tete, in the shortest possible time, all the powder and other things he required.

Gambella, an intelligent man and acute diplomat (for such are not wanting among the blacks), tried more than once to catch me tripping; but I would not travel out of the road of facts and logic, and he apparently gave in. After much discussion, it was decided that King Lobossi should send a deputation to Benguella, I supplying it with a man in whom I could place confidence, with letters for the Governor and for Silva Porto, and that, in return, he should give me the people I wanted to accompany me to the Zumbo. It was one in the morning when I retired, and, in spite of my mistrust of negroes, I freely confess that I went away satisfied. The whole of that day I was busily engaged, and at night-time, when I lay down, I had a severe attack of fever.

I rose next morning very ill, and despatched some Quimbundos and Quimbares to a spot rather more than a quarter of a mile to the S. of Lialui, with orders to construct an encampment, for which I had procured the King's authorisation. At 10 I went to pay a visit to Lobossi, whom I found in a large circular house, surrounded by people, and having before him six enormous pans of *capata*. My own followers, Augusto, Verissimo and Caiumbuca, and the King's attendants, were very soon in a helpless state of drunkenness; and as I could do nothing to stop it, I returned to my own house, and

went to my couch with a great increase of fever. A perfect crowd of people came to visit me, and, as there was nothing to be done but to listen to them—for the negroes have no consideration for any one who is ill,—I rapidly grew worse. Lobossi sent me six oxen, the flesh of which was all stolen by his men, for the major part of my people were away constructing the encampment, and Augusto, Verissimo and Caiumbuca were too drunk to attend to anything.

Early next morning, the King came to see me. I was

LAKE LIGURI.

then a little better, but the fever still continued, and obstinately refused to yield to the usual remedies. At 10, Lobossi sent to request me to appear before his great Council, which he had convened expressly in order that I might lay my projects before it. Again did Gambella, who presided at the meeting, try to confuse me, but with no better success than before. I had, however, to give Gambella and the other members of the Board a lecture in Geography. I traced upon the ground the course of the Zambesi, and to the east, running parallel to it, the course of the Loengue, which, under the name of Calucuo,

Vol. I.

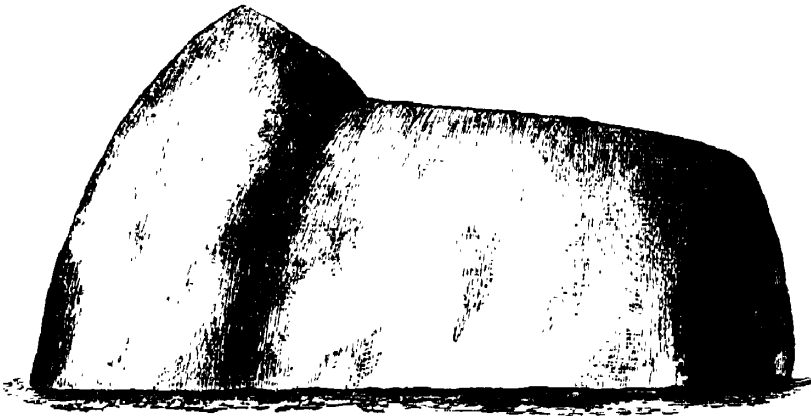
SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

To face p. 532.

runs into the Zambesi below the Cariba rapids. I demonstrated that in 15 days I could reach the village of Cainco, situated upon an island in the Loengue, and that I could descend that river in a boat down to the Zambesi, and by the latter stream to the Zumbo. I asserted that the Loengue was without cataracts, and that the Zambesi, from Cariba to the Zumbo, was perfectly navigable. The audience were astonished at my erudition, and Gambella, who knew more of African geography than many ministers of European States, was aware that what I said was true, and did not attempt to refute it. After a lengthened and heated discussion, it was resolved to send the deputation to Benguella, and to allow me sufficient people to cross the Chuculumbe to Cainco, leaving three or four strong posts on the road to secure the passage, on their return, of those who should accompany me to the Zumbo. When the meeting broke up there was great enthusiasm, and the chiefs who were to proceed to Benguella, and those who were to attend me, were selected on the spot. I returned to the house with such an accession of fever that I lost my senses, but recovered somewhat by six next morning.

In the evening of that day a visitor was announced in the person of Manutumueno, a son of King Chipopa, the first monarch of the Luina dynasty. I ordered him to be shown in, and beheld a youth of some 16 or 17 years, with a handsome figure and sympathetic face. He wore a pair of black trousers and the uniform of an ensign in the Portuguese light cavalry, in excellent condition. The sight of the uniform made a deep impression on me. To whom had it belonged? How had it found its way into the centre of Africa? Perhaps some unfortunate widow had bartered the clothes once worn by a beloved husband, for the means of procuring food to stay her hunger.

Moved by curiosity, and to put an end to further conjecture, I questioned Manutumueno as to how he had come by the uniform; to which he replied that it was a present of a Biheno trader, made him some time previously. I then inquired if he had met with nothing in the pockets. He answered that there were none. "None!"

I exclaimed. "What, no pockets in an officer's coat? Impossible!" I requested him to let me examine it, which he willingly did, and unbuttoned the coat for the purpose. True enough, there were no pockets in the breast. I then turned him round and examined the skirts, which, to his astonishment, *did* contain such contrivances; and, foraging in one of them, I found and drew out a tiny little note. Was my curiosity to be gratified, and should I learn who was the owner of the garment? What were the contents of that tiny folded billet which I held in my hand, and for a moment hesi-

ITUFA HOUSE.

tated to open? It was not without a certain feeling of emotion that I did open it, and rapidly scanned the few lines it contained, hurriedly written in pencil. As I did so, I could not refrain from giving vent to a hearty laugh. The paper contained these words:—"If I am not indifferent to you, kindly let me know how we can correspond?" And beneath, there was a name and an address. I then knew to whom the uniform had belonged. The name was that of one of my friends and companions at college, who now holds a high position in one of the scientific branches of the Portuguese army.

One day, in public, I committed the indiscretion of pronouncing the name of the party who signed the note which had come so strangely into my possession; but,

indiscreet as it may have been, I do not consider that I, in any way, offended that gallant officer and distinguished gentleman. That a uniform, which talent and application to study were the means of exchanging for a more important one, thrown aside, or given to a servant, should, from the instability of mundane things, have found its way into the centre of Africa is not, I take it, a thing to cast a reflection upon any one. And still less has a man cause to be offended at being discovered as the author of a billet-doux. Unhappy are those who at 18 never indited such epistles, and still more unhappy they who at 30 can no longer write them! "No doubt, good friend of mine," I thought, "some severe papa or lynx-eyed mamma, who is always inconveniently in the way in such matters, prevented thee, on leaving the theatre or festive ball, from delivering the little missive to thy Dulcinea of that night, and compelled thee to stuff the precious document into thy pocket. Little didst thou dream that the forgotten note would travel across the seas, penetrate into far different regions to that in which it was indited, and be carried—an unknown treasure—on the person of a negro in the Upper Zambesi! For thy consolation, however, know that the negro was at least the son of a king!"

It shows pretty clearly the state of my mind at this conjuncture, that only sad thoughts should have been engendered at sight of that note found in the pocket of the uniform of an ensign of cavalry, as I ought to have instinctively known that the note could only have been a billet-doux. A cavalry ensign in Portugal, as I presume everywhere else, is always a dazzling light at which the thoughtless butterflies singe their gilded wings. Musing upon this subject, I sought my pillow, not without a sigh that I was already a major.

Next day, my fever had so increased that I could not stand upon my legs. Lobossi came to visit me, and brought with him his confidential doctor. He was an old man, small in stature, and thin of frame, with white beard and hair. He began by drawing from his breast a string that was run through eight halves of the stones

of some fruit that was unknown to me. He then, with great gravity, pronounced certain cabalistic words, and cast the fruit-stones on the ground. Some of them remained with the inner side upwards, and others the reverse. After examining the positions they had taken, he came to the conclusion that my deceased relatives had possessed me, and that it was necessary for me to give him something, that he might charm them away. I bore all this nonsense with the utmost patience whilst feigning to lend the greatest credence to his words, and dismissed him with a small present of gunpowder. Later on in the day Gambella sent me 10 loads of maize and massambala. My encampment being now finished, I lost no time in shifting my quarters into it.

By the 29th of August the fever had yielded somewhat to the strong doses of quinine I had taken, and my strength was coming back to me. Unfortunately, my moral condition retrograded in a like degree. At times, indeed, the depression of spirits was most inexplicable, and my energy gave way as my moral weakness took the stronger hold of me. I was becoming crushed by the weight of a terrible attack of home-sickness. The King himself displayed a good deal of concern at my condition, but each messenger who came to inquire after my health made a more exorbitant and impertinent request than his predecessor. On that day, he sent his musicians to play and sing for my *entertainment*; but when they had done, a demand was made of two cartridges of powder per man. In the afternoon I heard a great beating of drums in the city, and the King sent to request that I would fire off some volleys in the great square—a wish that I gratified by despatching a dozen of my men for the purpose. I afterwards learned that it was a convocation to war, and before referring to the motives which led to it, I would fain say a few words about the history of the Lui, taking up the narrative from the point at which it was left by Dr. Livingstone, that is to say, from the death of Chicréto.

The empire, so powerfully sustained by the iron hand, wisdom, prudence and policy of Chibitano, began visibly

to decline under the reign of his son Chicréto. David Livingstone, deeply grateful for the favours of the latter, who supplied him with the means of proceeding to Loanda and the Mozambique, is perhaps somewhat prejudiced in the eulogiums he bestows upon this king, for in the record of the journey he subsequently undertook to these parts with his brother Charles and Dr. Kirk, he could not refrain from dwelling on the disorder and deep decadence in which he found the Macololo empire. Of the natives who came from the South, with Chibitano, viz. the Macololos, few now remain, they having been decimated by the fevers proper to the country, which do not even spare the natives themselves. Drunkenness and the too free use of *bangue*, joined to the unruliness of the chiefs, little by little, deprived the invaders of all their usurped authority. On the death of Chicréto, he was succeeded by his nephew Omborolo, who was to reign during the minority of Pepe, a younger brother of Chicréto and son of the great Chibitano. The Luinas conspired, and Pepe was one day assassinated. Omborolo ere long shared the same fate, and the Luinas having organised what amounted to another St. Bartholomew's, slew without mercy the remnant of the former invading warriors, of whom only a handful escaped, who, under the command of Siroque, a brother of Chicréto's mother, fled westward and crossed the Zambesi at Nariere. The Luinas, after this sanguinary act, proclaimed their chief Chipopa, a man of ability, who took measures to prevent any dismemberment of the country, and managed to keep the empire in the same powerful condition that it boasted in the time of Chibitano.

Chipopa reigned many years, but treachery was soon at its old work, and in 1876 a certain Gambella caused him to be assassinated, and proclaimed his nephew Manuanino, a youth of 17, king in his stead. The first act of Manuanino's exercise of authority was to order Gambella, the man who had brought him to the throne, to be beheaded; and, not content with this, he deposed from office all the relatives and friends of his father, who had assisted to procure him his dignity, and collected about

him only his maternal kinsmen. The former conspired in turn, and made a revolution with the object of assassinating him, in March, 1878; but Manuanino, learning of his danger, through some who were yet faithful to him, succeeded in escaping, and fled towards the Cuando, where he assailed and devastated the village of Mutambanja. Lobossi, having been proclaimed King, despatched an army against him, and Manuanino had to retire from his new quarters, and repassing the Zambesi at Quisseque, plunged into the country of the Chuculumbe, which he crossed, and joined a band of whites, elephant-hunters, who were encamped on the borders of the Cafucue. Lobossi, apparently conscious that his own safety depended upon the death of Manuanino, sent a fresh army against him. It was of the result of that very expedition that news had arrived that day. It seems that on nearing the spot where the late sovereign was harbouring with his newly-found white friends, whom they styled *Muzungos*, the chiefs demanded that Manuanino should be given up, that he might be slain, and on receiving a flat refusal, they attacked the band, but with so little success, that they were completely routed by the whites, few only being left to escape back to Lialui and narrate the disaster which had befallen the expedition. This was the motive of the beating of drums and convocation to war, above alluded to, and for which I had been invited by Lobossi to fire off the volleys in the great square of the city.

As I have been speaking of the history of the Lui, I may as well narrate here one of its most interesting and romantic episodes. Among the few Macololos who, on the occasion of the African St. Bartholomew's, managed to escape with a band of natives, and pass the Zambesi, was, as I have mentioned, a chief of the name of Siroque. Intrepid and fearless, Siroque proceeded westward until he reached the Cubango, which he made his temporary residence, and where he passed his days hunting the elephants. He subsequently mounted the river to the Bihé, and remained there a considerable time, paying an occasional visit to Benguella, with trading caravans. One day, however, a dispute having arisen, resulting in blows,

in which he got the better of his antagonists, he prudently retired to the interior, where he pitched his tent on the river Cuando, below the Cuchibi, and resumed his former life as a huntsman. He could not, however, in his retreat, forget his former state, and, mindful of the power that was once wielded by his family, he brooded upon ambitious projects. The re-establishment of the Macololo dynasty in the Lui became his constant thought, and, that he might the better set about the realisation of his scheme, he drew nearer to the proposed scene of action by the Cuando. A pombeiro of the Bihé, his reputed friend, and who had furnished him with powder, denounced him to Manuanino, then recently proclaimed, and that monarch, having in the most cowardly way got him into his power, caused him to be assassinated near the village of Mutambanja. All his adherents fell victims at the same time, and the assegai of the slayer of Siroque opened the tomb to the last of the Macololos.

The day on which the intelligence which had befallen the King's arms reached the capital was dark and gloomy, and seemed in harmony with the state of Lobossi's mind. Ill-news flies apace, and rumours of fresh mishaps tread upon the heels of each other. Among other scraps of sinister intelligence, it was next reported that Lo Bengula, the powerful monarch of the Matebeli, was projecting an attack upon the Lui. Everything was topsy-turvy in the city; every one had a pet expedient to propose, or some mad scheme to ventilate; and two men, only, appeared to retain their wits and coolness amid the general confusion. These were Machauana and Gambella—the latter the Minister of War, Machauand the General-in-Chief.* Decided and rapid orders

* News of the Lui, which I have since received in Europe, partly communicated by Dr. Bradshaw and partly sent from the Bihé, inform me that the Luinas, after my stay among them, suffered a fierce attack from certain N.E. tribes, which Dr. Bradshaw describes under the name of Ma-Kupi-Kupi: and that, subsequently, Lobossi ordered Gambella, Machauana, and young Manatumueno, son of King Chipopa, to be put to death. Shortly afterwards it was reported in the Bihé that King Lobossi had himself been assassinated, and another sovereign proclaimed in his stead; the new monarch being, according to the same source—not, by the by, too reliable a one—the Manuanino before referred to.

were issued by these two chiefs to faithful emissaries, who were at once despatched to distant villages.

The thought pressed uneasily upon my mind, what was to become of me, amid the fresh events, now agitating the country? It was said and repeated, that they were the *Muzungos* who had slain the troops of Lobossi despatched against Manuanino, and that if it were known that I was a *Muzungo*, my life was not worth a day's purchase. Luckily the people were ignorant of the fact, and thought that the Portuguese of the East were of a different race to those of the West. In the Lui the Portuguese in the western colonies are styled *Chinderes*, a name bestowed upon them by the Bihenos; those in the eastern colonies are called *Muzungos*, and the English in the South *Macúas*. They designate *Mambares* every black man coming from the Portuguese colonies. This word is certainly a corruption of *Quimbares*, a name given to all the half-civilized negroes of Benguella. Hence arose the error of Dr. Livingstone, in assigning to the west of the Tala Mugongo range of mountains, a district inhabited by a race of *Mambares*. The *Quimbares* are negroes of various races, either slaves or free men, who are partly civilized. Many of them come from the *Senzalas* or slave-quarters of Benguella, or appertain to similar quarters belonging to the whites on the coast. In Benguella they call *Quimbundos* the wild aborigines of the interior, and they bestow that title more particularly on the Bihenos.

On the 30th of August, at early morning, Lobossi sent to inform me of his intention to proceed to hostilities, and of the motives which compelled him to such a course. His emissary was Gambella himself, who further communicated that, as Chuculumbe was the theatre of the intended war, my journey thither was impossible, and that, as a necessary consequence, everything which had been arranged between us was at an end. Events certainly were rendering my position very critical.

In the afternoon, having, meanwhile, had a fresh and violent attack of fever, a message was sent me that the Biheno pombeiros wished to speak to me. Although

Vol. I.

GONHA CATARACT, NEAR THE LUI.

To face p. 540

with difficulty, I rose and proceeded to hear what they had to say. After a good deal of beating about the bush, they at length came to the point. They were going to leave me, seeing, as they did, the ugly turn that things were taking in the Lui, and only wanted to get back to the Bihé. The cowardly crew! They were about to desert me at the very moment I most needed their services! Miguel, the elephant-hunter, the pombeiro Chaquiçonge, and two carriers, Catiba and another, and Dr. Cha-

CUBANGO WOMAN'S HEAD-DRESS.

caiombe, protested their fidelity, and declared they would stand by me. The whole of the *Quimbares* also came forward to make a like declaration. This unexpected move on the part of the Bihenos restored to me, as if by magic, the cool determination which had abandoned me for days past. As difficulties were gathering all round, it behoved me to struggle with them, and I at once threw off the moral torpor which had been insidiously creeping over my mind. I forthwith dismissed the Bihenos; ordered them out of the camp, and delivered them over to

old Antonio, the very man I had recommended to Lobossi as the chief and guide of the deputation he was to have sent to Benguella. This done, I reviewed my forces, and found that they amounted to fifty-eight men.

On the day after this event Lobossi called to see me, and made urgent demands for things which I did not possess, and which he had apparently set his mind upon having. He was becoming constantly more and more importunate. He was just like a child, but a very troublesome and impertinent one. It required a vast stock of patience to bear with him and his wants, and mine was nearly at an end. At night he sent for me to visit him. I went, of course, when he told me that my journey to the Chuculumbe was impossible, but that he would furnish me with guides and some people to proceed southwards as far as the Zumbo. He further said that the report concerning the Matebelis was without foundation; that there was peace on that side, and that he could easily terminate matters with Manuanino. He then complained most bitterly of the few things I gave him, and said, if I had nothing else left, I ought to let him have all my arms and powder, with the greater reason, as if I went to the Zumbo with his people, I should be under their protection, and not need to be accompanied by so many armed men of my own. I offered him the arms of the Bihenos who had left me that day, and whose weapons I had been careful to secure, and seven barrels of powder; but I formally refused to give up a single gun which belonged to the men who remained or to my immediate followers. I then retired, not too well satisfied with the interview.

On the 1st of September I rose feeling very ill, and after making my morning observations, I turned in, again to try and get a little sleep, when Verissimo, in an alarmed state, entered my hut, and told me that Lobossi had called all my people about him, and informed them that I had come there for the express purpose of joining the *Muzungos* who were on the Cafucue with Manuanino, and making war upon him. That this was proved by my persistence in wishing to go to the Chuculumbe. That

he had, during the night, been made acquainted with the projects I meditated, and intended therefore to order me out of his country, and only to leave the road to the Bihé open to me. He had charged Verissimo to bring me this message, which, however, in no wise disconcerted me, as I had, since the evening before, been expecting some such news. I sent to Gambella, with a request that he would call on me; but he carefully kept out of sight,

CUBANGO MAN.

nor could I succeed in coming across him the whole of that day. I did not fail to despatch a reply to Lobossi, pointing out to him the impolicy of the course he was adopting, as I had it in my power to do him a deal of harm by preventing the traders of the Bihé from setting foot in his dominions; but I got, for sole rejoinder, a fresh order to pack up, and to look to the Bihé as the sole available road. In the afternoon I received another message, to the effect that the forces which had been got together for the war would not march until I had

quitted the Lui and was on my way to Benguella. I told the envoy to inform King Lobossi, from me, that he had better sleep upon the matter, as night was a good counsellor, and that I should wait for his ultimate decision till next day. It was on the 2nd of September, at early morning, that I had a visit from Gambella, who came from the King to command me to quit his territory forthwith, and to take no other road than that which led to the Bihé. That I must not go there, nor there, nor there, pointing successively to the North, East and South. Against all usage in the country, Gambella, whilst he remained in my house, retained his arms, and I followed his example by toying with a splendid Adams Colt revolver. I pretended to meditate over my answer, and then said, "Friend Gambella, go and tell Lobossi, or accept the message for yourself, that I don't budge a step from here in the direction of Benguella. Let his army be as numerous as it will, if I am attacked, I shall know how to defend myself; and, if I fall, the Mueneputo will call him to account for my death. He is not on the best of terms with the Matebelis, he is threatened with civil war, raised by Manuanino; let him fall out, besides, with the Mueneputo, and he is a lost man. Any way, you may take it as my final resolve that I only leave here to follow my own road." Gambella left my hut in a towering rage.

Late at night, Machauana came secretly to visit me. He informed me that Gambella had counselled the King to order me to be put out of the way, but that Lobossi formally refused to take such a step. The advice was given at a Council which Machauana attended, and who urged me warmly to be upon my guard. In a long conversation which I held with Livingstone's old companion, I discovered that there was an ancient grudge between him and Gambella. The old warrior, once attached to Chibitano's service, and subsequently to that of King Chipopa, was very desirous of seeing raised to the throne of the Lui, the son of the latter, his own pupil and *protégé*, young Monatumueno, my ensign in the light cavalry. The

discovery of this hatred, and of this affection in the heart of the old man, put me at ease upon my own safety. His power was great, as he had an enormous influence over great part of the Lui tribes, and hence the assegais, which spare but few in the revolutions of the country, had spared him. I expressed to him all the gratitude I felt, and begged him, at parting, to give me timely warning if Lobossi decreed my death. He promised, and retired.

After this interview I lay down, and revolved in my mind a singular plan I had been for some time cogitating, but which I had abstained from communicating to Machauana, in order to prevent him conceiving ambitious projects, which he might not at that moment have been nourishing. I had resolved, if Lobossi decided upon my death, to surround myself with five of my most reliable men, to act as bull-dogs, such as Augusto, Camutombo and others, and repair with them at once to the King's audience, where all are alike unharmed; to cause them, at a given signal, to spring upon Lobossi, Gambella, Matagja, and the other two privy counsellors, whilst I, accompanied by Machauana, the General in Chief, who had ten thousand warriors at his call, would shout out, "Live Monatumueno, King of the Lui; long live the son of Chipopa!" A revolution effected in this way could scarcely fail to be successful in a country which dearly loves revolutions, and where I should have made the first wherein not a drop of blood was shed. I fell fast asleep while ruminating this notable project, and slept on till awoke by Catraio next morning, who came to inform me that Lobossi was there, and wanted to speak to me. I at once arose, and went to receive the King. His object in visiting me was to say that he had altered his mind, and that all the roads were open to me. That he would furnish me with guides to the Quisseque, but that, in consequence of the events that were occurring in his States, he could furnish me with no forces, nor would he be responsible for any disaster that might occur through my attempting the journey with barely fifty-eight men.

I thanked him for his decision, and, with respect to his caution, said I was accustomed to guarantee my own safety and to make no one responsible for my life. Before retiring, he made a lot more requests, which as usual could not be satisfied, as I did not possess a single article he wanted. One of his demands, which he repeated daily, was for half-a-dozen horses. Having seen me arrive on foot, and knowing full well that I had no horses, such a request was a pure impertinence. I afterwards learned that this latest decision of Lobossi was due to the reiterated counsels of Machauana, who kept pointing out to him the impropriety of the step he was urging, of compelling me to leave his dominions against my own will.

On the morning of the 4th, being somewhat better of my fever, I attended an audience of the King, who behaved towards me in a very amicable way. It was Lobossi's custom, at sunrise, to leave his quarters, and, at the sound of *marimbas* and drums, to proceed to the great Square, where he took his seat near a lofty semicircular fence, the centre of which was occupied by the royal chair. Behind him squatted the natives who composed his Court, and on his right were Gambella and the other counsellors, if present. In front of the sovereign, and at about twenty paces distant, stood his musicians in a line, and files of the people were ranged at the sides. Many causes which did not require to be treated in the privy council were there heard and tried, for the audience was in every sense a judicial one. On the day in question, among other matters, was a case of robbery. The complainant summoned the accused (who squatted down in front), and stated his grounds of complaint. The accused denied the crime, and at once a man came forward from among the people to defend him. Any friend or relative is competent for such a purpose. Gambella acted as public prosecutor, and, the accused kneeling before him, he put a variety of questions to which the other replied. The discussion went on, and various witnesses for the accusation and defence came forward in turn. The crime was held to

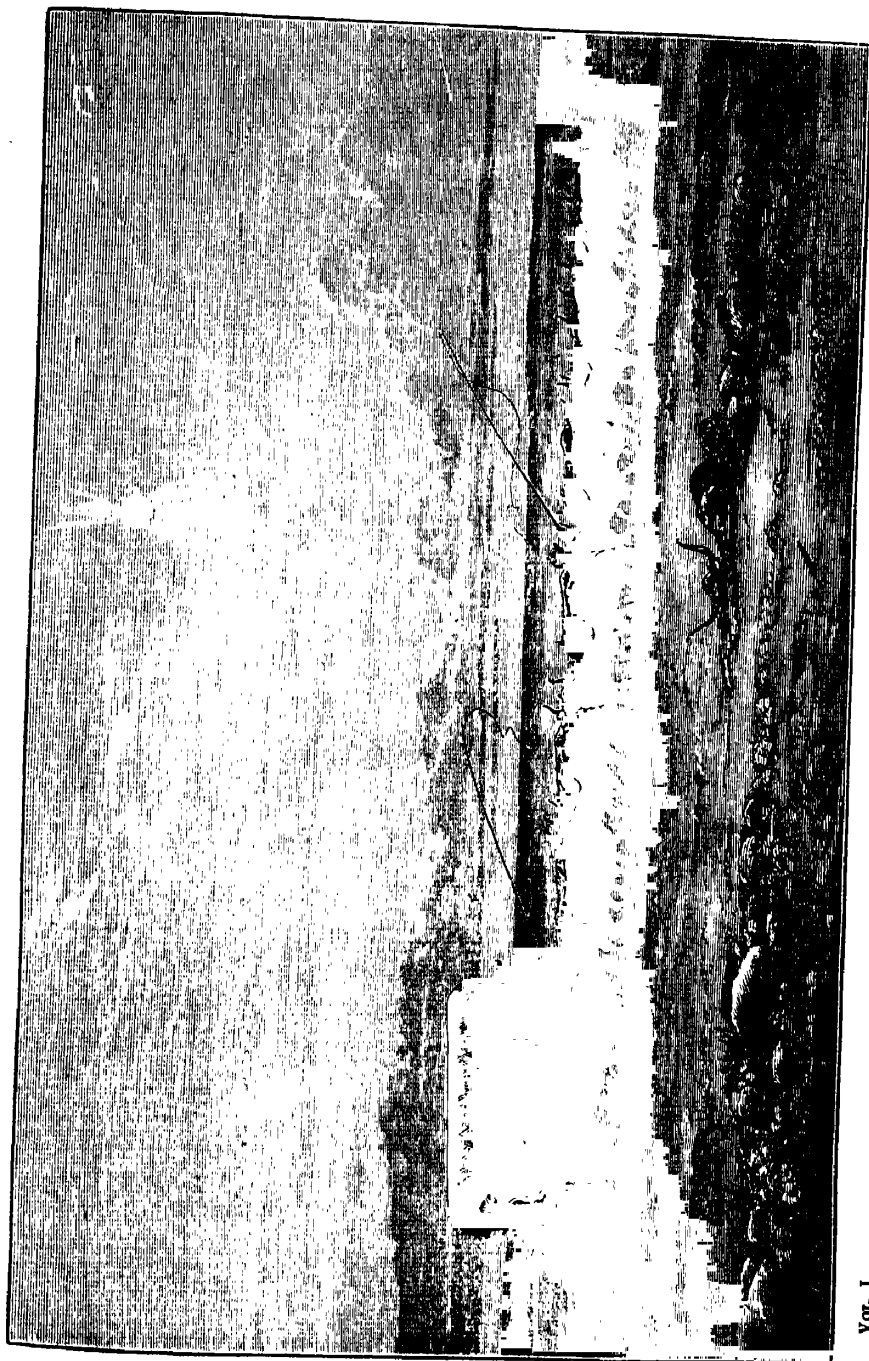
be proved, and the plaintiff demanded that the thief's wife should be delivered up to him, which was done, so that he was indemnified for the loss of his property (a few strings of beads) by the possession of the other

HYENA AND CATTLE.

man's wife. The case being thus terminated, it is to be hoped to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, another man presented himself, who accused his wife of failing in her obedience to him. This complaint was followed by many others of a similar character, and I

counted more than twenty of Lobossi's subjects who made bitter complaints against their partners, so that it seemed to me the women of the Lialui were in a state of complete domestic revolt. After some discussion, it was resolved that any wife who failed to yield blind and absolute obedience to her lord, should be bound hand and foot and thrust into the lake, where she was to pass the night with only her head out of water. This new law being approved, Gambella gave orders to certain chiefs to promulgate it in the various villages.

One thing which struck me as particularly curious in these audiences, was the mode in which Gambella conferred with the King, in secret, before the whole assembly. At a signal of the Minister's, the music struck up, and the eight *batuques* made such an infernal noise that it was simply impossible to hear a word of what was being debated between the King and his Minister. The audience being over, the King is accustomed to retire to a convenient place, and go in for hard drinking. Numerous pipkins of *capata* are sent round, and the sovereign and his courtiers devote themselves to the worship of the God Bacchus. From this scene he retires to bed, and in the afternoon, after fresh libations, he gives another audience. This lasts till nightfall; he then feeds, and repairs to his seraglio, whence he rarely issues till one in the morning. At that hour, amid the beating of drums, he turns into his own house to sleep. The cessation of the *batuques* is a sign that the monarch has retired. His guard, composed of some forty men, then strike up a music which, though monotonous, is far from disagreeable, and all the night through they join their voices, in an undertone, in a soft and harmonious chorus. This music, which is presumably soothing to the King's ear, and lulls him agreeably to sleep, serves to show that his guard are watching round his house. The foregoing will give the reader a general idea of the monotonous life led by this African autocrat,—a life made up of gross lasciviousness and brutal intoxication.

On that same day, the 4th of September, I learned that

Vol. I.

DESERT TRAVELLING IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

To face p. 548.

I owed my life to Machauana, who, at the privy council, formally opposed a motion for my assassination, saying that he had been in Loanda with Livingstone, had been well treated by the whites, as were the Luinas who accompanied him, and that he would never consent to any evil befalling a white man of the same race. He went so far as to threaten the constituted authorities,—a very serious matter for them, indeed, as in the Lui, when ministers fall, the ministers die; a little measure of precaution taken by new counsellors, who, with a few strokes of an assegai, cut down opposition to the root.

In Europe it is not unfrequently the fashion for political adversaries to blacken the reputation of their predecessors, and endeavour to discredit them in the eyes of the people, with a view to diminish their moral force. But I find the system pursued in the Lui, under similar circumstances, to be more straightforward, more dignified, and infinitely safer; by which I do not mean to say that I recommend its adoption.

The Council, in view of the attitude and reasoning of Machuana, resolved that sentence of death should not be passed upon me; but, as it would appear, one of its members came to a contrary decision, on his own account, for that night, having left the camp with the intention of taking the altitudes of the moon, an assegai, cast by some unseen hand, came so near me that the shaft glanced along my left arm. I cast a hasty glance in the direction whence the missile came, and saw, in the dim light, a negro, at twenty paces' distance, preparing for another throw. To draw my revolver and fire at the rascal, was an act rather of instinct than of thought. At sight of the flash, the fellow turned and fled in the direction of the city, and I pursued him. Finding me at his heels, he threw himself on the ground. This made me cautious, and I approached him very gingerly, prepared again to fire, if I observed any evidence of treachery. I saw, however, that the burly black was lying on his arms, and that his assegais had fallen by his side. I seized hold

of one of his arms, and whilst I felt his flesh tremble at contact with my hand, I also felt a hot liquid running between my fingers. The man was wounded. I made him rise, when, trembling with fear, he uttered certain words which I did not understand. Pointing the revolver at his head, I compelled him to go before me to the camp. The report of the pistol had been heard there, but had passed unheeded, the firing off a gun or

THE SONGUE.

two, in the course of the evening, being a common occurrence. I called for two confidential followers, into whose hands I delivered my prisoner, and then proceeded to examine his wound. The ball had penetrated close to the upper head of the right humerus, near the collar-bone, and, not having come out, I presumed that it was fixed in the shoulder-blade. As there was no blood apparent in the respiratory passages, I considered that the lungs had not been touched, and the small stream which ran from the wound convinced

me also that none of the principal arteries had been cut. Under these circumstances, the wound did not assume a very serious aspect, at least for the moment. Having bound up his hurt, I sent for Caiumbuca, and ordered him to accompany me to the King's house, my young niggers with the prisoner following behind.

Lobossi had returned from his women's quarters, and was conversing with Gambella before retiring for the night. I presented to him the wounded man, and inquired who and what he was. The King appeared to be both alarmed and horrified at seeing me covered with the blood of the assassin, which I had not washed off, when a hurried glance exchanged between the bravo and Gambella revealed to me the true head of the attempted crime. Lobossi immediately ordered the fellow to be removed, and said that he should get little sleep that night, from thinking of the spectacle I presented. I narrated the occurrence, and Gambella loudly applauded what I had done. His only regret was that I had not killed the wretch outright, and that he would take a terrible vengeance for the act. The negro was unknown in Lialui, and the men of Lobossi's body-guard asseverated that they had never seen him. Lobossi begged me to keep the incident a profound secret, assuring me that nothing more of the kind should occur so long as I remained in his dominions. I returned to the camp, more than ever distrustful of the friendly professions of Gambella.

In the middle of the night, lying awake, I heard some one attempting to steal quietly into my hut. I was on my feet in an instant, ready to surprise the intruder. The person, whoever it was, could be no stranger, as my faithful hound Traviata, instead of growling, began to wag her tail as her nose pointed in the direction of the uninvited guest. I waited an instant, and then, by the light of the fire, I recognised the young negress Mariana, who, with her body half in and half outside the hut, made me a signal to be quiet. She entered, drew close up to me, and whispered: "Be cautious. Caiumbuca is betraying thee. After returning

home with thee, he went back to the city to speak with Gambella; on again returning here, he quietly summoned Silva Porto's men, and got them together in his own hut. I was on the alert and listened, and heard them talk about getting thee put to death. Verissimo was there too. They said that, as thou didst not understand the Lui language, when thou saidst one thing to the King, they would say another, and answer in the same way, so that the King should get angry, and order thee to be killed. So be cautious—for they

VILLAGE OF CAMBULA, LUCHAZE.

are all bad—very bad!" I warmly thanked the young girl for her advice and courage, and gave her the only necklace of beads I had left, and which I destined for one of Machauana's favourites.

This intelligence of Mariana was a heavy blow to me. The men in whom I most trusted were then the first to betray me! A thousand sad thoughts trooped through my mind, and, though they did not shake my courage, they completely banished sleep from my eyelids. It was true that Mariana's caution gave me an enormous advantage over my enemies, who remained

in ignorance of my knowledge of their treason; and next morning, as I rose from my uneasy couch, I found myself muttering the old proverb, "Forewarned is forearmed."

Gambella was an early visitor, and though his manner was most amiable, and his uttered words were those of sympathy and friendship, his very presence hinted to me of danger, and made me feel that the sword of Damocles still remained suspended above my head. Later in the day, I delivered to him the letters for the Governor of Benguella, and saw the deputation of the King of the Lui, commanded by three Luina chiefs and guided by old Antonio of Pungo Andongo, take its departure for the coast. With it went the Bihenos, who had abandoned my service in the manner recorded. I felt satisfied, at least, with this first result obtained; and if my labours were lost, and I did nothing more, the having brought so powerful a people into close relation with the European civilization of the coast was an important result of my journey.*

The revelation made me that night by Mariana greatly preoccupied my mind, and every thought was directed to discover a means of parrying the blow which had been dealt me by the treason of those in whom I most trusted. I concocted a plan which I decided upon putting into execution that very day.

The narration of the many and serious events which affected me personally, and that followed so quickly on the heels of each other since my arrival in the Lui, must not make me forget to speak of the people and the customs that distinguish them. Instead of meeting there the strong and vigorous race created by

* This Luina expedition, set on foot by me, duly arrived at Benguella, where it was very well received by the Governor, Pereira de Mello, and by the trading body of the city, more especially by Silva Porto, who used all his efforts to induce traders to return and organize business journeys. This attempt of mine, to which some importance was attached in Benguella, passed almost unnoticed at headquarters. And yet, if it be important that Europeans should carry trade into the countries of the interior, it is still more important, both for commerce and for civilization, so to contrive that the natives shall flock to the factories on the coast, and there carry on legitimate business.

Chibitano, and that existed under the Macololo empire, I found a mongrel crew, composed of Calabares, Luinas, Ganguellas, and Macalacas, each of which had infused its own blood, while every separate crossing bore the evidence of fresh decadence. The immoderate use of *bangue* or *cangonha* (*Cannabis indica*), drunkenness and syphilis, have reduced the people to the most abject moral brutishness and physical weakness. The first of those three great enemies of the negro race reached them from the south and east, by the Zambesi; the two others were imported thither by the Bihenos, who also introduced a fourth enemy, not less terrible, viz. the traffic in slaves. Again, few countries in Africa have carried further than the Luinas the practice of polygamy: Gambella, at the period of my stay in the Barôze, had more than seventy wives!

The Lui or Barôze, properly so called, that is to say, the country lying to the north of the first region of the cataracts, is composed of the enormous plain through which courses the river Zambesi, stretching from 180 to 200 miles from north to south, with a varying width of from 30 to 35 miles; a plain raised to some 3300 feet above the sea-level, and rising still higher in the eastward, where numerous villages are seated whose plantations flourish in the open. It likewise consists of the enormous valley of the Nhengo, through which runs the river Ninda. The Nhengo district is separated from the bed of the Zambesi by a ridge of land upwards of 60 feet in height, running parallel to the river, and in which many villages are situated that are out of reach of the greatest floods. During the rainy season the plain of the Zambesi becomes inundated, and I found, by the measurement of several trees, whereon had been recorded the highest level of the waters, that the floods had attained the height of 9 feet 6 inches. At the 15th parallel, the plain is 30 miles in width, and therefore, during the period of repletion, calculating a minimum current of 60 yards per minute, something like 240 millions of cubic yards of water must rush along per hour. This will give an idea of

what the rains are in tropical Africa, if it be also remembered that the inundation regularly attains its maximum at the end of eight days.

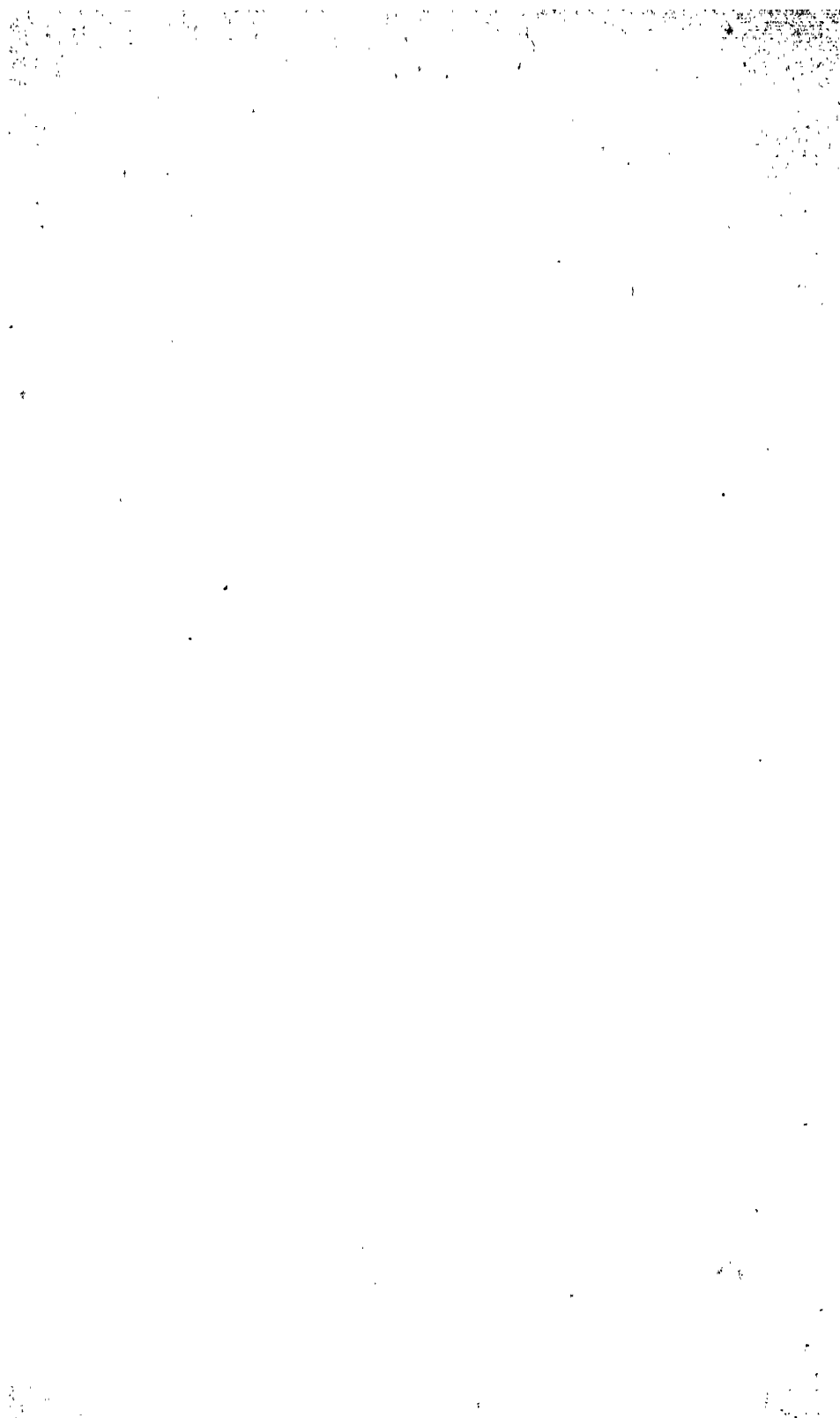
The Luina people, who in great part reside in the plain, repair to the mountainous region during the inundations. On the retirement of the waters they return to reoccupy the villages abandoned during the inclement season, and cover the country with their enormous herds, which, to say truth, do not find a very luxuriant pasturage at any portion of the year, as the meadows are, for the most part, formed of rushes and canes, the most abundant species being the *Calamagrostis arenaria*. Cultivation is carried on more upon the right than on the left bank of the Zambesi, and always near the rising ground. The inundation leaves upon the extensive plain an immense number of small lakes, which form the beds of aquatic vegetation, and become so many sources of miasma and swamp-fevers, so that there are periods in the year when the aborigines themselves suffer greatly from zymotic diseases. The lakes abound in fish, and are the homes of multitudes of frogs. It is from these lakes, also, that the natives draw their supplies of drinking-water, but it is necessary to explain that they only drink it when converted into *capata*.

The Luinas are no great tillers of the land, but they are great rearers of cattle. Their herds constitute their chief wealth, and in the milk of their cows they find their principal nourishment. A Luina's property may be said to consist of cows and women. The basis of their food is milk, either fresh or curdled, and sweet-potatoes. Maize-flour is used to make *capata*, mixed with the flour of *massambala*, the chief article of cultivation in that country. The people work in iron, and all their arms and tools are manufactured at home. They use no knives, and one cannot fail to admire their wood-carvings, more especially on considering that they are untouched by a knife, but are the result of what in our eyes would be most unmanageable implements. In the Lui they employ but two ; the rough work is done

by the hatchet and the fine by the assegai. The iron of the latter performs all the wonders; the benches on which they sit, the porringers out of which they eat, the vessels that contain their milk, and all their other wooden articles, are wrought by its means. There is one utensil upon which generally the greatest care is bestowed, and that is the spoon. Living, as he does,

CUCHIBI TREE.

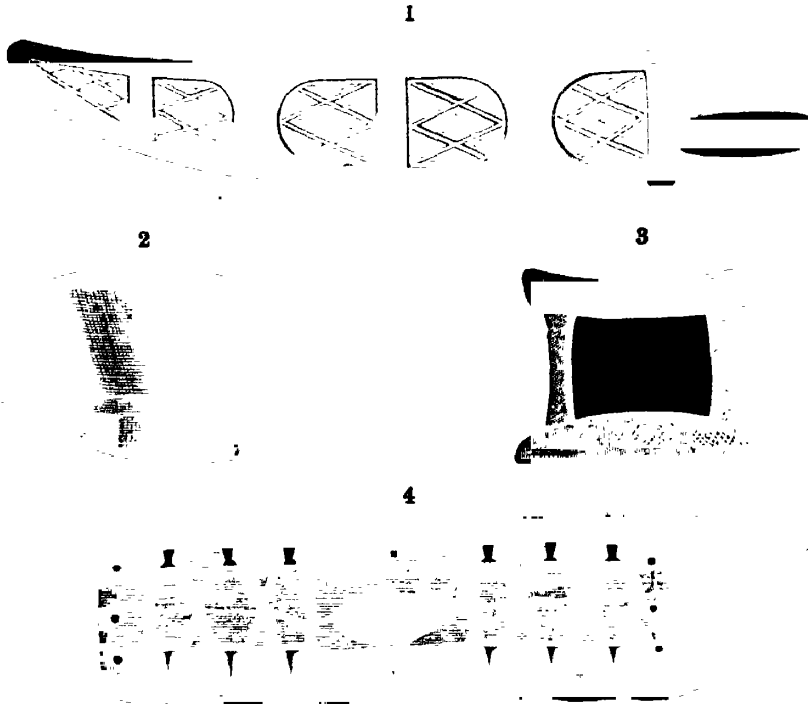
upon milk, the Luina cannot do without his spoon, but he dispenses with the knife. His system of feeding, naturally explains the use of one and the neglect of the other article. Ceramic manufacture is limited in the Barôze to the making of pipkins for cooking purposes, pans for *capata*, large jars for the preservation of cereals, and moulds for the confectioning of pipes in which to smoke *bangue*. The Luina smokes nothing but *bangue*; tobacco is cultivated to a considerable extent, but it is

THE AFRICAN BUFFALO.

used exclusively as snuff, and both men and women make great use of it in that shape.

The people are more covered than any I had hitherto met with. It was rare to see either an adult male or female naked from the waist upwards. The men, as I mentioned in the previous chapter, wear skins fastened to a girdle, which hang behind and before, and reach as low as the knees. A fur mantle with a cape, in the style of Henry III. of Portugal, covers the shoulders and falls to about the middle of the leg. A broad leathern belt, independent of that to which the skins are fastened, completes the attire. The women wear a petticoat of skins, reaching in front to the knee, and behind to the calf of the leg. They also have a broad girdle about the waist, adorned with cowries. A small fur mantle, a great many beads round the neck, and several bangles on the wrists and ankles, form the usual costume of the country. It is no uncommon thing to see females substituting European stuffs for skins, and wearing cotton counterpanes for capotes; and both males and females adopting, in lieu of the native costume, the dress of the European: but I do not deal here with such exceptions, they being simply the innovations which trade has brought among the people. It is necessary, however, to refer to them as betraying the manifest tendency of the people towards body-covering. Undoubtedly, before the invasion of the Macololos, the Luinas wore but little clothing. The Chucuhimbes, their neighbours to the east, go completely naked, both males and females. On the west are the Ambuellas, whom the first Portuguese traders that ventured thither,* found also without clothing, and even now it cannot be said that they wear much. The costume of the Luinas, above described, is the same as that formerly worn by the Macololos, which induces me to believe that it was introduced by them. This inclination, which I have noted, to body-clothing is worthy the attention of the trading world, as it may be turned to account, both for the benefit of commerce

* Silva Porto in 1849.

and as a means of civilization. The women of the upper ranks, and generally the rich, grease their bodies over with beef-suet, mixed with powdered lac, which gives the skin a vermilion lustre, and at the same time a most disgusting smell.

Among the Luinas, I observed a good many per-

LUCHAZE ARTICLES.

1. Knife-sheath.
2. Basket.
3. Wooden Bolster.
4. Bee-hive.

cussion-muskets of English manufacture, conveyed thither by the traders from the South, and other flint ones, made in Belgium, obtained from the Portuguese at Benguella. The natives here, however, in contra-distinction to all the tribes I met with between the Western coast and the Zambesi, prefer percussion-guns, and there are even some who seek after rifles. They do not use cartridges, like the Bihenos and their immediate neighbours, but carry their powder loose in

horns or little calabashes. The arms of the country are assegais, clubs, and hatchets. Bows and arrows are not in use. By way of defensive arm, they employ large oval-shaped shields of ox-hide over a wooden frame. Every man carries, as a rule, from five to six assegais for throwing. The irons of these assegais, although not poisoned, are none the less very terrible weapons, owing to their being barbed in every direction, so that, in the majority of cases where they run into the body there is no extracting them, saving by the death of the wounded.

With respect to beads, I observed that the Luinas give the preference to those known in the Benguella trade under the names of *leite*, milk, *azul celeste*, sky-blue, and Maria II. The fine white, blue and red *cassungas* are likewise much esteemed. All goods are acceptable in the Lui, the best being preferred. Brass wire, about the eighth of an inch in diameter, is valuable, and all ready-made clothes, coverlets, percussion-arms, powder, lead in pigs, and articles of the chase, are quoted at a high figure. Throughout the country, trade is carried on exclusively with the King, who makes a monopoly of it; to him belongs all the ivory obtainable within his dominions, as well as all the cattle of his subjects, from whom he obtains them whenever needed. He makes presents to his hunters, chiefs of villages and courtiers, of the goods, arms, and other articles which he obtains by barter.

Women enjoy within the territory a good deal of consideration, and the nobler among them do literally nothing, passing their lives seated upon mats, drinking *capata* and taking snuff. They possess many slaves, who are for the most part Macalacas, who wait upon them and attend to their wants.

The vast herds of the Luinas are cattle of a magnificent race, and even their poultry and dogs are of better breeds than any I had previously observed. To the east and south of the Barôze valley the terrible tsee-tsee fly is constantly met with, a circumstance which obliges the people to concentrate their herds in

the plain; and it is difficult to travel out of it in any direction but the west, which leads to Benguella, without coming across that redoubted insect.

The foregoing is a brief summary of what I saw and learned in this interesting country, which, in the first instance, prior, that is to say, to the invasion of Chibitano, was visited by a Portuguese (Silva Porto), was subsequently seen by David Livingstone under the empire of the Macololos, and which I found in

ANT HILLS.

very different circumstances, under the Luina dynasty in 1878.

Resuming the narrative of my own trying adventures on the 5th of September, the day following the revelation of Mariana, I resolved that the traitors should be betrayed by one of their own party, and cast my eyes upon Verissimo Gonçalves. I called him into my hut, and showed him, before saying a word, an imaginary letter despatched to Benguella, wherein I informed the Governor that, having reason to mistrust him, I had to request the authorities to seize his wife, son and mother, and hold them as hostages; so that, if perchance I fell

Vol. I. *To face* p. 560.

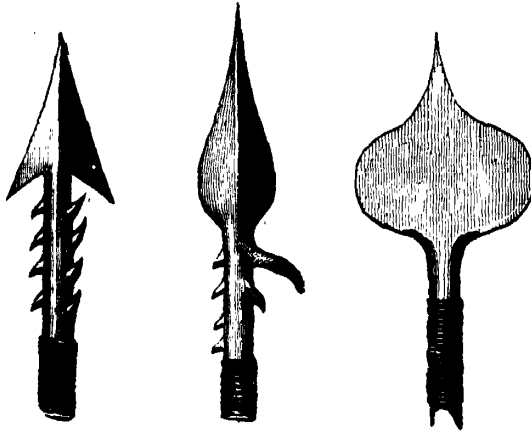
MAJOR PINTO AND THE REMNANT OF HIS FOLLOWERS.

a victim to any plot, they might be at once sent to Portugal, where, as I then explained to Verissimo, my relatives would cause them to be burnt alive. After this exordium, I assured him that the letter had been written as a simple measure of precaution, as I fully confided in his devotion to me, but that such devotion behoved him to be upon the watch, as I strongly mistrusted Caiumbuca; for that, if any mishap befell me, I should be unable to prevent the horrors which were reserved for the beings that were most dear to him. I took care to apprise him, more particularly, that I apprehended Caiumbuca's not imparting to the King what I told him to say, and distorting in turn Lobossi's replies. That he must be always present during my interviews with Lobossi, and tell me in Portuguese (a language which Caiumbuca did not understand) everything the latter said to the King. Verissimo, in great alarm, blurted out that I was not mistaken, and confessed the whole plot. I warned him about letting Caiumbuca know what had occurred, and impressed upon him the necessity of keeping me informed of the other's doings. That same afternoon, Lobossi sent to say that the people were ready to accompany me on my journey towards the coast of Mosambique, and that I might, therefore, leave whenever I pleased. I was feeling a little improved in health, and, in fact, since my arrival on the Zambesi had never felt so well as on that day. My encampment was very extensive, and spread out more than usual, owing to the Quimbares having taken up their quarters in the huts of the Quimbundos since the latter had left me. The centre was a vast circular space, more than a hundred yards in diameter. On one side was a row of huts, in which my own habitation was situated, having round it a cane-hedge, within whose precincts no one passed except my immediate body-servants.

We had reached the 6th of September. The thermometer during the day had stood persistently at 33 degrees Centigrade, and the heat reflected from the sandy soil had been oppressive. Night came down

serene and fresh, and I, seated at the door of my hut, was thinking of my country, my relatives and friends: I was musing also upon the future fate of my enterprise, so seriously threatened in the country where I was at present sojourning; but though sad thoughts would often chase the bright ones from my mind, I lost neither faith nor hope of bringing my undertaking to a successful issue. Still, the event of the night before was a black cloud which I essayed in vain to banish from my memory. My Quimbares, who had retired within their huts, were chatting round their fires, and I alone, of all my company, was in the open air. Suddenly my attention was caught by a number of bright lights flitting round the encampment. Unable as I was at the moment to explain the meaning of this strange spectacle, nevertheless my mind misgave me as to its object, and I jumped up and looked out from the cane-fencing which surrounded my dwelling. Directly I caught a fair view of the field, the whole was revealed to me, and an involuntary cry of horror escaped from my lips. Some hundreds of aborigines surrounded the encampment, and were throwing burning brands upon the huts, whose only covering was a loose thatch of dry grass. In a minute the flames, incited by a strong east wind, spread in every direction. The Quimbares, in alarm, rushed out from their burning huts, and ran hither and thither like madmen. Augusto and the Benguella men gathered quickly about me. In presence of such imminent peril, there fell upon me, which I have more than once experienced under similar circumstances, namely, the completest self-possession. My mind became cool and collected, and I felt only the determination to resist and to come out victorious. I called aloud to my people, half-demented at finding themselves begirt by a ring of fire, and succeeded in collecting them together in the space occupying the centre of the camp. Aided by Augusto and the Benguella men, I dashed into my hut, then in flames, and managed to get out in safety the trunks containing the instruments, my papers, the labour of so many months, and the

powder. By that time the whole of the huts were ablaze, but happily the fire could not reach us where we stood. Verissimo was at my side. I turned to him and said, "I can defend myself here for a considerable time; make your way through, where and how you can, and speed to Lialui. There see Lobossi, and tell him that his people are attacking me. See also Machauana, and inform him of my danger.

Verissimo ran towards the burning huts, and I watched him till he disappeared amid the ruins. By that time the assegais were falling thickly round us,

AMBUELLA ARROW-HEADS.

and already some of my men had been badly wounded, among others Silva Porto's negro Jamba, whose right eye-brow was pierced by one of these weapons. My Quimbares answered these volleys with rifle-balls, but still the natives came on, and had now made their way into the encampment, where the huts all lying in ashes offered no effective barrier to their advance. I was standing in the middle of the ground, before alluded to, guarding my country's flag, whilst all round me my valiant Quimbares, who had now recovered heart, were firing in good earnest. But were they all there? No. One man was wanting,—one man whose place before all others should have been at my side, but whom no one had seen,—Caiumbuca, my second in command, had

disappeared. As the fires were going down, I perceived the danger to be most imminent. Our enemies were a hundred to our one. It was like a glimpse of the infernal regions, to behold those stalwart negroes, by the light of the lurid flames, darting hither and thither. Screaming in unearthly accents, and ever advancing nearer, beneath the cover of their shields, whilst they brandished in the air and then cast their murderous assegais. It was a fearful struggle, but wherein the breech-loading rifles, by their sustained fire, still kept at bay that horde of howling savages. Nevertheless, I revolved in my mind that the combat could not long continue thus, for our ammunition was rapidly disappearing. At the outset, I had but 4000 charges for the Snider rifles and 20,000 for the ordinary; but it was not the latter which would save us, and directly our firing should slacken, through the falling off of our rapidly-charged breech-loaders, we should be overwhelmed by the bloodthirsty savages. Augusto, who fought like an enraged lion, came to me, with anguish depicted in his face, as he held up his rifle, which had just burst. I passed the word to my little nigger Pepeca to give him my elephant-rifle and cartridge-box. Thus armed, the brave fellow ran to the front, and discharged his piece point-blank against the enemy where their ranks were thickest. At the instant, the infernal shouts of the assailants changed their tone, and, amid screams of fright, they precipitately fled!

It was not till the following day that I learned, through King Lobossi, what had produced this sudden change in the aspect of affairs. It was solely due to the unexpected shots of Augusto. In the cartridge-box entrusted to him were some balls charged with nitroglycerine! The effect of these fearful missiles, which decapitated or otherwise tore in pieces all those subject to their explosion, had produced the timely panic among those ignorant savages, who fancied they saw in this novel assault an irresistible sorcery! Their unpremeditated employment at such a critical time seemed almost providential. I saw at once that I was saved.

Vol. I.

ATTACK ON THE ENCAMPMENT IN THE LUL

To face p. 161.

Half an hour afterwards, Verissimo appeared with a large force, commanded by Machauana, who had come to my rescue by order of the King. Lobossi sent me word that he was a stranger to the whole affair, and he could only suppose that his people, imagining that it was my intention to attack them, in conjunction with the Muzungos of the East, who were collected under Manuanino, had taken the initiative, and fallen upon me of their own accord; but that he would take the

MY CAMP IN SIOMA.

most vigorous measures to prevent my suffering further aggression. I explained the matter to myself in another way, feeling convinced that, if the assault had not been ordered by him, it was the work of Gambella. Verissimo, seeing the disasters occasioned by the conflict, asked me what was now to be done; a question I answered in the words of one of the greatest Portuguese of ancient times, "Bury the dead, and look after the living."

The conflagration had caused us serious losses of property, but infinitely more serious were the valuable

lives which had been sacrificed through so unexpected an assault. The Portuguese flag was rent by the many assegais which had pierced through it, and besprinkled with the blood of many a brave man ; but the stains it bore only served to bring out in stronger relief its immaculate purity, and again, far from the country to which it belonged, and in unknown lands, it had commanded respect, as it has always hitherto done and will continue to do till the end. I laid down my soldier's arms, to take up the instruments of the peaceful surgeon ; and the remainder of the night was spent in dressing the hurts of the wounded and sustaining the courage of the sound, whilst I set a careful watch to guard against another surprise, notwithstanding the fresh protests just received from Lobossi.

At break of day, I went to seek the King, and spoke to him in bitter terms of the events of the preceding night. Before his people, there assembled, I held him responsible for what had occurred, and said aloud that they who had to bemoan the loss of parents and kindred should attribute the blame to him, and him only. I further said that I should proceed upon my journey without loss of time, and announced my intention of pitching my camp among the mountains, where I could with greater advantage resist any fresh attack. He used every effort to worm out of me the sorcery I had employed the night before, which had caused the assailants to take such hasty flight. For to sorcery alone he and his people attributed the terrible effects caused by the explosive balls, accidentally employed by Augusto.

Notwithstanding the great desire I entertained to quit the plain and to take to the mountains, I was unable to carry it out until nine that morning, owing to the condition of my wounded men ; and on the 7th and 8th of September we had to put up with hunger, as no one would sell us food, and the King asserted he had none to give us. The lakes fortunately had abundance of fish, and we managed to knock down a few wild and very skinny ducks. Machauana, however, sent me some milk, and continued to display the

form kindness. As I mentioned, at nine o'clock
7th we quitted the plain, and succeeded in
the mountains near Catongo, all of us, sound
s wounded, in the greatest state of weakness.
plan adopted by the King and his people,
ng us to death, gave me subject for serious
n, for I found myself thus isolated, in a country
of game. Our only resource was, as I observed,
e fish which abounded in the lakes.

Pinto sailed down the Zambesi as far as the
Cataracts above the Victoria Falls, before
south for the Transvaal. We need not follow
her over well-known ground. He met with
traders, travellers, and missionaries, and speaks
the highest terms, of their enterprise and their
y, contrasting them markedly in this respect
Portuguese officials whom he met in West Africa.

MALEUCA.

INDEX.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON: PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHARING CROSS.